

April 20, 1940

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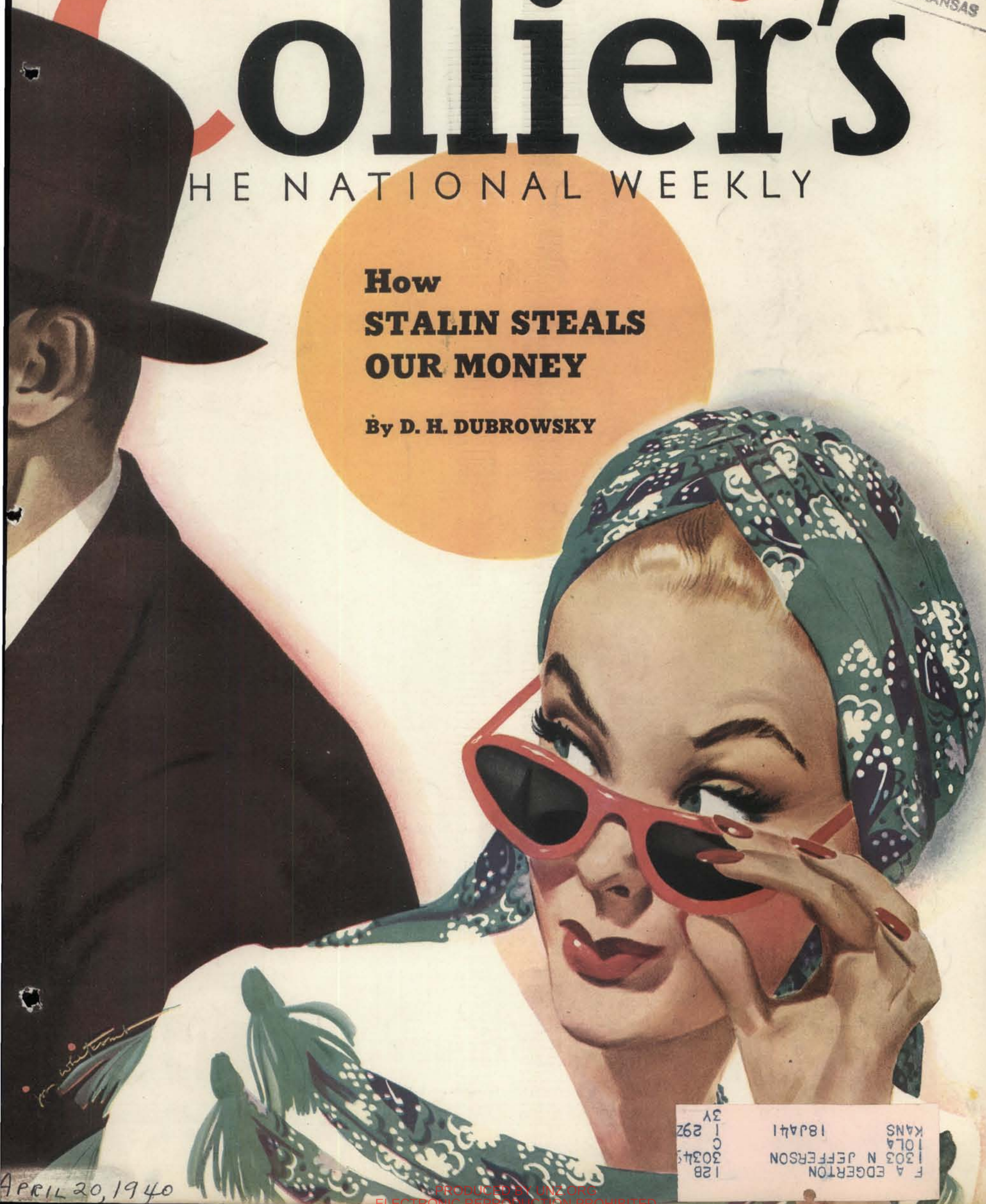
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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## How STALIN STEALS OUR MONEY

By D. H. DUBROWSKY



APRIL 20, 1940

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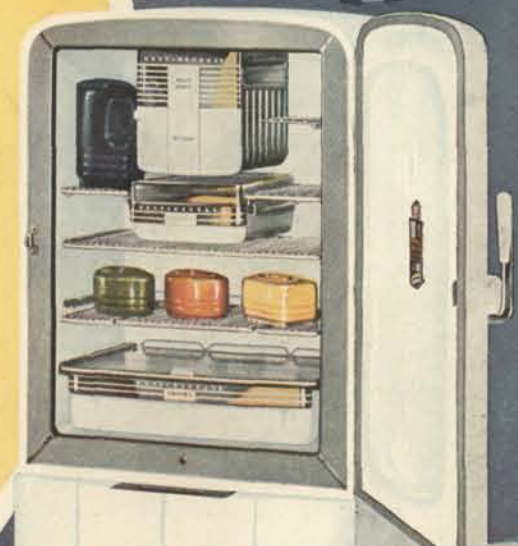
**Letter No. 1** (for Refrigerator First Prizes.) Dear Westinghouse Bride: "You should have a Westinghouse Refrigerator because..."  
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# You See Which is Best \_and Why it's Best!

## THIS YEAR, YOU'LL GET MORE FOR YOUR MONEY BY THIS EASY "ONE-TWO" METHOD

***1-SEE THE QUALITY CHART***



## 2-TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE



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*Plymouth has 21...  
Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8*

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See the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Then to satisfy yourself still further, take Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride. Plymouth is *easy to buy*! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

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# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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Editorial Director

# Collier's

April 20, 1940

## Next Week

THE war correspondent who attempts to learn anything from General Maxime Weygand gets all the professional satisfaction he would get from a quiet chat with King Tutankhamen. The general simply won't talk. Weygand is, as you no doubt know, the French general in command of an army, variously estimated as anything up to a million troops and growing weekly, quartered in Syria. Weygand isn't talking about what it's there for. At the moment he has other things to face: the terrific problems of appeasing the Arabs, countering the threat of Russian or German action in the Balkans and, perhaps at some near date, taking the offensive to protect the Allies' interests in the East. Frank Gervasi, Collier's Mediterranean correspondent, analyzes the critical problems faced by this general whose first military maxim is that he must win not only the last battle of the war but every battle.

FROM the day of her first dramatic triumph in the Galesville High School auditorium, Eva Worth knew she was going places. And she resolved to permit nothing or no one to interfere. She exploited and betrayed her friends and left behind her a trail of victims of her wiles. She became a shining success, a great star. James Ramsey Ullman, in "From the Bottom of My Heart," writes this powerful short story of the ambitious actress who climbed to fame the hard-boiled way.

SEVEN years ago, President Roosevelt extended diplomatic recognition to the Soviet. Russia promised, as the price of recognition, to refrain from meddling with our political or social order. She offered to negotiate a settlement of claims. Since then, her promises have been broken flagrantly. Her agents have never ceased their attempts to undermine our institutions. The negotiations on claims quickly collapsed. And, to shock American opinion further, Soviet armies ruthlessly invaded Finland. Next week, Herbert Hoover reviews the history of our diplomatic relations with the Kremlin and gives his formula for American action.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS sticks out his neck to give you a sneak preview of the boys who will loom large on the sports pages soon. They're "Tomorrow's Champs." Richard Howells Watkins contributes a thrilling story of submarine warfare. And there are contributions by Edwin Lanham, Peter B. Kyne, Kyle Crichton and others.

## This Week

### SHORT STORIES

**WALTER HAVIGHURST**  
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**How Stalin Steals Our Money.** The first of four parts. Fraud on an international scale. Page 13

**HOWARD TAUBMAN**  
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**HENRY L. JACKSON**  
**Shining in the Rain.** Your dreary-day attire. Page 18

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**KYLE CRICHTON** Screen and Theater  
**KENNETH LITTAUER** Fiction  
**JAMES N. YOUNG** Fiction  
**MAX WILKINSON** Fiction  
**GURNEY WILLIAMS** Humor  
**WM. O. CHESSMAN** Art

**W. B. COURTNEY** Germany  
**FRANK GERVASI** Mediterranean  
**MARTHA GELLHORN** Scandinavia  
**JIM MARSHALL** The Orient  
**WM. HILLMAN** European Manager  
**ROBERT McCORMICK** Washington  
**DENVER LINDLEY** Articles  
**FRANK D. MORRIS** Articles  
**IFOR THOMAS** Photographs  
**JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editor

## Any Week

WE GATHER from what Mr. George C. Bridgewort tells us that Baton Rouge became somewhat hysterical when the late Huey Pierce Long's pirate ship, Louisiana, sank beneath the heavy feet of the inept crew who inherited it. When it became certain that Huey's brother Earl had been defeated for the governorship, the streets swarmed with thousands of citizens singing the Battle Cry of Freedom and similar emancipation anthems. And it was at the height of the celebrating that Mr. Bridgewort beheld two hefty colored women emerge from a store. One of them asked the other what the excitement was all about. And the other replied: "I dunno, but I got my suspicions. If it's whut I thinks it is and that Henry of mine is on one of his drunk sprees again I is gonta give him hell when he gits outa jail."



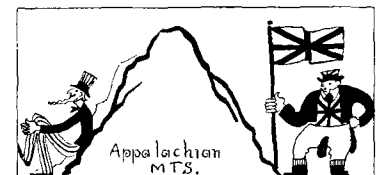
BUT WE were in Tennessee at the time and got to talking to a Doctor McDarnell. The doctor, when we told him our name, inquired cautiously whether we were any kin to a family of devastating lads who had, incidental to a week of vigorous lawbreaking, set fire to a house. We told him that we didn't think so, that if we were we didn't know it. "Well," said the doctor, "maybe you are and maybe you ain't. But I never knew anybody of your name who didn't need a lot of watching by the sheriff."

SO WE went over to see the sheriff. He told us about a fellow whom he had locked up for stealing a box of dynamite, two shovels, a few picks and other implements from a WPA project. The fellow had been on relief at the time. Asked what he had aimed to do with his loot, the culprit replied: "I aim to be one of them un-American Reds I been hearing about and become a problem. They tell me they get their fare paid all the way to Washington and back."

AND we are informed by Mr. J. William Fruntell of St. Petersburg, Florida, that he has abandoned his plan to organize The Deep-Root Americans—an association which would have been composed of all Americans whose families date back in the United States to 1850 and

beyond. The object of this outfit would be to protect the United States from the machinations of newcomers—that is, mere aliens and greenhorns whose sires arrived within these shores since 1850. Mr. Fruntell (pre-Mayflower stock) regrets that none of the people whom he circularized replied to his appeal and he says the hell with it. He has done his dutiful best.

SUCH a deplorable state of affairs might not be ours now had there been a law such as Major Briggs G. Kentish of St. Paul, Minnesota, advocated as long ago as 1900. Forty years ago he urged that no man be acceptable for the presidency who was "born, lives or was reared east of the Appalachian Range of Mountains." And he's surer than ever that he was right. "You don't begin to be an American," says the major, "until you are west of the Appalachian Mountains. Why did our forefathers suffer the hardships of crossing those mountains in covered wagons? The answer is to put more distance between themselves and the influences of Europe. I am a Son of the American Revolution but I know, too, that, while patriots won that war Tories wrote our Constitution and governed the young United States, writing into our fundamental law the very things that the patriots came to the New World to escape. For my part I would give everything east of our eastern highlands back to England."



ALL of which makes us a pretty dismal companion this week. We are forever haunted by the fear that we shall one day turn out the perfect magazine. Our dread is based on the hunch that the perfect magazine would be lousy. Nobody offended, no tender feelings hurt, no errors of type nor fact, illustrations true to text. There'd be no letters such as Mrs. Naomi Betts of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, writes. Says she: "Five people in my household read your magazine and not a week goes by that there aren't four or five fights on differences of opinion on what they read in Collier's." But Mrs. Betts ought to be here when we're putting it in.

BOY, oh, boy! ! ! . . . W. D.





*"You'll pay for this!" he cried*

**. . . but when my case went to court a wonderful thing happened . . . . .**

A SIGNAL light flashed red and I put on my brakes. Then I felt a terrific jolt. Someone had run into me from behind.

The driver of the other car was particularly nasty. He claimed I had swung out of line and hadn't put out my hand. "It's your fault," he cried. "My wife has been badly injured. You'll pay for this!"

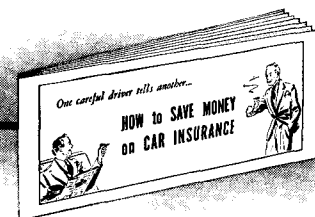
It was my first accident and I was bewildered. All I could do was take his name and address and report the accident to Liberty Mutual. Within a few days suit was brought against me for \$10,000.

**I AM VINDICATED** — At the trial I thought it would be their word against mine. Then my attorney, hired for me by Liberty Mutual, produced a lady who had seen the accident from her house across the street. Her testimony agreed with mine. Photographs of the two cars also helped to prove my story was right. With such evidence in my favor, the case was immediately dismissed.

This story is typical of the preferred service enjoyed by more than 200,000 car owners insured with Liberty Mutual. If you should have an accident, investigators and adjusters are immediately available from coast to coast to protect your interests and to relieve you of worry.

**ALL THIS — AT A SAVING** — Basic rates for automobile insurance have been reduced in most parts of the country. Depending on your driving record and the use you make of your car, you may secure special discounts from these new low rates in most states. And with Liberty Mutual you may enjoy still further savings in the form of cash dividends.

**FREE BOOKLET** — Don't buy or renew your car insurance until you read the free booklet offered below. It tells how careful drivers are securing full protection at lower cost, explains how you can qualify, describes our convenient deferred payment plan. In addition, without cost or obligation, we will send an estimate of the money you may save. Tear out and mail the coupon today!



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# "I'M FROM MISSOURI and Listerine certainly showed me!"

says Mrs. Madge Purdy Van Cott, Jersey City, N. J.



When I was a co-ed at the University of Missouri, many of us used Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly as a precaution against dandruff.



When I became a nurse I first heard of the peculiar bottle-shaped bacillus, *Pityrosporum Ovale*—nearly always found in high concentration in infectious dandruff conditions—and how important it is to keep this organism under control. Time and again I prescribed Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . time and again I saw dandruff's scales disappear.



When I got married and my baby came, I knew how to help keep her scalp clean and healthy. I have shown my husband how to guard against infectious dandruff, too. I give him a vigorous Listerine massage regularly. A slight dandruff condition he had at one time quickly improved. He's never without Listerine Antiseptic now.

## 76% of Infectious Dandruff Cases Benefited in Clinical Tests

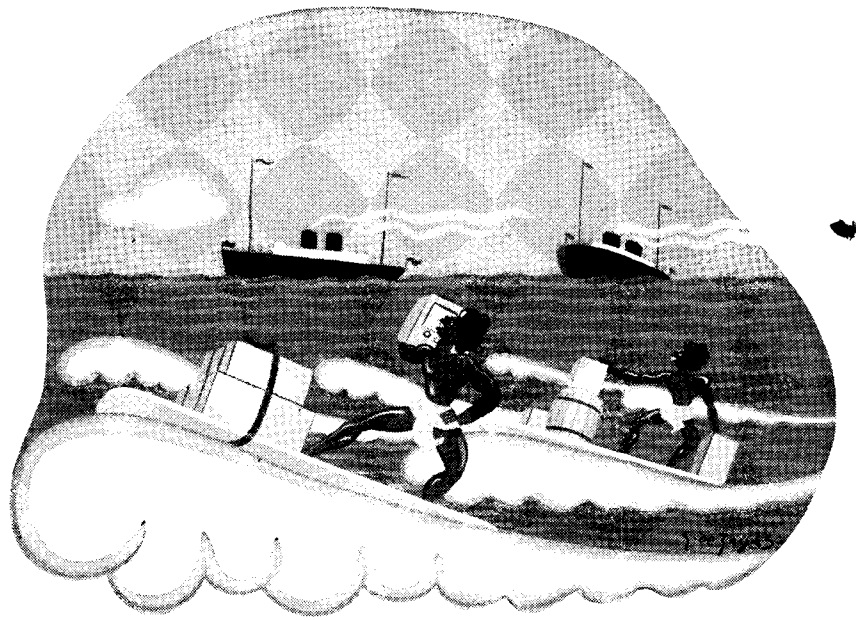
If you are plagued by dandruff, so often caused by germs . . . don't waste any more time. Start today with the famous Listerine Antiseptic Treatment.

Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famed for more than 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle. Then massage scalp and hair vigorously and persistently.

You'll be delighted with the cooling, soothing, tingling sensation. And, think

of it! . . . this wonderfully invigorating treatment is precisely the same as that which, within 30 days, brought about complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it twice daily in clinical tests!

So, if you've been fighting a losing battle against dandruff, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's the treatment which has proved so useful against infectious dandruff in a substantial majority of clinical test cases. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When the inhabitants of two harborless islands in the South Pacific recently received several large shipments of equipment and supplies, including radio sets, the cargoes were transported from ship to shore by surfboards.—By Edgar G. Herrmann, Chicago, Illinois.

Although the gravel in the Snake River in Idaho is estimated to contain about \$2,000,000,000 worth of gold, much of the metal is in such minute particles, known as "flour," that few of the hundreds of machines made to recover it have been satisfactory. Some of these particles are so small that it would take millions of them to equal one cent in value.—By Cecil Hagen, Moscow, Idaho.

Champion Nornay Saddler, a smooth fox terrier owned by a Long Island kennel, has won the prize as the best dog of all breeds at thirty-nine different shows, a record believed to be unparalleled in the history of dog breeding.

During 1939, American race tracks held 16,967 horse races and paid a total purse of \$15,312,839, or an average of \$902.50 a race.

One of the world's largest commercial goldfish hatcheries, located in Martinsville, Indiana, has a 1,500-acre plant that contains 645 fish-pounds, employs 125 persons and produces 10,000,000 goldfish annually. Incidentally, it had an average of 5,000 visitors a week during 1939.—By Herbert A. Stanwood, Roslindale, Massachusetts.

New York City's tenth and largest fireboat, "Fire Fighter," cost \$1,000,000 and is the best equipped vessel of its kind. Its generators are powerful enough to light a city of 150,000 population and its pumps can throw as much water as twenty-five engines.

More than \$1,000,000 a week is collected from motorists and operators of other motor vehicles by the 250 toll bridges and tunnels of the United States.

America's largest single housing project is Parkchester, now nearing completion in the Bronx, New York City. Covering about 130 acres, it contains 12,250 apartments in 51 buildings, excluding garages, stores, a theater and a central heating plant, and will cost approximately \$50,000,000.

Since 1710, St. Anthony has been on the pay roll of the Brazilian army in recognition of his intercession in a successful battle with the French. First he was created a captain and, later, promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel, his pay being given to the church monthly during these 230 years.—By Marguerite P. Rice, Indianapolis, Indiana.

A manufacturer recently produced eleven miles of fine seamless nickel tubing from one pound of the metal. The tube is 1-400th of an inch in diameter and its bore is one-third the size of a human hair.—By Benjamin Adelstein, Washington, D. C.

An age-old, open-air Greek theater, still standing in Epidaurus, proves that the ancient Greeks possessed an unusual mastery of acoustics. A whisper spoken on its open and uncovered stage is easily heard in every one of its 12,000 seats.

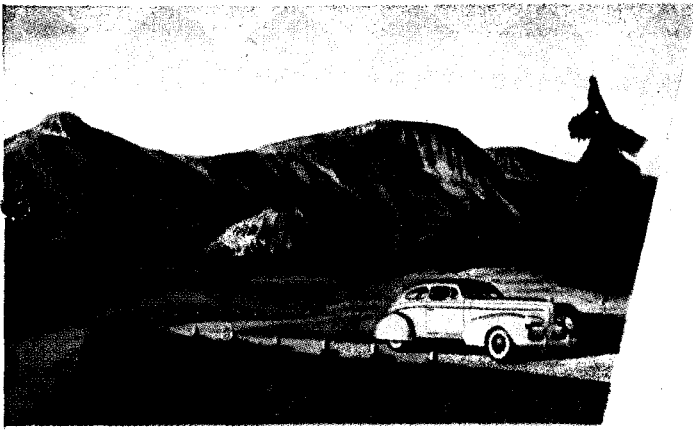
At the recent annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank in New York, those who attended in person owned 39 shares, while those who "attended" by proxy owned 73,790 shares.—By Louis Arnold, New York, New York.

When magnified, the pupil of the eye may be seen to expand and contract rhythmically with the beating of the heart.—By B. W. Armistead, Chicago, Illinois.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



# Lady—make up your (HUSBAND'S) mind!



**THIS WHISPERING GIANT** of a 99 horse-power, Manifold-Sealed engine gives you flashing pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds, *high gear*. With Automatic Fourth Speed Forward that saves up to 20% on gasoline. Call your dealer and *drive* this Nash today!



**GET OFF THE BEATEN TRACK** and go places this summer! Arrow-Flight Ride . . . Sand-Mortex soundproofing . . . let you travel in comfort and quiet. With Nash's big Convertible Bed, you can sleep where you stop, under the stars.

**FUNNY THING** about a man.

He likes battered hats . . . and wrinkled suits . . . and hates to part with his old car.

But let him catch sight of a long, *low* sky-blue beauty of a 1940 Nash—and then, dear lady, the matter's out of your hands.

Let him get in . . . a little awed—and sink down into that Foam Sponge seat. Then quick, you take the wheel . . . tap your toe—and off you go!

That old business of tugging at the wheel . . . struggling with a gearshift...*s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g* to the throttle—all *that's gone*. A Nash understands the feminine touch.

You'll have to tell him what's under the hood. He can *see*—but he can't *hear* what it does. His old car never went or whispered like this.

And, when a Fourth Speed "clicks" in—and before his eyes all outdoors goes flying by—be nonchalant. Slyly nudge that Automatic Overtake and watch his face when his hat sails into the back seat.

Then cruise—boldly—over bumps and ruts

—just as though they didn't exist—and *they don't*—to Nash's Arrow-Flight Ride.

Reach forward and casually twirl a dial. In an instant the air is fresh and balmy as May. But, don't bother to explain—just point. It's that Nash "Weather Eye".

When he demands the wheel—surrender it meekly. The rest is only a matter of minutes. After all, let *him* have the last word.

• • •

We don't ask you to understand all of Nash's facts and figures—but your husband will.

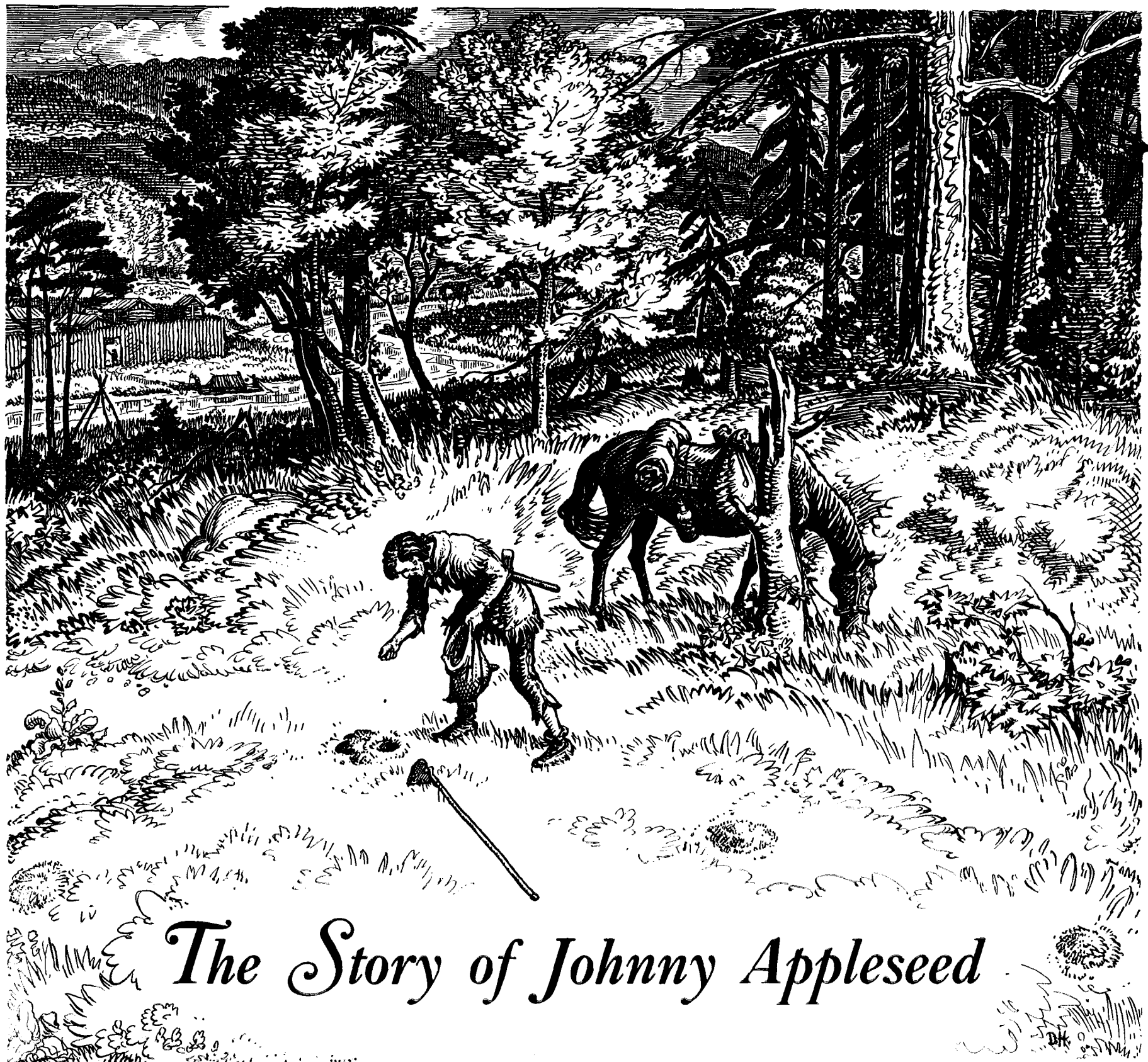
He'll know no other car can match such long-life features as its 7-bearing crankshaft . . . Manifold-Sealed Engine . . . or *double-frame* chassis. When it comes to things like its Sealed Beam lights . . . the Convertible Bed . . . he'll nod his head.

And this is one time when the best *doesn't* cost the most. Many models are now only a few dollars more than smaller All-3 cars and cost as little to run.

Make up your (husband's) mind. Bring him in today—a Nash will do the rest.







ONE OF OUR oddest pioneer heroes was Jonathan Chapman, the legendary "Johnny Appleseed" of the Ohio River Valley.

When he first appeared in Ohio in 1801, he was a slim, fearless young man of 25; but unlike other young frontiersmen he carried no musket and no powder horn. His baggage, borne on a pack horse, was a hoe and several burlap bags filled with apple seed.

In clearing after clearing he planted these seeds so that the children of the pioneers would have fresh fruit to protect them from scurvy. In the fall, when the bags were empty, he journeyed back to the cider mills of Pennsylvania, collected more seed and next spring he was back in the Ohio country planting again.

For nearly fifty years he kept planting his apple

seeds. At first he was looked upon as an eccentric, nothing more. But when the trees began to bear fruit, people throughout the entire Ohio valley blessed him as a benefactor.

They had good reason to do so, for in the fall of 1838 orchards in more than 100,000 square miles of the Middle West hung heavy with the sweet, red fruit of his plantings.

Johnny Appleseed died in 1848. And today, no heir of his comes up and asks if he may plant an apple orchard on your farm or an apple tree in your back yard. But you are visited by a man who plants the seed of fully as rich a harvest.

At first you do not think of this "Johnny Appleseed" as a benefactor, either. You may be among those who consider him as something of a nuisance, a person to avoid seeing. But as time passes

and you find how much he does for you, you realize that he is one of your truest friends.

He helps you gather, in the autumn of your life, one of the choicest fruits of man's labor, *independence* and the knowledge that you are a burden to no other. He brings you, in his brief case instead of a burlap bag, the contentment of knowing that your wife and children are cared for, no matter what should happen to you. He helps you garner freedom from financial worry.

This man is the Travelers insurance agent or broker. Let him set out an orchard that will bear rich fruit for you.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.



# Last Voyage

By  
Walter Havighurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The things they did, the way they felt, as the doom of their ship approached, and defeat overtook them

CAPTAIN FELIX ADLER got his orders from the consul at Port Madra; the ship's radio had been sealed since the second week of September. The consul handed him a crested envelope and turned back to his desk, fidgeting with a pencil. The message was just seven words long. Captain Adler stood in the window looking down the sunny, littered street.

The consul said, without turning, "There's no choice."

"No," said Captain Adler.

The consul swung in his swivel chair. "You've got twelve hours' start. There's no cruiser closer than Kingston." He stood up and thrust out his hand. "Good luck, Captain."

Out in the sunny street Captain Adler's firm, weathered face was deeply lined. He looked up at the superstructure of his ship, blocks away but dominating the whole harbor and the town.

Even the fog color, painted from her Plimsoll mark to her crosstrees, couldn't hide her beauty. Rising above the pier sheds and the squat oil tanks, anonymous, with her name blotted out and the bold swastikas erased from her funnels, she was still the Nuremberg—the big, beautiful ship with her raked spars and her great, curving superstructure and the enormous bow sheering up into the fierce Bahama sunlight. It shaded half the clamorous straw-littered market place as Captain Adler passed through. He didn't hear the crying fruit venders and the women hawking coconuts.

At the gangway his shoulders squared. He took the cleats two at a time. The quartermaster at the rail didn't see anything different.

But word went through the ship in an uneasy rumor while steam was building

The great stern rose, slipping white cascades of smoke. There was a cloud of steam and a muffled roar. The next minute she was gone



in the boilers. The firemen and the oilers knew it—naturally. They muttered about it at their mess—another mess in the stifling room, another meal of boiled rice, and bread and black molasses.

"Well," said old Hans Mohler, "it's better than staying in this hole."

"What's better?" Gus Haenny asked in his twangy voice.

"Anything. Anything's better than lying in a hot hole like this. No pay to take ashore. No food fit to swallow. All day painting in the boiling sun and life-boat drill at night."

Around the table they nodded grimly. "But what chance—"

"You heard what the Erlangen did? She slipped out of Sydney the night of September third, without fuel or water. She stopped a month at Thursday Island while the crew chopped firewood and rigged up sails out of hatch canvas. A month later she was in Chile, and there were five destroyers still hunting her all the way from Tahiti to Cape Stiff."

"Chile—" said Chris Rothen, wiping

the sweat off his bald head. "That's not Bremerhaven."

Up in the navigation room, with shades drawn against the burning sun, Mr. Kleinfelder, second officer, bent over his charts. The captain came in from the bridge and stood beside him.

Mr. Kleinfelder frowned. "One chance in fifty," he said grimly.

"One chance in five hundred," Captain Adler corrected.

Mr. Kleinfelder turned up a narrow, tortured face. "What are they thinking of, sir?"

THE captain stared down at a lighter pumping oil aboard with a sullen, gulping rhythm. "They're thinking of port charges and wages. They're thinking of the sixty million marks this ship is worth. They're thinking of four thousand tons of sugar in our 'tween decks and two thousand tons of oil we can deliver in reserve tanks. They're thinking of six hundred men idle." His voice sagged: "There's no choice, Ernst. Draw the

best course you can. Give us the wind and the current."

Mr. Kleinfelder bent with a sudden strangeness over his table. In five years the captain had never called him Ernst before. Kindness in his voice. Sadness, too. Grimness. And it was strange that he had never seen that dueling scar before. Mr. Kleinfelder was a navigating officer, one of the best in the line. A little jealous of his superior. But all at once he saw things in this young captain whom the men called Ironpants. . . . The rest might be proud of their ship. He would break his heart for her. And this was the last voyage. . . .

At four bells they took her out. She had never been more stately. Behind her the islands sank slowly, darkening on the rim of the sea. The quick tropic dusk came on and there was the great, flat, empty ocean under a dove-colored sky.

Eric Brinker stood with his feet apart, eyes on the compass card and then on the slowly weaving foremast. Seven years in this ship—apprentice seaman to quartermaster. He knew her from stern to stern, from the dark, vibrant chain locker to the deep, long shaft tunnel where the great shaft spun on its oiled bearings. He knew her deep holds under the water line and the windy height of her crosstrees. And her labyrinthine corridors, not C deck where the tiled baths joined the suites of paneled rooms, but the deep, vital corridors that carried the steam pipes and the cables, the communication lines and the water pressure. He knew her whistle moaning in fog off the mist-bound Hebrides and roaring at midnight above the tooting tugboats in the Hudson.

He had taken her out of Funchal and Buenos Aires and Havana. But he had never taken her out on a voyage like this—no whistles crying over the grass roofs of Port Madra. No house flag fluttering from the foretop. No band playing on the promenades. No bugle echoing through the companionways. Just the

deep drone of the engines and the surf snoring at her bow.

For dinner the steward opened his pantries. But it was a somber meal. The saloon was ominously empty. One watch could fill but four tables, and there was the field of lonely chairs grouped about the bare tables shining under the chandeliers. Even the bounty of the meal was a confession.

"Good to feel the water moving under us," said the first officer with an effort.

"Yes."

"Bremerhaven will look good after that sun-struck town."

"Yes."

They each took a turn at it and fell silent. Bremerhaven—a long way to go. A long way and a hard way.

Abruptly, over his fried-apple pastry, the doctor said, "Anyway, we're painted. The Bremen got through. We wouldn't be seen three lengths in a fog."

"Fog?" Mr. Kleinfelder said desperately. "Man, there's no fog in these latitudes."

The doctor turned his sharp, little face to the windows. There was not a cloud in the enormous evening sky.

"The Bremen got through," he repeated stubbornly.

They filed out.

Captain Adler paced the bridge in the warm starlight. Every light was blazing in his ship and the radiance fell out on the water where the flying fish sported, streaking the sea with phosphorescent light. He went down to his office and rang for the first officer.

"Mr. Garst, organize two squads. Picked men. Fifteen men to fire the ship. Fifteen men to scuttle her. Be sure they know their job."

"Yes, sir."

The bosun climbed down to the sailors' fo'c'sle and found it empty, not a man in the double tiers of bunks with damp clothes hanging from little rope-yarn lines rigged beside them. It was still-hot down there. Mopping his face with a blue-shirted arm, the bosun climbed back the long, steep companion ladder. He found the men idling on the afterhatches, smoking cigarettes in a moody satisfaction. Peace or war, they were at sea again.

The bosun moved among them in the dim light from the bulkheads. He called them out, singly—Christman . . . Wagner . . . Knorr . . . Freitag . . . Hausser, and led them forward to the mate.

"Here they are, sir. Two squads."

DOWN in the engine room Mr. Jung, chief engineer, sat at his desk in a fresh singlet. Two lines ran down from the corners of his mouth, and the green-shaded lamp caught the little webs of contemplation that gathered at his temples. He looked up patiently when the bosun led a squad of seamen down the gleaming ladders.

"Waste?" he said.

"Yes. Lots of oil on it."

"How much do you need?"

"Plenty. Six-eight hundred feet anyway."

When they were gone Mr. Jung watched the watertight bulkheads open, sliding noiselessly. He pictured them moving simultaneously on F deck and E deck and all the way up to the promenade where a sailor turned a T wrench, and turned it back again. The door slid closed, and on the other side, beyond the crossheads, the companion bulkhead opened. The singing of the fires came clearer for a moment and he saw the firemen bending toward their gardens of blue flames, their hands on the regulators, their faces lavender in the light through the mica doors. The bulkhead closed again.

An oiler stood above him.

"Forty pounds on the condenser, sir."

Mr. Jung nodded and made an entry

(Continued on page 34)



Gus couldn't teach the bird a thing. He had bought it from a German cobbler in Port Madra. A homesick German cobbler in a stifling shop



# She'd Rather Be Irish

By Kyle Crichton

**Geraldine Fitzgerald likes drive-in hamburger stands but can't get used to California sunshine. The Warner sleuths have to watch all outgoing boats too, because she has the Irish complaint something awful and nobody knows when she is going to head for home**

GERALDINE FITZGERALD has never seemed sure of Hollywood. When she was brought out by Warners' to do *Dark Victory*, she went about in a daze; and things were no better when Samuel Goldwyn borrowed her to do *Wuthering Heights*, the prize-winning picture. She wandered around the town with an air of one who is convinced that the place is a world's fair which will be torn down next year.

It probably all comes down to the fact that during the years she lived in Ireland she conceived bizarre ideas about Hollywood from reading the movie magazines, an obsession with her. From the vantage point of Dublin the movie capital resembled something that had been invented by Rube Goldberg.

When she came over to New York to play at the Mercury Theater with Orson Welles in *Heartbreak House*, she sensed that Hollywood was somewhere out there in the distant mists, but when the assembled Warner brothers came along looking like fairy figures out of *Shangri-La* and signed her to a fabulous contract, she knew that her worst fears had been realized. Everything she had ever read about the place had turned out to be true. Hollywood was crazy and she was obviously touched. She reacted immediately by turning her back on California and sailing for old Erin.

"Come on, now!" the Warner boys howled in exasperation. "None of your monkeyshines. Come back."

Upon hearing these plaintive bleatings, Fitzgerald packed her bags, took the boat and eventually landed in Hollywood. She explained that her research amid the lore of Hollywood had proved to her conclusively that all cinema actors had to sit around for years before anybody noticed them, so she didn't think there was any hurry. Just to prove that she was still up to her armpits in nonsense, she took her tests for *Dark Victory*, waited around for two days and then hopped a train for New York. She was just going up the gangplank headed for Ireland again when a gentleman tapped her on the arm and said:

"Just where in the hell do you think you're going?"

This turned out to be a Warner sleuth, who spoke in a voice that was quiet, firm and definitely menacing. Miss Fitzgerald pointed out with impeccable logic that nobody would ever miss her, they didn't want her in *Dark Victory* anyhow,

and would he please take his hand off her arm? He replied that the Warner clan, down to the last nephew, was suicidal over the thought of losing her and she would either come back and do *Dark Victory* or he would bat her over the dome and drag her back. This officially launched the Fitzgerald career, which was continued, as has been hinted, in *Wuthering Heights*, where she looked as cool and distant as *Night on Mt. Everest* in the midst of that doleful triumph.

If this gives the impression of a glamorous adventurous and slightly wacky Fitzgerald, great error has been done. In truth she is not like any other native of Eire ever publicized. She may have the luck of the Irish but she certainly has very little of the traditional sparkle. She is somber and serious; she has no gift for repartee; she can't stand being ragged.

When she turned up late her first

morning on the Warners' lot, Walter, the hairdresser, bawled her out. This is customary in Hollywood where the feeling of democracy is acute and where a grip will bump a star with the sharp edge of a plank if she gets too up-stage, but Fitzgerald was not amused. She hammered on the make-up table furiously.

"Don't you dare talk to me that way!" she cried.

She is a trifle apologetic about this now but still admits that she can't bear to be teased. When David Niven kept a running gag going during the screening of *Wuthering Heights*, Miss Fitzgerald finally stopped him by saying: "David, if you do it just once more, I'll simply have to kill you."

Although she insists that her early life in Dublin has nothing to do with her intensity and seriousness, it is hardly likely that anybody could have lived through the days of the Easter Week

(Continued on page 74)



CHARLES KERLEE





The Indian poured sound at Ben Wyatt and sprang at him, a club circling overhead

## Change of Station

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

A romance of our old Regular Army, where they had to be tough, at times

TWO weeks after leaving the railroad at Yankton the regiment had reached the halfway point of the five-hundred-mile march to its new station at Fort Abraham Lincoln on the unreceptive bosom of the Dakota plain. Raw wind blew from the north and the storm-dull light of an April day played fitfully upon the choppy swells of a gray-green desert running forward without end.

J. B. S. Kilpatrick, colonel commanding, lifted the collar of his greatcoat against the weather's knife-edge and kept an alert tactical eye pointed ahead to where the advance guard now filtered through a cottonwood break. Up there a trouper wheeled and came on the dead gallop. Reining before the colonel, he made his smart salute and surrendered the object that had brought him back—a willow stick to which had been fastened a bit of red calico.

"Stuck in the middle of the trail, sir." "Ah," said the colonel, and turned the stick between his gloved fingers, "the second warning. These Sioux have imagination. The stick for an arrow, the red calico for our hearts."

The adjutant and a civilian guide rode

beside him and now the guide observed: "This is the middle of Sioux land. They don't like to see us come."

"Well," said the colonel, "we'll watch sharp. Seems to be a creek running through those cottonwoods. We camp there. Smith"—speaking to his adjutant—"I want double guards posted tonight."

Behind the colonel and his staff and behind the color-bearers with their cased standards, seven hundred men rode in a serpentine column of twos, looping over the land swells, followed by the supply column and, at the very tail, three wagons containing the laundresses.

GRACIE HIBBEN sat on the hurricane deck of the last wagon, beside the teamster. From her vantage point she saw the white Osnaburg wagon tops pitch and lift with the uneven earth; she saw the guidon corporals swing out of line and stream forward to mark out the troop streets of the night camp somewhere ahead. On each side of the column at half a mile's distance was the dotted line of flankers, this being the disaffected heart of Indian country. Once—only once—she turned to look at the

rear guard far behind the column. Ben Wyatt, sergeant of F, would be there today.

The supply train rolled steadily on to close up the slack of the column and all the attached buckets and tubs and camp gear banged steadily against wagon sides, and beneath the cover of this last wagon Mrs. Schmitt's new baby irritably cried. Mrs. Schmitt was the wife of F's top sergeant and the baby had come late in life for her.

Gracie took the reins from the teamster, having handled horses since childhood. The teamster comforted himself with a fresh section of chewing tobacco and grew sociable: "Where's your home?"

"Texas."

"Why ain't you there?"

"There's twelve other children. The cabin got too small."

"Washin' for soldiers is hard work."

"I don't mind."

The teamster, himself a father, offered his advice: "You want to watch them soldiers. Some ain't no good."

The regiment broke out of column, (Continued on page 87)



This is the story of gold for Moscow, told by the man who started it flowing. Dr. Dubrowsky was born in Russia, became a revolutionist in his youth. He was a friend of Lenin, Trotsky and other Communist leaders. For fourteen years he was head of the Soviet Red Cross in this country. He has handled hundreds of millions of dollars in cash and supplies intended by American citizens for the relief of suffering in Russia. Here he shows you how the Soviet government continues to squeeze millions of dollars a year in American money out of our citizens

FOR most of my life I have been a Bolshevik agent. I was born in Russia and began my revolutionary activities at the age of fifteen when I joined the Social-Democratic Labor party. Twice before I was twenty I had to flee to this country to escape the Czarist police.

Although I became an American citizen in 1916, I kept up my interest in Russian affairs. In 1921 I was appointed director of the Soviet Red Cross in this country, a post I held for fourteen years.

I have known all the Soviet leaders—Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Bukharin, Rykov and many others. Today, if there were a Communist uprising in this country I would fight against it—with cobblestones against machine guns if necessary.

My break with the party came long before Stalin made friends with Hitler and invaded Finland. It came when I realized that Stalinism had become a gigantic racket, a systematic way of exploiting the very people the Russian revolution had been designed to help.

It amuses me today to hear or read about "Moscow gold," money supposedly flowing from the Kremlin into this country for the purpose of carrying out subversive plans. Once there was truth in this picture. I know, for I was one of the men who arranged for the transmission of money and jewels from Russia to New York. But today the stream flows the other way.

The rulers of the Kremlin have found a way of extending their powers of expropriation beyond the borders of the U.S.S.R. The amount of money they have succeeded in extracting from this country—from the American public and state and federal governments—runs into hundreds of millions of dollars.

This process is going on right now.

I shall show you how it works, for I was instrumental in devising its ways and means. My intention was to relieve the Russian famine; the Stalin government turned my system into a racket.

Let me begin with an actual case, one of the first indications I had of the direction Stalin's policy was taking.

As head of the Soviet Red Cross in this country, I had persuaded the United States Veterans Bureau that they could safely pay the sums due to Russian beneficiaries of American soldiers. This was in 1926. No payments had been made to citizens of the U.S.S.R. before that time principally because the bureau feared the money would be confiscated. I, however, induced the Soviet government to pass decrees exempting all money received by beneficiaries of American soldiers from confiscation and taxation. I was put in charge of adjudicating the cases, and the bureau began to make payments.

Almost immediately there began to be signs that something was wrong. One of the first cases I investigated was that of Movsha-Khaim Goldstein.

(Continued on page 57)

# Our Money

by Denver Lindley



Associate of the leaders of Soviet Russia



1919 and 1920. It was for relief of starving Russians organized and headed by Dubrowsky





# The Beautiful People

By Frank Fenton

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

**The engaging dilemma of a Mr. Steve Carnahan, whose favorite lady would have sold him out for a movie career**

STEVE CARNAHAN was one of the richest young men in the world and, like some very rich people who have a certain amount of imagination, he was bored a great deal of the time. In his efforts to escape boredom he tried everything. Following the great tradition of the bored rich, he played polo. He just failed by a rimmed cup to win the British golf amateur. He shot his rhino in Africa and had his sailfish stuffed and varnished in the South Seas.

But again the great ennui caught up with him and so he took a vacation from sporting tackle and night clubs and piloted a plane in the Spanish Civil War. Maybe it was not all boredom; maybe a big part of it was because Iris Tennant, Manhattan's current debutante number one, still refused to marry him.

"War is a bum adventure," he said to the nurse in Madrid who was bandaging the flesh wound in his shoulder.

"Because you are fighting for fun," she said to him. "Nothing is wonderful that is only for fun."

He thought about this remark during the whole trip back to New York. When he was in the 21 Club again and his arm was limber enough to juggle a Scotch-and-soda, he was still remembering it and he felt very depressed. He was back where he had started and not much had changed. Hepburn was a success again. George Kaufman had another hit. John Barrymore was in love. Even Iris Tennant was still the most photographed debutante in town. The more he thought about her, the more he became convinced that she was the only real meaning in his life. At the Stork Club he got tight and said to the barman, "Jake, there are only two great adventures, love and death—and I've experienced neither."

Jake pushed a double Scotch across the bar. "This'll get you nearer to both," he said.

"Thanks, Jake," Steve said, "now tell me, have you seen Iris Tennant?"

"No," Jake said, "she went out west. A guy who keyholes for Winchell said she was going in the movies."

Steve sipped the Scotch and wondered which was the loneliest: being in a plane above the clouds or being three thousand miles away from Iris. He put down the glass with a sudden smile. "So long, Jake," he said, and went to find out. He was two hours or so out of New York, racing the plane through the thin, white clouds above Ohio before he made up his mind, and then he decided that being away from Iris was the loneliest.

He arrived in California at the Glendale airport just forty minutes short of the nonstop transcontinental record, but he was too sleepy to care. With the comforting knowledge that the distance between himself and Iris had been considerably cut down, he went to sleep.

Fourteen hours later he woke up and felt happy. He went to the window of his hotel room and looked down on the yellow-and-white houses of Hollywood, glistening in the sunlight.

"What a happy, beautiful country!" he thought. "Why have I never come here before?"

Somewhere in the town stretching out before him was Iris. . . .

In the afternoon, on the Riviera golf course, he found her. She was playing up to the ninth hole with a 5-iron. He stood by the green and watched her ball soar in with a little (Continued on page 84)

Night after night they followed the great circle route to the syndicated columns. And Steve was having a wonderful time





**By  
Howard Taubman**

He might be a country doctor or grandpa with his pipe and candy in his pocket but he's Pablo Casals, the world's greatest violoncellist. Meet the bland bowman from Spain

PABLO CASALS, master violoncellist, was breakfasting in the Moines hotel dining room one morning when a young man from New Jersey walked up to his table. Hesitantly and like a high-school girl in the presence of Clark Gable, he stuttered, "Are you Pablo Casals?" Casals munched his toast and nodded. The young fellow took courage and, before Casals could swallow his mouthful, blurted out his story. He was an amateur cellist, had heard Casals play whenever possible and would ask no more in this life if he could shake hands with the master.

The "master" was delighted and extended his hand. The young man shook

it gravely and turned to go. Casals suggested a cup of coffee. The young man mumbled something about impeding, but Casals waved apologies aside and called the waiter. After breakfast Casals asked, "Like to hear me practice?" The answer came in a gasp and a violent nodding of the head. The two marched up to Casals' room. The world-famous Spanish cellist took off his coat, peeled the cover off his cello and seated himself. The visitor stood awkwardly and stared.

"This is going to take three hours," Casals said. "You don't want to stand through it. Here—" he motioned to the bed—"take your coat off, lie down."

The young fellow sprawled on the bed and listened, enraptured, like a kid to a bedtime story. When the session was over, Casals invited the young man to lunch. Then for a walk. Then more practice. Then dinner. Then the Casals concert, with the young man as the prize guest. Then supper. Finally Casals caught his train, with the young American seeing him off, like a buddy.

For the young fellow those were sixteen of the most exciting hours of his life. He did not know that there are famous musicians who would give a month's earnings to spend a day like that with Casals. When great musicians rave about another musician, that fellow has the stuff. Fritz Kreisler, magician of fiddlers, paid Casals the neatest compliment of all, when he said, "He is the best who draws a bow."

This was great praise indeed, since Kreisler draws a mean bow himself and since most people think that the cello is a gawky stepbrother to the more ethereal violin. The cello, you have to admit, is not a showy instrument. A man has to play it sitting down, hugging it between his knees and sawing away, as if he were struggling with a grown bear. The cellist does not cut as handsome a figure as the fiddler, who tucks the violin delicately under his chin and sways and weaves on his feet like a clever boxer. To a man like Casals the cello is a challenge, and he has met it with something to spare. He can ride up and down the instrument with the speed of a fiddler, and he has longer distances to travel; he can draw deep, rich, dignified tones from it, as is fitting for an instrument that has bulk and brawn.

#### The Spaniards' Good Samaritan

Casals has made the challenge pay handsome dividends. He has packed them in as regularly as any virtuoso of the violin, and, while his fees have not been as flashy, he has earned from \$1,000 to \$2,000 for an evening's work.

He is today not only the topnotcher in his profession but, like Paderewski, he is a champion of democracy. Like him he has become a spokesman for humbler men in the larger questions of their destinies. He has been the good Samaritan of Spaniards, showering them with time, energy, money and illimitable courage.

At first glance Casals might be a soft-hearted little grandpa who carries around sweets for the neighbors' tykes, or he might be a kindly country doctor. When I met him in Lucerne, Switzerland, last summer, he was staying in a spacious room overlooking the Lake of The Four Forest Cantons with lofty Mounts Pilatus and Rigi near by and snow-capped Jungfrau in the distance. The hotel dripped elegance, but not Casals' room. His pipes covered the dressing table, newspapers were strewn on the bed. A bare table, with papers neatly piled on one side, stood in the center of the room under a low-hanging electric light. Casals wore a homespun gray sweater that buttoned down in front, and a pair of battered carpet slippers. He peered at his visitor.

But when Casals began to talk, his eyes took on intensity and his figure seemed to grow bulkier. He was a man of the world. His sixty-one years sat on him lightly. You couldn't believe that forty years ago he had first knocked them dead in Paris, yet here he was talking of a big anniversary celebration, with the money to go to French charities. The war has flattened that plan for the full count, and Casals is now directing his attention to his other love, the Americas, where he was going to celebrate a similar anniversary, anyhow.

Casals comes of poor parents. His father was an organist and gave him his

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# The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

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## The Story Thus Far:

THE final curtain has just fallen on a play given by Washington State's Saint Dorothea's, a school for "underprivileged" girls, when Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings—author of the play and leading actress—is introduced to a man who, in the course of a brief interview, alters the course of her whole life.

The man—Judge Judson Marshbanks, of San Francisco—is one of her guardians. He reminds her that she is now twenty; and he tells her that she is to leave Saint Dorothea's, go to San Francisco, and become the secretary of a wealthy woman—Mrs. Porteous Porter.

Concerning her history, Cherry knows almost nothing. And the judge seems reluctant to enlighten her. She gathers, from what he tells her, that her mother, dying, had left some money; that she had appointed the judge, and "Emma" (her housekeeper during her last illness) to place Cherry in Saint Dorothea's.

When the judge leaves, Cherry knows exactly what she is to do. And, a few days later after bidding a tearful goodbye to her friends at the school, she goes to San Francisco, where she becomes a guest of the Marshbanks, preparatory to moving to Mrs. Porter's. . . . The Marshbanks' home is a beautiful one. The members of the household are: the judge; his much younger second wife, "Fran"; his son, Greg, who when Cherry arrives is at college in the East; Amy, the judge's dead brother's debutante daughter; and the judge's mother, Mrs. Clay Judson Marshbanks, a formidable martinet. . . .

Shortly after Cherry arrives, Amy and Fran prepare to run down to a party to be given in Burlingame. A few minutes before they leave, Cherry—chatting with the judge—sees an attractive man come in. The judge introduces him to Cherry. His name is Kelly Coates.

Fran comes into the room. She acknowledges the judge's introduction to Cherry with an absent glance. "She is proud," Cherry muses. "And Amy, too, is proud. . . . They have always had everything that makes life worth living—they despise anyone who has less, anyone who, like me, has nothing."

## II

JUD, you are running out on this party," his wife accused him. "Well, my dear, a debutante party—" he pleaded.

"I know. But you owe it to Amy." But she did not care very much, either way. "As for Mr. Coates," she went on, carelessly reproachful, "he is apparently entirely without soul; he ought to be cultivating rich, homely girls who want their portraits painted, and here is an occasion when he could meet, not one of them, but all of them! Not even dressed!"

"My dress clothes are *circa* President Harrison, Mrs. Marshbanks," the painter said. "If I painted anyone it would be yourself, and you say you won't sit for me."

"Because I won't go to Sausalito and dress in a transformed barn," Fran answered composedly, "dragging one of my best frocks on and off over my head and sweltering under a skylight!"

"You've never seen it," he said.

"I know it's like that. Besides, I'm just bringing Amy out in society," the woman went on, "and I have maternal obligations."

"Maternal! You! What is she to you? Sister-in-law?"

"I wish Jud's mother were here to hear you! Family intricacies are meat and drink to her," Fran said. "She's getting back from Florida this week, by the way; you might come in for a cocktail and meet her. *She'd* be a subject for you! No," she added, reverting to the original topic, "Amy's not my sister-in-law. She's my—work that out, Jud. What's Amy to me?"

"She's my brother's child," he elucidated immediately. "She's my niece,

and that makes her your niece by marriage."

"That makes her my niece by marriage," Fran repeated, turning the slow battery of her dark eyes upon Kelly. Cherry saw the look and it made her feel oddly hot and then cold. There was flame in it and challenge in it and provocation, and though the girl could not have given these things names, she knew what they were and what they meant.

"I'll have to come here and paint you at the house," Kelly said in an odd voice after a moment.

"Ah, well, if you could do that!"

CHERRY pretended to be eating busily; they all seemed totally unconscious of her presence. Now and then Fran looked at her absently, looked down again.

"I don't see that we're such criminals, Jud and I," said Kelly, "you've two perfectly good escorts, out there in the hall. I don't dance; I drink very little; I hardly know these people— Why on earth should I go?"

"To be with me," Fran suggested, with an oblique glance at her husband and the hint of an unwilling smile.

"You'll be dancing or playing bridge."

"I'll be bored. I know that. I'd much rather stay at home and read Coventry Patmore. But for one thing," Fran said confidentially to the painter, somewhat lowering her tone as the judge went away to answer a telephone call, "I do it for Amy. After being so much





ILLUSTRATED BY  
EARL CORDREY

**She was safe, they could not see her. But she felt as if she would be rent apart with the violence of feeling that possessed her**



abroad with Jud's mother, spending winters in Palm Springs and New York, she's out of everything. We have to give her some sort of party next month; my mother-in-law is writing out lists and discussing menus already. I want to refresh my mind as to how it's done. It isn't my sort of thing at all!"

"I know it isn't," he said, his keen gaze fixed on her.

"You don't really know me at all." Her fine, nervous ivory fingers were busy with the delicate lace of her handkerchief. "You've seen me—three times, is it?"

"Dante saw Beatrice once," he said. "It's so pleasant," said the woman, in her rich, broken, emotional voice that yet made itself sound so careless, "it's so pleasant to talk to a man who doesn't think Dante's a hospital and who pronounces Beatrice properly."

"I shall hope as our friendship ripens into real affection," Kelly said with a little inclination of his head, "to please you in more important ways."

"Our friendship is going to ripen? How nice!"

"Don't be too sure it will be nice. It may be—distinctly unpleasant!" he warned her lightly.

She looked at him through half-closed lids at this, in a silence so long that Cherry, fussing with cheese and coffee, could feel her own heart beating quickly.

"You interest me," Fran presently said quietly.

"I can't think at the moment of anything I'd rather do," he answered in the same deliberate, half-serious fashion.

**T**HE judge returned before either spoke again, for although there was time for more words, Cherry noted that they did not say them but sat looking steadily at each other for a full half minute before Fran dropped her eyes. Amy came in from the hall too, followed by two young men in formal evening attire and there was a little stir of departure. Cherry instinctively stood up when the others did; that was convent training, but she suffered agonies of shame when nobody paid any attention to her.

When they all left the room she followed, not knowing what else to do, and as they gathered in the homely, stately, old-fashioned lobby and began to put on their outer wraps, she slowly mounted the stairs between the palms, praying in her heart that no one would notice her or speak to her. Completely concealed and sitting down on the stairs until they should be gone, she heard Fran's voice just below her.

"You'll have to ask Jud that," the woman said.

"Who is she?" said the judge's good-humored voice, evidently repeating a question. "Why, it's a guardianship case. I'm to turn her over to Mrs. Porteous Porter on Monday; she's to do secretarial work for the old lady."

"If I had seen her dress I might have copied it for tonight," said Amy with a little titter.

"I never saw a mole but I imagine she looks like the young female mole," the younger of the two escorts said.

"In the molting season," said another male voice, and there was a laugh.

"Jud, you don't have to ask people like that here," Fran said without feeling. "You told me last week she was handsome. *Honestly!*"

The last word was rich with protest, reproach, indulgence. Cherry crouched close to the rail; palm leaves touched her hair. It was dark on the stairway; she was safe, they could not see her. She could presently escape to her room; no one would ever know. But she felt as if her body and soul would be rent apart with the violence of feeling that possessed her.

"There's a subject for your next portrait, Mr. Coates!" said Fran, and Cherry who could not see them could tell from her tone that for the moment they were alone. "Take little What's-her-name Rawlings."

"Mr. Coates?" he echoed. "I thought I was 'Kelly.'"

"Did I call you Kelly?" the laughing, deep, faintly hoarse voice said. "When did I call you Kelly?"

"At the table there a minute ago."

"I must do something about my subliminal consciousness."

**T**HEY went away laughing, the big street door shut, and the judge and Kelly Coates came back across the hall and stood chatting for a moment before the artist said that he must start on his way to Sausalito, and the judge went off to his bridge game. But by this time the stairway was empty, and Cherry was back in the luxurious, dimly lighted guest room, standing perfectly still at one of the big windows, looking out into the darkness of the unfamiliar world, studying the scene of the night city with eyes that saw nothing, trying to think with her mind and heart and soul one whirl of furious emotion.

Below her was a descending hill upon which two meeting rows of back gardens were aligned, and the backs of a long row of mansions, and the far street with more trees and gardens and mansions, down to the level of the big Army post and the water beyond. The lights of the bridges still spanned the water with diamonds; there was a further blur of star dust far across the bay, where they had told her Berkeley and Oakland lay spread upon their gracious hill slopes. A great moon had risen and was silvering the roofs and fences and the tops of the trees along the hilly streets. That same moon that she had watched last night, sitting with her cheek against a car window, watching the day fade and the night creep in. But she was not the same girl tonight, and she did not carry the same heart.

Rage and shame and jealousy and a hundred other new and wretched feelings possessed her. Shaken and throbbing and blinded, she rested her face against the cool glass of the window and pressed one hand against the turbulent pain that was her heart.

Now, for the first time in her life, the significance of being a Saint Dorothea's girl swept over her. A girl to be laughed at and pitied and despised. It was not a Magdalen Asylum, no, although the same Sisters managed that sort of refuge too. But it was a place for girls who, innocent enough themselves, were nevertheless victims of circumstances that were not innocent; girls who must stay out of the public eyes summer and winter alike; girls who had no home to which to go, no families to welcome them and miss them.

**S**HE had accepted it, all her life long, as had the others; had sometimes found it even a romantic situation, something over which to speculate and dream dreams. But these dreams had all melted away into the vapor of which they were born during this one encounter with bitter truth. There was nothing desirable, nothing stimulating and unusual about being a superfluous girl of twenty, trained for hard work and loneliness and bleak usefulness in a world that held other girls, exquisite girls with heart-shaped little faces, and diaphanous frocks of pale yellow!

Cherry hated Fran, hated Amy, with all the vigor of her nature. They had laughed at her, and she was helpless. They despised her, and there was no reason why they should not. Life would not be long enough for her to right the burning wrong of it.

(Continued on page 68)





That polka-dotted affair is really a sturdy golf umbrella, and plenty he-man. The rain suit, of processed cotton, is no laughing matter either as any golfer caught in the rain might testify. The duffer prefers the lightweight windproof golf jacket. The two undergraduates who park as they please are prepared for moisture in a green oiled raincoat with brass buttons, and a bone-color knee-length raincoat. For all-round wear, and travel, note the double-breasted style with belt on the air-minded fellow below





# Shining In the Rain

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GIBSON-SIMPSON

UP TO a few years ago raincoats were worn principally by firemen and fishermen and cops. They were made of rubber and weighed a ton, and aged their wearers grievously long before their time. But fashion eventually got mixed up in the thing and along came the yellow oilskin slicker, on which college boys could scribble highly amusing wisecracks that bored everybody but themselves. This garment was actually a fisherman's slicker, roasting in summer, freezing in winter, sticky, and nauseating delicate individuals with the insidious odor of cod.

Following that came the trench coat, which was temporarily the rage with the campus swells and converted every college town into a barracks. By 1932 the country was mad about the reversible coat, one side gabardine, the other tweed. It was too hot for summer and not warm enough for the coldest weather, but it served as a topcoat and kept out the rain and is still a favorite.

And then America went nuts over skiing. Pressed by necessity, the slalom boys acquired an outfit made from lightweight, wind-resistant, water-repellent fabrics that would allow them to come coasting off a mountain top on their left ear and yet land at the bottom of the slope, dry, warm and beautifully flushed. The raincoat people hopped on that with both feet. The result was a new line of raincoats suitable for all weather conditions. No more suffocation in hot weather; no more teeth-chattering amid high winter winds. Men who formerly would not have been caught dead in a raincoat immediately bought one.

The knee-length balmacaan raincoat popular at universities is a legitimate descendant of the tweed shooting coat worn by Scotch lairds for dirty weather on the moors. The finger-tip length (and even shorter sometimes) was once a fishing suit. The boys adopted the coat, but forgot the pants.

The over-all rain suit, actual copy of a once popular sailing and fishing suit, made in heavy rubberized material, is worn today in a lightweight, processed fabric version for such active sports as shooting, fishing and golfing. It's a practical garment and most people laugh right out loud when they first see it.

The finger-tip and knee-length coats, which are gaining in popularity, are more practical than might appear at first glance. They permit a maximum stride for country walking, are wide enough to act as a watershed, and are generally worn with old tweed or flannel trousers.

The undergraduates still cling to the slicker type of coat, having it now in the green oiled-cotton version. It is made of processed fabric, minus odor or heavy weight, and is trimmed with brass buttons. The boys think it's dandy.

For town wear we suggest the tan balmacaan coat, with raglan shoulders, military collar and fly front. Incidentally, this is the most popular style in the country.

Semisport type of raincoat is the double-breasted style with all-round belt. Cousin to the once popular trench coat, it is a coat for general all-round wear for town, country and travel.

Just a word as to the difference between waterproof and water-repellent. Only rubber garments are truly waterproof—that is, will not permit any water (or air) to penetrate the fabric. Water-repellent coats, as the name implies, will repel and shed water. If you are unhappy unless you can stand for four or five hours in a cloudburst, you had better stick to the rubber garments. Otherwise, the others will afford plenty of protection.

When the lightweight garments came into general use, sportsmen found places for them everywhere. We now have golf jackets, hunting and shooting coats, fishing suits, stitched hats made of the same fabrics. They keep out the rain all right but they would be worn if rain were never heard of again on this universe.

If you can't find these raincoats locally, write to us and we'll tell you where to get them. ★★★

For town wear—or for giving the lady a sales talk—nothing is better than his single-breasted balmacaan raincoat. The girl's coat is similar, but lighter

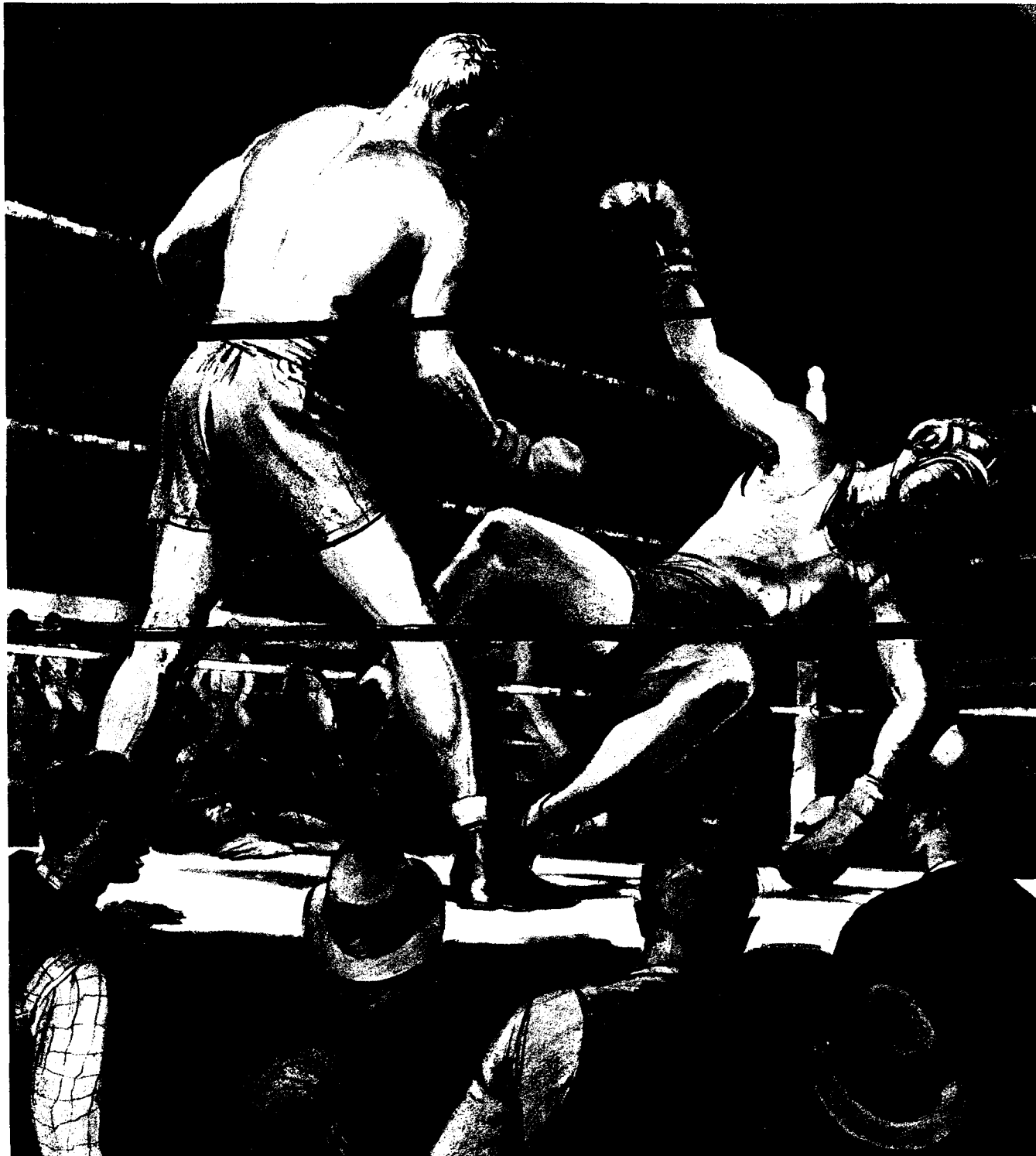




# Money for Georgie

By John and Ward Hawkins

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN



The champ went back and down. There was a kind of sucked-up hush. Somebody swore

DUSTY said, "Play it smart, Sailor."  
I said, "He's a heel, Dusty."

Dusty's face was pinched-up white. He looked scared. "Sure, but he's the champ." Dusty yanked at the laces of the big training mitts. "This's just a three-round exhibition for the press. The champ won't open up unless you get him mad. Don't be a dope. It won't help Georgie if you get hurt."

I said, "Let's go, Dusty."

We went out of the dressing room into the hard glare of the sun. Lew Meyer, the champ's manager, was in the middle of the training ring, laughing.

A couple of guys said hello. Stew Donaldson, the fat drunk who wrote sports for the Register, grinned at me. "Old Scrambled-Ears," he said. "Get in there and take him, boy."

I ducked my head and grinned. You get used to drunks when you've been around as long as I have. Stew Donaldson was just another loudmouth. But the guy next to him was no loudmouth. He was quiet and little, bantam-size, and he had shiny black eyes. I'd seen him somewhere.

I couldn't place him right at first. Then I remembered—he was Moe Sobel, a gambler from the Coast. I'd seen him around Whiteside's gym, out there. Logger Hogan, the challenger, was one of Whiteside's boys. Moe owned a piece of Logger Hogan, and had come east with him for the fight. Moe knew the fight game inside out. Now he was lookin' the champ over before he made a bet.

That was okay. Moe'd see why the champ was the four-to-one favorite. Logger Hogan was a green kid. He could punch with both hands, but he was a sucker for a left hook. The champ's left hook was murder. The champ wouldn't knock Hogan out, but he'd cut him to pieces with that left hand. He'd—  
Dusty said, "Heads up, Sailor."

"Okay," I said. "Okay."

Lew Meyer came over to my corner. "Three rounds," he said. "Make it look good for the reporters, Sailor."

"What about Georgie's hospital bill?" I asked.  
"We'll see." Lew talked as he went out through the ropes. "I'll see if I can bring the champ around."

So it was the old brush-off. The champ wasn't paying for anything.

I kept thinking about that while I waited. Dusty got the robe off my shoulders, whispered, "Don't do anythin' crazy, Sailor. No use you goin' where Georgie is."

"He drops his right," I said. "I can tag him."

"Sure. An' he'll tear your head off."

This Georgie Bishop was a nice boy. He couldn't hit and he knew it, so he quit the fight racket and went to school. Some kind of motor school. But he had to pay his way and he had to eat. He went broke before he finished. That's where I came in.

I got him a job sparrin' with the champ. Why not? I liked the kid. He told me how he needed two hundred bucks to finish school. He told me about Mary Webster. He even had her come up to camp so I could meet her.

I shouldn't have let him do that, but I didn't think. I forgot how the champ is with women. He likes them small and Mary Webster is small. She's blond, too, and when she laughs it sounds like music. Georgie wanted to finish school so they could be married. Sure. But the champ saw her when she came to camp. He wanted her.

He sent Georgie off on some job. He asked Mary to ride down after the mail with him and she went. She was afraid she'd hurt his feelings if she didn't, I guess. Afraid the champ would fire Georgie.

The champ's face was all scratched when they got back to camp. Mary Webster was mussed and white. The champ said, "I guessed wrong," and laughed it off. He laughed till he got Georgie in the ring for a workout.

His face got dark and twisted then. He said, "Let your dame make a sucker out o' me, will yah?" He caught Georgie in a corner, and went driving in.

So now there was no two hundred bucks for Georgie. There was a hospital bill instead.

THE bell rang and the champ came out, moving in that smooth way he has. He was tired and he didn't open up. It was a slow round.

Dusty said, "That's fine. You're bein' smart."

"He still drops his right," I said.

"You can hit him, but you can't hurt him."

"I got a punch," I said. "I ain't Georgie."

"You'll get your brains beat out," Dusty whispered. "And for what? Even if you was to use an ax it wouldn't get Georgie the money he needs."

The bell rang.

I went to the right, circling. The champ got to me twice and it hurt. We clinched against the ropes. "Champ," I said, "how's to pay Georgie's bill?"

His eyes got ugly. "So the punk's a friend of yours, Sailor. To hell with him! Yeah, and you too!"

There it was. No school for Georgie, no wedding. Even if I gave the hospital all my money there wouldn't be enough.

At the end of the round I told Dusty. "He asked for it," I said. "He won't pay off."

"He'll murder you, Sailor. He'll—"

"Maybe," I said. "Maybe not."

We went out for the third. The champ threw his left and I circled away. I waited for his right to drop.

It was the only bad trick he had. He liked to come out of that crouch, hooking his left hard and low to the body. And then, for maybe half a second, his right came down and his chin was clear.

But you had to be a fighter to see it. You had to plan for it, and wait.

I circled and circled, stabbing at his face, leading him. Twice he hooked low but the position was wrong. The third time I saw it start. I went in, quick and hard, smashing a straight right at his chin.

The champ went back and down. There was a kind of sucked-up hush. Somebody swore. I had just time to think. "Dusty was right. I didn't hurt him. I—" and then the champ was on his feet, shuffling in. He got me twice in the belly with those ripping hooks. I couldn't breathe, my ears were roaring. . . .

Dusty slapped a cold towel across my eyes.

"So you had to try it," he said. "Hello, sucker."

I said, "So now I'm a sucker. Okay." My head was booming, but I felt good.

Dusty said, "All right, wise guy."

"Look who's punchy," I said. "I'll draw a picture. Moe's down at Logger Hogan's camp, right now. He's telling Logger Hogan how the champ drops his right when he hooks low to the body. Logger Hogan can hit. When he puts his right through that hole the champ won't get up—not while he's still champ."

"I get it," said Dusty. "You bet your dough."

"On Logger Hogan. At four-to-one. And when the fight's over that two hundred'll be eight hundred. That is plenty of money for Georgie and me. Plenty. . . ."



# One-Legged Backsliding

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The Lord's No. 1 avenger on Little Bee Bend, the Widow Duck, gets some first-rate assistance from Uncle Henry in putting B'r Charlie back on a sound spiritual basis

B'r Charlie spluttered with anger. "I and Tildy ain't did no sin!" he shouted. "You knows dat and ev'ybody knows hit"

B'R CHARLIE was whipping himself into a state of revolt. He hammered hard and fast on heated plowpoints—and grumbled with each lick. The one-legged preacher-blacksmith of Little Bee Bend plantation was tired of being a misunderstood man. For nearly a week he had worn the mantle of martyrdom with as much grace as old Willow Chute Bayou ever wore a morning fog. But the difference between fog and martyrdom is, when the sun rises, the fog disappears.

"Paul say," B'r Charlie muttered, "dat hit's a long worm which won't work bofe ways. I'm gonter quit bein' a worm. I'm is de Big I Am at Ole Ship er Zion, and I'm gonter keep on pastorin' dat church to de cows come home!"

"You was speakin'?" asked Uncle Henry, the lotman, who had stopped by the blacksmith shop on his way to the barn.

"Yeah, I was speakin'!" yelled B'r Charlie. "And I'm fixin' to keep on speakin', too."

"Well, speak on," Uncle Henry shrugged. "Hit's yo' tongue. But efn I was in yo' place and knowed I didn't had but about one friend, I wouldn't

pick out dat lonesome friend to shawt-tawk at." He took a step away from the door. "Onless," he added, "you jest wants ev'ybody to have you in de grease."

B'r Charlie dropped his hammer. "I wa'n't aimin' to shawt-tawk you," he apologized. "But I'm gittin' sick and tired er bein' spoke agin, around hyar."

"I ain't spoke agin you," said the lotman.

"Dey's plenty which has," B'r Charlie said darkly. "Dis place is so full er argy-agin-de-preacher lies and start-fights-in-de-church hypercittin' dat somebody is gonter make me mad."

"I hyared," Uncle Henry stated blandly, "dat de church called de committee on you and was fixin' to run you off for bein' a backslidin' hypercrit."

"Ain't nobody gonter run me outn dat church," B'r Charlie declared with heat. "I ain't did no backslidin' wid Tildy, and I ain't fixin' to git churched for somethin' I didn't did."

"Don't tell me," Uncle Henry said. "I ain't no member er de committee to run you off. I'm jest fixin' to set back and watch you run."

(Continued on page 27)





### The Story Thus Far:

FRED OAKS, an American soldier of fortune, is sent to India by the Spanish rebels to stir up trouble among the natives. He makes his headquarters a room in an old hotel—Seaside House—in Shakkarpur. A short time after he arrives, Bill Gabriel, a San Francisco detective, appears on the scene. Also, a girl—Lucy Steel—who takes a room near Oaks' at Seaside House. Hired by Lucy Steel, Gabriel has made good on the assignment she has given him—he has found Fred Oaks.

But Bill Gabriel does not return to California. Before he can leave, Lucy is murdered, shot to death, in Oaks' room and—although the evidence against Oaks is strong, Gabriel is by no means sure that he is the killer. . . . Conscious of his peril, Oaks (assisted by a fellow conspirator, one Ganeshi Lal) goes into hiding. . . .

Two women are interested in Fred Oaks—Virginia Hatton, whose brother is the district officer; and Rhoda Curring, the wife of James Curring, a plantation manager. Gabriel interviews them, learns little. He also has a talk with Gwendolyn Small, owner of Seaside House. But, having searched Lucy's room, Gabriel has some clues. And he has noted that

one of the dead girl's dresses, some of her lingerie and one of her stockings are missing. If he can only find them. . . .

Oaks, having found temporary refuge in a watchman's lodge, slips out at night for a walk. A man, who announces that he has been sent by Ganeshi Lal, accosts him, insists that Oaks accompany him to Lal's home. Suspicious, Oaks refuses to go. Whereupon, the man jabs a hypodermic needle into his arm—and the young American falls unconscious.

A few minutes later, Gabriel (who has moved to Seaside House) hears a noise at his door. He opens the door. Oaks, almost dead, tumbles into the room. Gabriel puts him to bed, then goes out. Near the Curring bungalow, he encounters Rhoda Curring. The woman—wearing pajamas, frantic with fear—implores him to protect Oaks, help him to leave Shakkarpur.

They go into the bungalow. Rhoda's wild talk confuses Gabriel—is her husband, somehow, involved? Or is Oaks really the murderer? He asks for the truth. Rhoda pours herself some whisky, drinks it. Then she produces a beige stocking—one beige silk stocking—and says slowly: "Does this mean anything to you?"

# Appointment in India

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYER

## VI

THE detective grabbed for the stocking, examined it carefully. It had been worn only once or twice, and the mark of the American manufacturer was still stamped on the toe. It appeared to be the mate for the stocking Lucy Steel wore when her body was found. The color was a match, anyhow.

"Where's the rest of it?" Gabriel demanded.

"What rest?"

"The lingerie, the white dress and the red patent-leather bag?"

"I don't know anything about those."

"Where'd the stocking come from?"

"I found it—outside Seaside House."

"On the ground?"

There was a second of hesitation before Rhoda replied: "Yes."

"The ground outside Seaside House is pretty sandy. Funny a few grains of sand didn't stick to it."

"Well, it was caught on a bush."

"Lady, you're lying again!" Gabriel declared.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because there's tobacco crumbs caught in the folds of the thick top part of this stocking. It's been in some man's pocket."

"That's right. I found it in my husband's pocket."

"Another lie?"

"No, that's the truth. When Jim came home tonight, he hung his coat across the back of a chair. When he went into the bathroom, I looked in his pockets."

"Why?"

"I wanted to see if he had a gun."

"Well, did he?"

"No. There was just the stocking."

"What's Curring's story of how it got there?"

"I didn't have a chance to ask him," Rhoda said. "We had a terrific quarrel—about something else. Then you came in, remember? He left right after you did."

"Let's begin at the beginning." Gabriel sat down again. "Curring spent the day on the indigo plantations?"

"That's where he said he was going. Apparently he didn't. Ganeshi Lal says he spent the afternoon with Hajji Ahmed, the Mohammedan labor contractor."

"When did you see Lal?"

Rhoda told him at some length of the Hindu lawyer's visit. "Mr. Lal told me," she said, "that Jim was at the station when Lucy Steel arrived tonight, and that he spoke to her for several minutes. . . . But I shouldn't be telling you that, should I?"

"Why not?"

"Because it makes it seem as though Jim knew this Steel woman before—that he may have had some reason for killing her."

"That's what you brought me here to tell me, isn't it?" Gabriel asked.

"Don't say that, Mr. Gabriel. You make me seem so much worse than I really am. . . ."

"All right, skip it. Did your husband know that Fred Oaks was having dinner with you tonight?"

"I don't think so. If he had known, he would have come here directly."

"Instead of going where?"

"To the hotel. Fred and I were just finishing dinner when Mr. Brinker came to the side door and—"

"That's Brinker, the bank manager?" Gabriel interrupted.

"Alvin Brinker, yes. He was quite excited. Or out of breath, to say the least. That's about as close to excitement as Alvin (Continued on page 38)

"Someone put his hand on my shoulder. I jumped half out of my skin. I was terrified. I turned and backed away"







WIDE WORLD

## FLY BY NIGHT

By Bill Terry

**What's wrong with night baseball? The dew ruins your shoes, the lights hurt your eyes, the bean ball is more dangerous and your meal schedule is upset. And if that isn't enough, there are the gnats. Yes, gnats!**

NIGHT baseball is in the major leagues to stay and we who don't like it must make the best of it. Rapid growth within the past ten years has made it a social necessity, but it hasn't added a thing to playing skill and so I look upon it as a backward step taken for the sake of drawing crowds. To sacrifice the game itself for temporary economics means that future concessions may bring bingo, sets of dishes and finally door prizes for the women.

The Giants will play it at the Polo Grounds nevertheless, because it's a case of follow the leader. The added revenue has been a shot in the arm to those clubs that couldn't draw satisfactorily otherwise, even though installation costs and overhead soak up the increased attendance for two or three years. The greater flow of money makes them a better risk at the bank and each lives in hope of catching the brass ring the next time around.

And so the Giants will go along for the ride this year. We'll play baseball on ice skates, if the public wants it, but that won't make it better than century-old baseball on grass under the summer sunshine. You have heard a lot of pro and con, especially the latter, about the technical merits of the night game; how it is "just as good—in some instances better." Well, when a proponent of incandescent baseball starts nudging me around with his arguments on the qualities of night games, I always say, "If the lights are so ideal, why do press photographers use flashlight blubs when they take pictures of it?"

That question never fails to produce profound silence for the simple reason that there is no substitute for sunshine. Man has never invented anything as good for health, crops or illumination. I do not know just how much difference there is between the glare of the modern plant with 1,300,000 watts, and a sunlit ball park, but I know that an im-

portant difference exists. I got the proof in one of my early night games in 1932 after succeeding John J. McGraw as manager of the Giants. Eager to improve our second-division club in any way, I sank to the level of playing exhibition games at night. We played under lights in Brooklyn (Dexter Park) before Larry McPhail had been let into the league.

### A Case of Night Blindness

A game in Staten Island a week later brought the big shock. The lights weren't as bright as today's dazzling mazdas, but I had enough illumination to detect one of the fastest individuals ever seen in a bush-league ball park. He played shortstop for the opposition with a pair of sure hands, and streaked around like a frightened firefly. After six or seven innings, I invited him to the Polo Grounds.

Reaching the ball park the next day, I was attracted by a strange figure shuttling over our infield like a lame ox. I watched for a few minutes, wondering who had left the gate open. Finally

I asked Tom Clarke, then our coach, the reason for the infield gag.

"Why," said Clarke, "that's the kid you 'discovered' over in Staten Island last night."

It was true. The kid had looked like a speed demon under lights, but failed to show even fair ability in the sunshine. That may explain why baseball scouts spend most of their evenings at the movies or writing home to the Mrs. It also explains why Knoxville was a mecca last year for scouts on the trail of Herman Besse, the Memphis pitching star purchased by the Athletics. Knoxville was the only park in the league where they could scout him in the sunshine. That Staten Island incident also explains our working agreement with Knoxville. We may play 'em at night, but we gauge 'em by what they do under the afternoon sun.

I have been quoted at great length as swearing by everything that I would never manage the Giants in a night game. I never said that; I merely said that night baseball is a form of spiced baloney and no amount of voltage could make me change that opinion.

Manager Bill Terry of the Giants with four of his most promising young rookies. They are Babe Young, Mike Witek, Joe Rucker and Glenn Stewart. They're all wearing the Giants' new uniforms

At the time I said it, the National League was in annual session for 1936, considering, among other things, Larry McPhail's proposition to play night baseball in Cincinnati. Commissioner Landis had told McPhail that the idea was preposterous, and I thought the judge rather conservative. When I made the statement in casual conversation with newspapermen, I was reflecting not only the sentiments of the departed John McGraw but the conclusion of myself and the New York Giants, as expressed only a few hours before in the office when we discussed the idea and agreed that it didn't have a chance.

### Cincinnati Has Its Way

I didn't know, nor did my boss, the late Charles A. Stoneham, know that night baseball in Cincinnati was a foregone conclusion; that it had been part of the promotional plans of the great reorganizer, McPhail.

Mr. Stoneham and other National League club owners assembled before their new and youthful president, Ford Frick, to hear that Cincinnati's economic woes were finally settled—provided the Reds could have night baseball. After considerable discussion Cincinnati got night baseball by unanimous vote, and not by 7 to 1, as reported. Mr. Stoneham voted for the measure, though he protected our policy by refusing to schedule or play any night games. I certainly didn't know that he would be forced by unexpected

(Continued on page 95)



# VEGETABLE GENES

...resistant vegeta-  
...of its kind—which  
...breeding specimens

KINOPF-PIX

YOU can't send a carrot to the hospital, and you can't vaccinate a field of beans. Yet these crops—and all plants for that matter—are as subject to disease as a delicate baby.

Cabbages have hernias, apple trees have tumors and cucumbers cankers. Insects spread virus diseases from one plant to another as mosquitoes spread malaria among men. Spores lie waiting in fields to attack crops as soon as they sprout; and fungus diseases are capable of destroying vegetables worth thousands of dollars in a single night's time.

For study of such problems the U. S. Department of Agriculture has recently completed a large research laboratory that occupies much the same position in the vegetable world that the Rockefeller Institute holds in the field of medical research. The laboratory—first of its kind in the world—is situated a few miles out of Charleston, South Carolina. Its job is to produce disease-resisting varieties of vegetables.

Vegetables, understand, don't just happen. They are designed as carefully as streamlined automobiles and electric egg beaters. Genes—minute factors of inheritance that go to make up the chromosome—are borrowed everywhere. Perhaps a bean from Bolivia is markedly resistant to a certain disease. Fine. Borrow that gene that determines this resistance and breed it into the line. Another gene will determine color, and a third taste. String them together in a necklace pattern and you have a new chromosome—and a new bean.

Plant breeders are an exciting crew. Like politicians, they hold out the alluring promise of a more abundant life. The only difference is that the plant breeders are delivering. As a nation we are eating better food than we did a generation ago. Thank the plant breeder. Largely due to his efforts in suppressing vegetable diseases, we now have an enormous variety of year-round foods.

Look at some striking figures: In the past two decades acreage planted to the commercial asparagus crop has risen 400 per cent. Lettuce is up 500 per cent; carrots and spinach are up 600 per cent; beets and peas up 1,000 per cent.

To find the disease-resistant characteristics required, plant explorers tramp the out-of-the-way places of the world. You'll find them pawing through the vegetable stalls in Bagdad and on the scraggly hillside farms in Afghanistan; under the hot sun of Persia and on the slopes of the Andes. They are not looking for finished products in vegetables. They are satisfied if they can find a single wanted characteristic. Beans from Turkey may taste like laces from high-top boots, but if they are immune to a certain disease the plant explorer cherishes them. Good eating qualities can be bred in later.

An example will illustrate how they work: The cantaloupe crops of the irrigated regions in the Southwest were being destroyed by powdery mildew. Thousands of acres of melons had been ruined and the disease epidemic appeared to be barely getting under way. Bankruptcy faced the whole farm population.

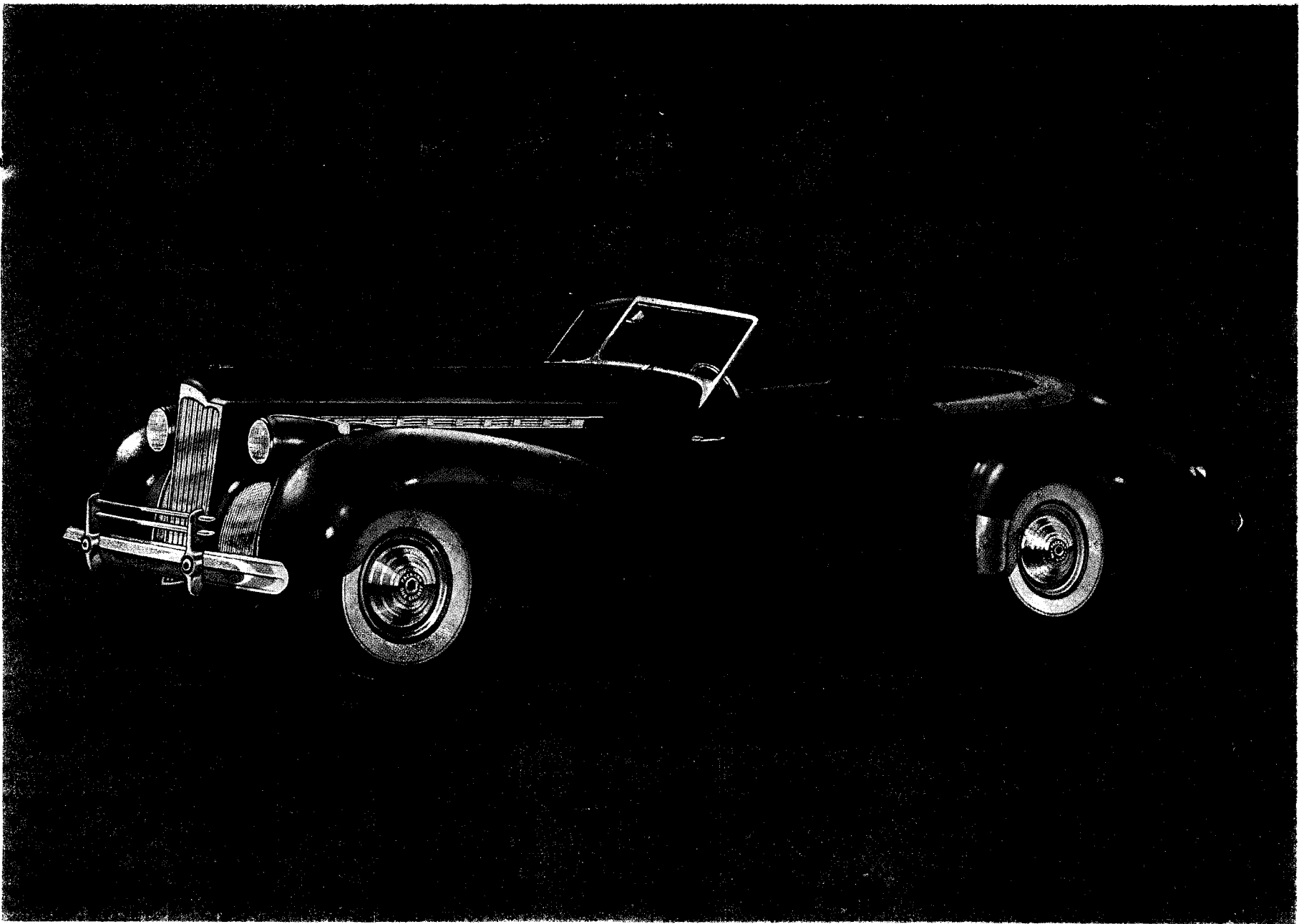
The late Dr. Ivan Jagger of the U. S. Department of Agriculture was assigned to the job. His jumping-off place was a scrubby little melon that he found in India. It was small, tasteless and subject to rot. From a market man's point of view it was utterly valueless. But to Jagger it had one brilliant feature: powdery mildew didn't touch it. He crossed this unpromising import with good domestic varieties; and back-crossed the resulting progeny with the parents. For four years this went on, but finally the desired product emerged: a sweet, disease-resistant melon. Like a hero in an old-fashioned melodrama, he completed the job in time to lift mortgages on a thousand homes.

Similar pieces of work have been done for the lettuce growers. The Louisiana sugar-cane crop was saved from a mosaic disease, caused by a virus, the same type of organism that causes yellow fever and infantile paralysis in human beings.

Work at Charleston began after the Bankhead-Jones Act made \$135,000 available for the purchase of a 453-acre farm and construction of laboratories. Thirteen Southern states co-operated in the project. In the spring of 1936 these states sent representatives to Charleston to lay out work.

One man suggested cotton research. Enough work being done elsewhere with this crop, the delegates decided. Another suggested sugar cane. The same thing obtained here. Gradually discussion turned to vegetables. The South had never been a vegetable-growing country. People subsisted on a diet of sweet potatoes, collards, rice and cowpeas. Sharecroppers grew cotton to their doorsteps, then bought food, woefully lacking in necessary minerals and vitamins, at plantation commissaries. This practice accounted for the widespread prevalence of (Continued on page 78)



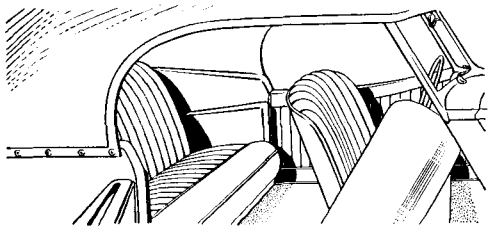


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AB JENKINS,  
Mayor of Salt Lake City  
and World's Safest Driver

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening, over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network



# One-Legged Backsliding

Continued from page 21

B'r Charlie was exasperated. He wanted to explain to somebody but Uncle Henry was not giving him much help.

"I tell you," B'r Charlie insisted, "I didn't do nothin' but take Tildy over to de True Vine meetin', and den bring her home. And dat's strickly all. She know hit and I know hit and ev'ybody in de church know de same. But naw! Some long-tongue liars and hypercittin' church-fight starters done tole hit around so bad and done lied so big dat I'm a pity and a shame wid my fellow mens."

Uncle Henry nodded sympathetically. "Mules do jest like dat, too, sometimes," he said. "Once a mule git hisse'f in de grease, ev'y mule in de lot come and kick at him. Jest for nothin', too. I mind a little yaller mule us had, name er Monk. De mules got him in de grease so's dey wouldn't hardly let him git at de feed trough. Dat was when ole Shotgun was de boss mule. So ole Monk went up to see Shotgun about hit." Uncle Henry paused and chuckled.

"What did Shotgun do?" B'r Charlie wanted to know.

"He jest turned and kicked ole Monk wid bofe heels. Right in de ribs! Kavomp! Sound like de man hittin' a bass drum." Uncle Henry walked away laughing. "Shotgun," he said over his shoulder, "was extra smart! Dat's how come he got to be de haid mule in de lot."

B'r Charlie watched Uncle Henry to the barn. "Ole fool," he mumbled. He turned to his work, still fermenting inside about the injustice being done him by members of his congregation, and forgetting completely everything the lot-man had told him.

However, Uncle Henry had sown a seed in B'r Charlie's mind. Though he did not compare his position with that of the hapless mule, Monk, B'r Charlie made up his mind to call on the Widow Duck and beguile her into stopping the impending proceedings against him.

The Widow Duck was, officially, the senior usher, and unofficially the spiritual mainspring of the Old Ship of Zion.

IT WAS evening. The Widow Duck had been chopping cotton all the long, hot day. She was tired and her back ached. As she sat barefooted on her front porch, she decided that either she was not as young as she used to be or else the days were longer now.

Without looking, she knew B'r Charlie was coming by the slap of his foot and the tap of his crutch. She waited until he was within easy earshot before she spoke.

"De Lawd," she announced to the

quiet air, "separates de sheeps f'm de goats. He set de sheeps on His right hand and de goats on His left hand. And whilst de Bible don't say why He do 'em like dat, I reckon hit's because de wind must blow f'm de right-hand side."

B'r Charlie ignored the remark, which, he judged, in nowise referred to himself. "Evenin', sister," he greeted with a ministerial swagger. "Nice evenin', ain't hit?"

The Widow Duck looked past him. "But I ain't de Lawd," she went on. "And hyar I done let a goat git de wind on me. Phee-uw!"

B'R CHARLIE knew. There was no further use to pretend. "You still got evil in yo' heart about me and Tildy," he accused her.

"My heart is pyore as de dove on de wings," the Widow Duck said airily. "And I ain't speakin' 'bout yo' heart, 'cause my Bible say, 'Jedge not dat ye be not jedge.'"

B'r Charlie bristled. "Yeah," he admitted, "but Paul say—"

"I ain't speakin' 'bout Paul," she interrupted. "I'm speakin' 'bout de natchal Bible. And my Bible say, 'Whar de ole hen scratch, dar be de worm, also.' And, B'r Charlie, you's standin' up hyar scratchin' up some kind er humbug so's you'll make me disremember, and den let you forgit, dat you done evil when you and Tildy was over at True Vine de yuther night."

B'r Charlie spluttered with anger. "I and Tildy ain't did no sin!" he shouted. "You knows dat and ev'ybody on de place knows hit. Dat humbug was put on me in de church. Us ain't did a thing but go over to de True Vine to meetin' and den come on back home. And you ain't got de cheeks to tell me dat goin' to meetin' is a sin. You ain't got de cheeks!"

"Goin' to meetin' ain't no sin," admitted the Widow Duck.

"Den, what kind er religion you got?" demanded B'r Charlie. "You, de senior usher, ain't got no faith when de Bible say you got to have faith to turn a mountain into mustard seeds."

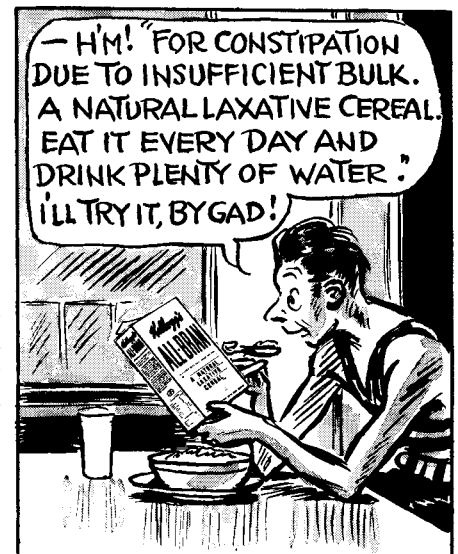
"I got plenty er faith," the Widow Duck retorted, "and I'm got plenty er mustard seeds widout turnin' no mountain into 'em."

"You ain't got no faith in yo' pastor."

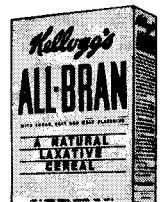
The Widow Duck drew a deep breath to control her temper. Then she enumerated: "I'm got mustard seeds in my gyarden dryin' out for plantin' next spring. I'm got faith in my heart to thank de Lawd for all de good things dat overtake me. And I'm got brains in my haid dat make me smart enough to

## LIFE OF THE BEACH!

—by C. A. Voight

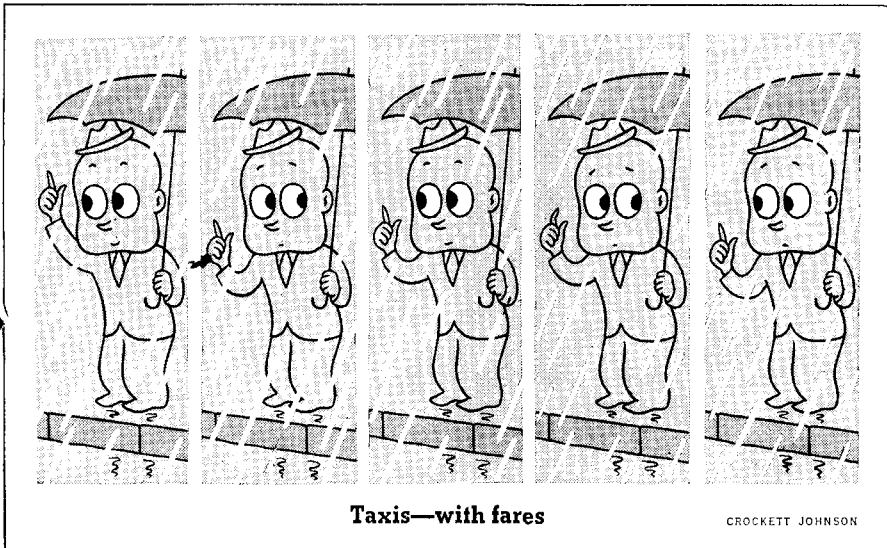


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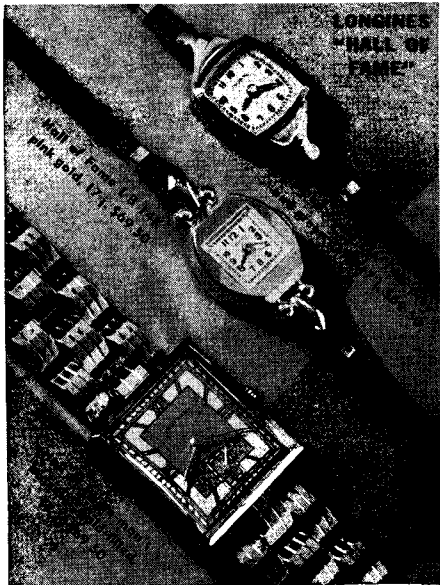
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put my faith in de Big Boss instid er in His one-laigged hired hand which go fie'-larkin' at night wid a young married 'oman when she ought to be home wid her husband, and he ought to be home prayin' and goin' on."

"I wa'n't fie'-larkin'," B'r Charlie began, but the Widow Duck waved him aside.

"I knows," she said, "dat you and Tildy didn't raley did no sin when y'all went over to True Vine. Jest like I knows a man ain't makin' no crop er cotton when he git out in de wintertime and start plowin'. But I know and de Lawd know dat same man is fixin' to make hissef a crop, quick as de season git right. So dat trip to meetin' might er fooled Tildy but hit ain't fooled me."

B'r Charlie said nothing. He had come to the Widow Duck in the hope that he was a misunderstood man, and now, he discovered, he was understood only too well.

As B'r Charlie left, the evening breeze sprang up and fanned the Widow Duck's face. She inhaled deeply, smiled affectionately and said: "Thanky, Lawd. Hit's a pleasure to know Charlie ain't fooled You neither." She rose and began to pump her bath water. "And listen, Lawd," she confided, "Charlie ain't raley bad. He jest ain't no good."

THE preacher walked down the bayou path. People were on their porches exchanging friendly talk and catching the breeze, but no one had a word for B'r Charlie. As he crutched past, they grew silent as if in the presence of the plague. It was not until he reached Uncle Henry's one-room cabin that he got so much as a word. The old lotman called to him: "I tole you ole Shotgun kicked dat mule. Right in de ribs! Ka-vomp!"

B'r Charlie hurried to his home. He stopped at the porch and sat down. He was tired and hungry. But the thought of going inside the door of his own house made him shudder. He had lived alone for nearly ten years—ever since his last wife had quit him—but he had never been lonesome before.

"Maybe," he speculated, "efn I'd draw back and pray me a prayer hit might git straight." He knelt and recounted his

troubles in a loud singsong, but after fifteen minutes, when nothing came of it, he stopped in discouragement. "Ain't got no faith," he concluded.

Presently he went inside, bathed, ate his supper and went to bed. Sleepless, he went over the simple facts in his mind, justifying his conduct at each point. It was a fact that he had inveigled Tildy into going to a neighboring church meeting, and though he had actually done no more than that, it was also true that the Widow Duck's remark about "winter plowing" for a crop to be planted and gathered later on was exactly what B'r Charlie had in his mind. But B'r Charlie had long since come to an understanding with his conscience about that. He had discovered that a steady wife interfered with his position as spiritual leader.

"Womens," he reasoned, "ain't gonter be intrusted in no preacher wid a steady wife, and efn de womens don't come to church, de mens ain't gonter come, neither. And den, whar'd de church be?"

He always felt good about sacrificing the happiness a wife could give to the interests of the church. The little matter of his periodic backsliding, however, had never suited his conscience. Backsliding was a sin and sin was evil. It required penitence and humility, and a confession of weakness. And weakness in a leader was a bad thing. B'r Charlie hated to admit to weakness.

"Efn dat True Vine meetin' hadn't lasted so long," he grumbled, "and I hadn't 'a' went to sleep in de shop next day and got kitched up by Giles, all er dat humbug wouldn't 'a' come to pass."

This thought started his mind to work on a new angle. Giles, the foreman of the plantation, was a notorious sinner, and it was not right for a sinner to cause the downfall of a preacher. B'r Charlie tossed in his bed, and worried for a long time. Then suddenly, as if revealed by some divine power, it came to him. It was as neat a piece of self-justification as B'r Charlie had ever invented.

"When I begged Tildy to come to de meetin' wid me," he reasoned, "I done a sin in my heart. And when I done dat sin, I was layin' mysef wide open to destruction and damnation, all on account

I didn't want to make no humbug and hurt my own church. And somewhars in de Bible is de natchal Word which say, 'Wharfo' a man giveth up his soul to de fires and broomstones so My church may liveth, shall he dwell by de tree er many waters.'"

B'r Charlie laughed to himself; not loudly, but with a high note of victory snatched from defeat. Then he went to sleep.

THE next morning, B'r Charlie felt pretty good. There was no change of attitude from the other plantation workers, but he did not mind. When they passed him by without even a nod, B'r Charlie did not see them. His head was so high in spiritual clouds he did not notice ordinary mortals. He was pleased, however, when Uncle Henry came by the blacksmith shop to pass the time of day.

"What you say, B'r Charlie?" the old lotman asked.

"Got ole Satan by de tail," the blacksmith replied blithely, "and on a downhill pull. And you?"

Uncle Henry sat down. "I'm doin' good," he admitted modestly. "Yeah, I'm doin' right good, I reckon, for an ole man. A committee f'm de committee comed to see me, last night."

"Hunh?" demanded B'r Charlie. "What did dey want?"

"Nothin', special," Uncle Henry said. "Jest a couple er de boys drapped by. Booker and Robbit, hit was. Jest drapped by."

"Church business?"

"Sort er."

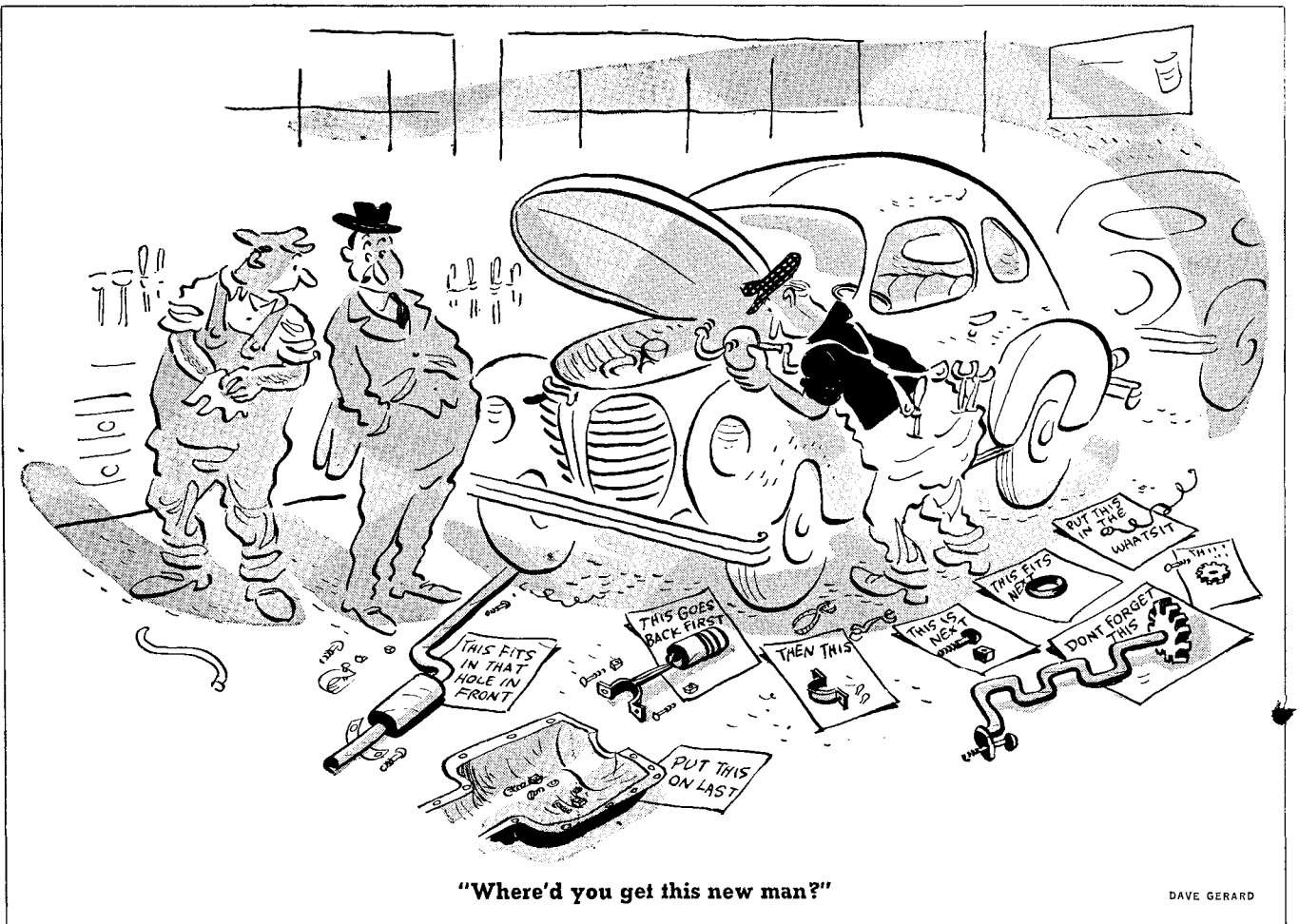
B'r Charlie was puzzled. "Dem boys ain't no officers in de church," he said. "Dey ain't hardly dry f'm me baptizin' 'em, yit. What dey doin' on de committee?"

"Ain't doin' nothin', yit," Uncle Henry said. "But dey claims dey fixin' to ride me ofn de place on de same rail wid you."

"Ride a—who gonter ride a rail?" B'r Charlie demanded.

"Me and you bofe," the lotman told him. "You on account er hypercristin' and me on account er speakin' wid you friendly."

He looked around the shop, picked up



"Where'd you get this new man?"

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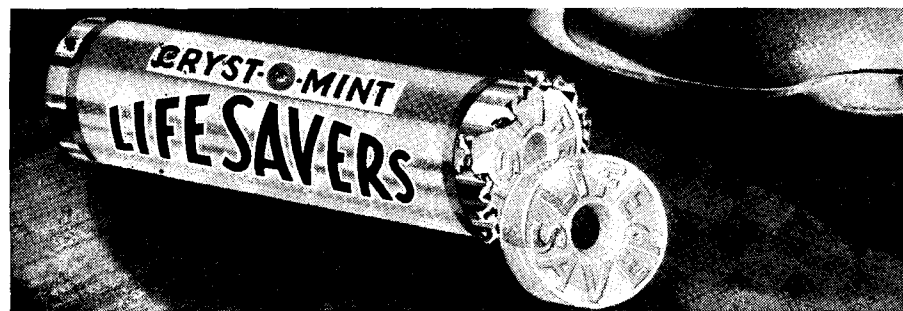
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a half-dozen bits of iron and put them in his pocket. "I figgered," he said, "dat I might borry somebody's pistol and shoot somebody when dey tried to ride me, but hit's been so long since I had a pistol in my hand, I b'lieve I kin do mo' better wid dese hyar bolts."

Uncle Henry walked out leaving B'r Charlie in a panic. He stood near the anvil, his brain in a fog and his hands trembling with fright.

Giles galloped up, snatched his horse to a sudden stop and yelled: "You, Charlie! Come hyar and speak wid me!"

The blacksmith could tell from the foreman's voice that something was wrong. He dragged himself to the door. "Yassuh, Mist' Giles?"

"You been burnin' up plowp'int's," he accused. "You been beatin' 'em too thin, and den burnin' all de metals outn' 'em. You done ruind about a dozen."

"Well, you see, Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie began, "de air was damp and—"

"I see too good," Giles snapped. "You ain't had yo' mind on yo' work. De damp air ain't had nothin' to do wid hit. Hit take all de brains you got in yo' haid and dem workin' in high gears, for you to have sense enough to sharp a p'int. And when you gits so busy wid yo' preachin' and carryin' on dat you can't give dem plows all de brains you got, well, you's fixin' to hyar f'm me!"

GILES left and B'r Charlie returned to his forge. He felt old and whipped down. He heated a plowpoint to a glowing red and, placing it on the anvil, struck it with his hammer. But for the life of him, he could not hear the metal ring clearly.

"Must be gittin' deaf, too," he said with self-pity. "Ole and deaf and ain't got no friends."

He hammered a few more licks and then set the plowpoint on the ground. "I'm gonter go to Giles and quit," he resolved, "befo' Giles come and makes me quit. Den I'm fixin' to git on down de road befo' dat committee rides me down de road—"

He started out across the field in search of the hard-riding and hard-talking foreman. It was a job to find him, but B'r Charlie came upon him suddenly where the turnrow ran by the side of a willow-banked drainage ditch. Giles' horse was munching grass. A pair of mules hitched to a cultivator was standing, heads drooped, in the furrow. Giles was bending over Robbit, who was sprawled and groaning in the dust.

"You ain't daid," Giles was saying. "Anybody which got wind to groan like dat ain't hardly hurt."

"I'm kilt," Robbit wailed. "Somethin' done kilt me off!"

"Somethin'," Giles admitted, "done hit you behime yo' year and made a dent in yo' haid. But hit ain't mo'n jest busted de hide."

"I'm shot," Robbit moaned. "Somebody been shootin' at me. I hyared de shots."

"Lyin'," Giles told him. "I'm got years and I ain't hyared no shots." He stooped and picked up a two-inch iron nut that had a twisted shank on one corner.

"A Georgia single-stock heel bolt nut!" Giles exclaimed. The foreman studied the piece of iron and then looked at the gash in Robbit's head. "Somebody," he announced, "crope up in dem willows and when you was turnin' yo' team, dey let you have dis hyar slug. Dat's on account er you must er been monkeyin' in de wrong stall and some gal's hosband branded you for a snake-in-de-grasser."

"I ain't been monkeyin'," Robbit protested. "I'm a good member in de church—"

"No mind," Giles snorted. "Any man which kin 'tend to his own business ain't gonter git hit f'm behime. You been up

to somethin'. Now, start dat team to plowin', and come dinnertime, git ole man Henry to hit you wid de i-deen bresh at de lot."

The foreman turned and saw B'r Charlie. "You's a long way f'm yo' shop!" he exploded. "How come?"

"Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie began, and slumped to the ground in a faint.

Giles picked up B'r Charlie and threw him across the horse. Then Giles mounted and started toward the barn.

"Ole fool," he said, "burnin' out on me, right in de tight workin' season."

He had gone only a few yards when he heard Tildy screaming and saw her racing across the field.

"Booker daid!" Tildy cried. "Booker died off!"

"What dat?" Giles demanded.

"Booker," Tildy repeated. "He was plowin' 'long, and all at once he drapped daid."

Giles spurred his horse to where Booker's team was standing at a turnrow near the edge of the field.

Giles leaped to the ground and B'r Charlie, half recovered, slid down in a limp, walleyed heap. Giles' hurried examination revealed a large knot on the back of Booker's unconscious head. And on the ground near by was a short section of threaded bolt upon which a square nut had been sealed with rust.

Giles revived Booker with a dash of water from the jug carried on the cultivator. Booker told practically the same story Robbit had told: he was turning his team and something hit him.

"Stay home at night," the foreman advised, "'tend to yo' own business and nobody gonter bother you. Now, git to plowin'."

He made B'r Charlie mount behind and once more started for the barn. Halfway there, they came upon Uncle Henry, the lotman, who was walking unconcernedly along the turnrow.

"What you doin' so far f'm taw?" Giles barked.

"I," stated Uncle Henry, "been pullin' a few weeds f'm my neighbor's gyarden."

"Ev'ybody goin' crazy!" Giles growled.

"And me, too," B'r Charlie spoke up meekly. "I was comin' to tell you I done lost de knacks er sharpin' a plow—"

"Yeah, you!" exclaimed the foreman. "I done forgot about you. Now, I'm gittin' some sense in my haid about somethin'. Robbit was hit wid a heel nut offn a Georgia single stock. And de last Georgia single stock on de place rotted out, ten year ago, settin' right out by yo' blacksmith shop. And Booker was hit wid a piece er dat bolt I and you had to cole-chisel offn dat ole disk plow. Us done dat at de shop, too."

"Us sho done dat," admitted B'r Charlie.

"DEN," continued Giles, "dat nut and dat piece er bolt comed f'm de shop. And you comed f'm de shop about de same time two er my plow hands was gittin' hit on de haid!"

"Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie stated solemnly, "I didn't hit nobody wid nothin'."

"I ain't axed you no questions," Giles said coldly.

"Yassuh."

"And mo'n dat," the foreman was thinking aloud, "hit was some kind er ruckus at de church, de yuther day. Booker was on one side er dat ruckus and you was on de yuther."

"But I ain't did Booker nothin'—"

"Hysh!" Giles ordered.

They rode in silence for a while. "Hit figgers down f'm whar I'm settin'," Giles continued presently, "dat you's lettin' dat church business git mixed up too much in my business, and I ain't gonter have hit like dat. I'm makin' me a crop er cotton, and I'm got to have sharp plows and plenty er plow hands. You's



so messed up in yo' mind dat you can't sharp de p'int's good. And no man kin plow good when somebody is chunkin' dem big iron slugs at 'em f'm behime de willows. And I ain't gonter put up wid hit. Now, hang on tight."

Giles galloped to the blacksmith shop. Once there, he put B'r Charlie to work, with a warning not to stop.

"I can't hyar de metals ring," B'r Charlie protested.

"I'm gonter stand over you," Giles threatened, "and de fust time you git a plow in de fire and yo' hand on de bel-lows and den forgits what you's doin', I'm gonter make yo' haid ring."

WHEN the workers started coming in at noon, Giles dispatched word that he wanted the women hoe hands at the lot along with the men with the teams.

Giles led B'r Charlie before the assembly.

"Hit's a humbug goin' on hyar," Giles stated. "Fo'ks is so wearied dat dey can't sharp a plow right, and fo'ks gittin' hit in de haid wid chunks er iron, so's I can't git no work done."

"And," put in Mamie T, "fo'ks backslidin' wid one hand and preachin' wid de yuther."

"Hold yo' hosses," commanded the Widow Duck. "I'm still de senior usher and I still do's de speakin'."

Mamie T said nothing but she tight-

ened her lips and sucked through her teeth at the Widow Duck. Several of the younger women began to place themselves near Mamie T and soon it was apparent that a schism in the congregation was rapidly developing.

B'r Charlie watched in helpless confusion.

"Speak, Mis' Duck," Giles said. "I'm listenin' at yo' say-so first."

The Widow Duck spoke. B'r Charlie, she related, had been, to say the least, indiscreet. Formal charges of backsliding had been lodged against him by Booker; and a committee headed by Mamie T had been appointed to hear the charges. All of this was to have been orderly procedure and strictly according to the church, and in no way was it to interfere with the work.

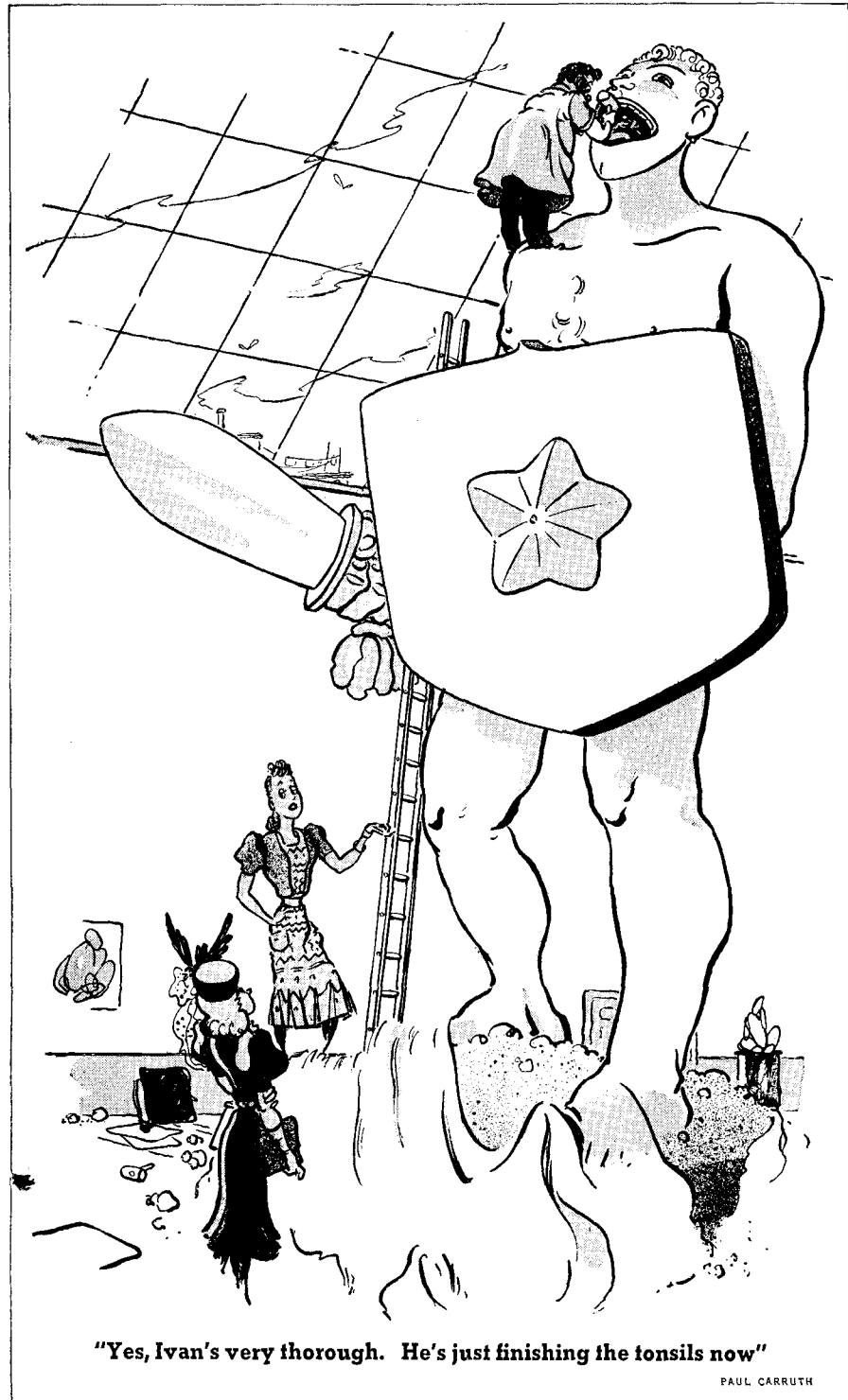
"But de committee," the Widow Duck explained, "kind er got outn hand. Mamie T yonder kind er got to feelin' her oats and she lined up some yuther ladies, and dey lined up de mens—"

"And us gonter ride B'r Charlie offn de place on a rail," put in Mamie T.

"I brung de rail," said Uncle Henry, dragging a sixteen-foot rail into the center of the crowd. "B'r Charlie gonter ride out for backslidin' and I'm gonter ride out for free-will speakin' wid him."

"Who fixin' to ride who on a rail?" Giles demanded.

"De committee," said Uncle Henry in-



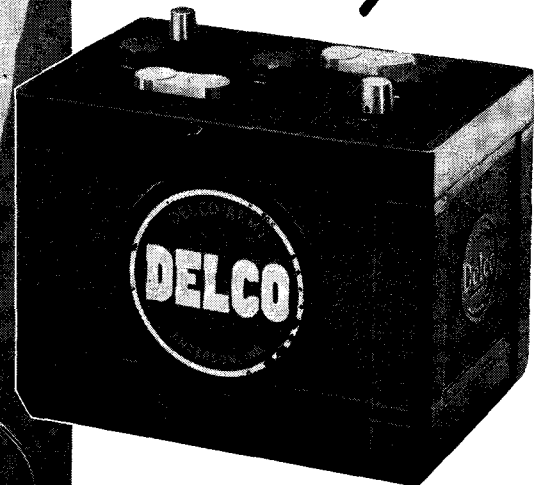
"Yes, Ivan's very thorough. He's just finishing the tonsils now"

PAUL CARRUTH



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nocently. "Dey was gonter ride I and Charlie."

"Who say so?" Giles wanted to know. "Robbit and Booker was de word bearers to me," said the old lotman.

He put the rail on the ground, straddled it and began to take old pieces of iron bolts and nuts from his pockets.

"But dey ain't gonter ride us, cause I done changed dey mind." Uncle Henry laughed. "I swear, dem boys got mule ribs in dey haids. 'Cause when I hit 'em dis mawnin', hit sounded jest like a mule gittin' kicked in de ribs. Ka-vomp!"

Giles laughed and everybody had to join in. Even Robbit and Booker were glad to have their secret boldness pass for a joke, now that it was no longer secret.

"Dat gits de iron chunkin' fixed up," said Giles. "Now, Mis' Duck, you better git dis yuther stuff laid out."

"My Bible say," the Widow Duck stated:

*"Den you reads on down to a Number Ten,  
Take another man's 'oman and you do's a sin."*

"Amen," B'r Charlie mumbled meekly.

"And den," the Widow Duck quoted:

*"I reads on down to Number 'Leven,  
So confess yo' sin and go to heaven."*

B'r Charlie raised his head and looked contritely at the Widow Duck. "I'm fixin' to confess," he said submissively.

As his confession stretched out it was not long before his pulpit manner began to creep into his words. By the time he had finished explaining how a man could sin in his heart, the same as a man could plow in the wintertime, he was groaning and grunting in singsong rhythm.

"Sin in yo' heart," Mamie T shouted, "is backslidin' jest de same!"

"Hunh?" B'r Charlie blinked.

"He done confessed sin in de heart," Uncle Henry pointed out. "Now, B'r Charlie, confess some er dem times when you raley made dat crop er sin. You been a widow man for a long time—"

The Widow Duck caught the idea immediately and she was pleased with Uncle Henry's quick thinking.

"Yeah, B'r Charlie," she said, "confess. Hit take two people to make dat kind er sin. Maybe some er y'all ladies would like to confess?"

**T**HE Widow Duck looked a challenge at Mamie T.

"Hit's a lie!" yelled Mamie T. "You jest humbuggin' dis committee down."

"Be not discouraged, sister," beamed the Widow Duck. "Pray for grace and let yo' soul go free. God will change conditions. Any yuther y'all ladies like to confess?"

The other ladies, however, were losing interest and were hurrying away without offering to make excuses. Even Mamie T had decided it was best to let matters drop, as she flounced off in high indignation and complete silence.

The Widow Duck turned to Giles.

"Satisfied?" she wanted to know.

"Satisfied," admitted the foreman. And then he grinned at B'r Charlie. "For a one-laigged man," he said, "you gits about a heap."

"Hunh?" B'r Charlie understood nothing of what was taking place, but he gathered that the Widow Duck had spoken for him at last, and that, he knew, would end his church troubles.

"I gits to church when meetin' time come," he answered Giles, "cause I'm de Big I Am at de Ole Ship er Zion."

"Amen," agreed the Widow Duck.

B'r Charlie and the Widow Duck walked away together, leaving Uncle Henry still sitting astride the rail. He was puzzled in his mind.

"De Widow Duck," Uncle Henry told himself, "is might' nigh smart as a mule. But I bet ole Shotgun would 'a' kicked dat big-mouf hypercrit agin."



"Miss Drake don't want them to wilt"

TONY BARLOW





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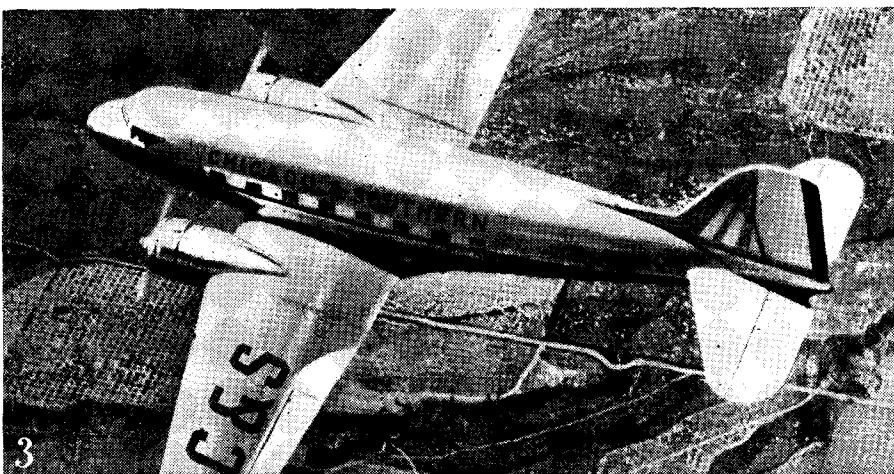




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## Last Voyage

Continued from page 10

in his logbook. Behind him the clock chimed five bells and simultaneously, faintly through the speaking tube, he heard the five identical tones from the bridge, far above him in the starlight.

His eyes narrowed in a thoughtful pride. The finest achievement in the world. Steel and brass and iron and copper all meshed and welded to a single purpose. Seven hundred thousand pounds of metal, various as a forest, exact as a garden, all ruled to a single driving, all led down the long vibrant tunnel, with its spaced lights haloed in dampness, to the screws that threshed sea water into great white flowers... like a nation drilled and welded...

Six bells sounded. In the bridge the captain picked up the speaking tube:

"Mr. Jung, throw the light switch."  
"Yes, sir."

The next instant the ship had vanished from the lookouts. Even the red and green signals on the bridge, even the shaded lamps in the chartroom—only the white stars swinging overhead and the flying fish scattering phosphorescence at the bow.

Down in his hot cabin Wolf Hess, fourth officer, pulled off his uniform coat. The bunk springs complained under his weight. His cigarette jerked and swirled in the close darkness. Overhead, the scuttle squad pattered on the deck, running like cats in the darkness. Over and over—the sea doors, the pumps, the bulkhead openings. Everything in reverse this time. Open up the ship. Carry the mortality through her like a death wound. Pour in the water. Touch off the fuses and the fire trails...

IN THE oilers' fo'c'sle a hurricane lantern hung over a stanchion and a row of cigarettes glowed in the bunks. It was too hot to sleep.

The lantern threw a bar of light across Gus Haenny's bed where a green-and-yellow parrot perched on a stanchion.

"Wake him up, Gus."

Gus began to sing, in his twangy nasal voice:

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten—"

The tight-lidded eyes did not so much as twitch, but the big yellow bill dropped open and a hoarse voice croaked:

"Das ich so traurig bin."

Somebody laughed and the eyes showed like glassy buttons.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten," croaked the parrot.

"Is that all he knows? Can't you teach him Horst Wessel, Gus?"

Gus couldn't teach the bird a thing. He had bought it from a German cobbler in Port Madra. A homesick German cobbler in a stifling shop. A Jewish German cobbler anxious to raise a few dollars to send to his brother in Duesseldorf... In the dark, Gus Haenny's cigarette inched down long after the watch had changed and the fo'c'sle was quiet. A Jewish cobbler's parrot singing *Die Lorelei*. Gus Haenny himself was one half Jew. In a fo'c'sle of Aryan oilers. In an engine room beneath those swastika funnels. Every time they turned toward the Elbe he was afraid. He had filled out countless blanks of arrival, inventing a Saxon father in the vineyards of Thuringia. Every glimpse of a uniformed guard or a customs inspector turned his sharp, dark face away and started a pounding in his heart. Now it was Bremerhaven to stay...

All night the muffled ship drove on beneath the southern stars, and the dawn burst suddenly in a flawless sky. From his windows Captain Adler scanned the empty sea. Then he sat down again at

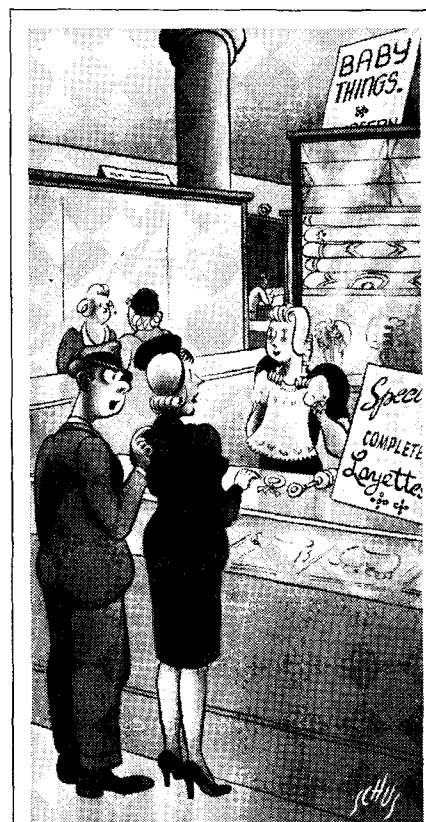
his bare desk. When he was tired the dueling scar showed deeply in his cheek. After the night's darkness his eyes strayed round the familiar cabin. The dish of fruit on the long table. The water pitcher and the tumblers, bottom up. The leather chairs beside the bookshelves. And on the paneled wall an inscribed photograph of Adolf Hitler—the drastic mouth and the future-seeing eyes.

At seven bells the cabin steward brought a breakfast tray. Captain Adler went into his lavatory, shaved and put on fresh linen. Leaving the silver warmers untouched, he drank a cup of tepid coffee and climbed to the bridge. The far-flung ocean was empty as a desert.

Promptly at four bells, in the middle of the morning, Mr. Breitmeister, chief steward, knocked at the captain's office. Despite the heat he wore his uniform coat buttoned rigidly down his broad front and white gloves on his hands.

The captain appeared. "Yes, Mr. Breitmeister."

"Inspection, sir."



"I've a feeling, Rita, that you're keeping something from me!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"Inspection—" The scar showed dark in his left cheek. "Why, yes, of course."

Over the captain's shoulder Mr. Breitmeister was startled to see the breakfast tray still on the desk.

"You've finished breakfast, sir?"

"Yes, hours ago."

"I'll have the tray removed. I'm sorry, sir."

"It's all right. I forgot to ring—Mr. Breitmeister, will you carry on inspection alone?"

"Alone? Yes, sir. Anything out of the way, sir?"

"No. Nothing out of the way."

Mr. Breitmeister started on his rounds. Voyage 167 this was in the steward's log book, and inspection was routine, discipline, standard. He began on E deck. The empty swimming pool, immaculate as a sun-dried seashell. The gymnasium, the weights and the rings and the medicine balls neatly stacked in their racks, and the punching



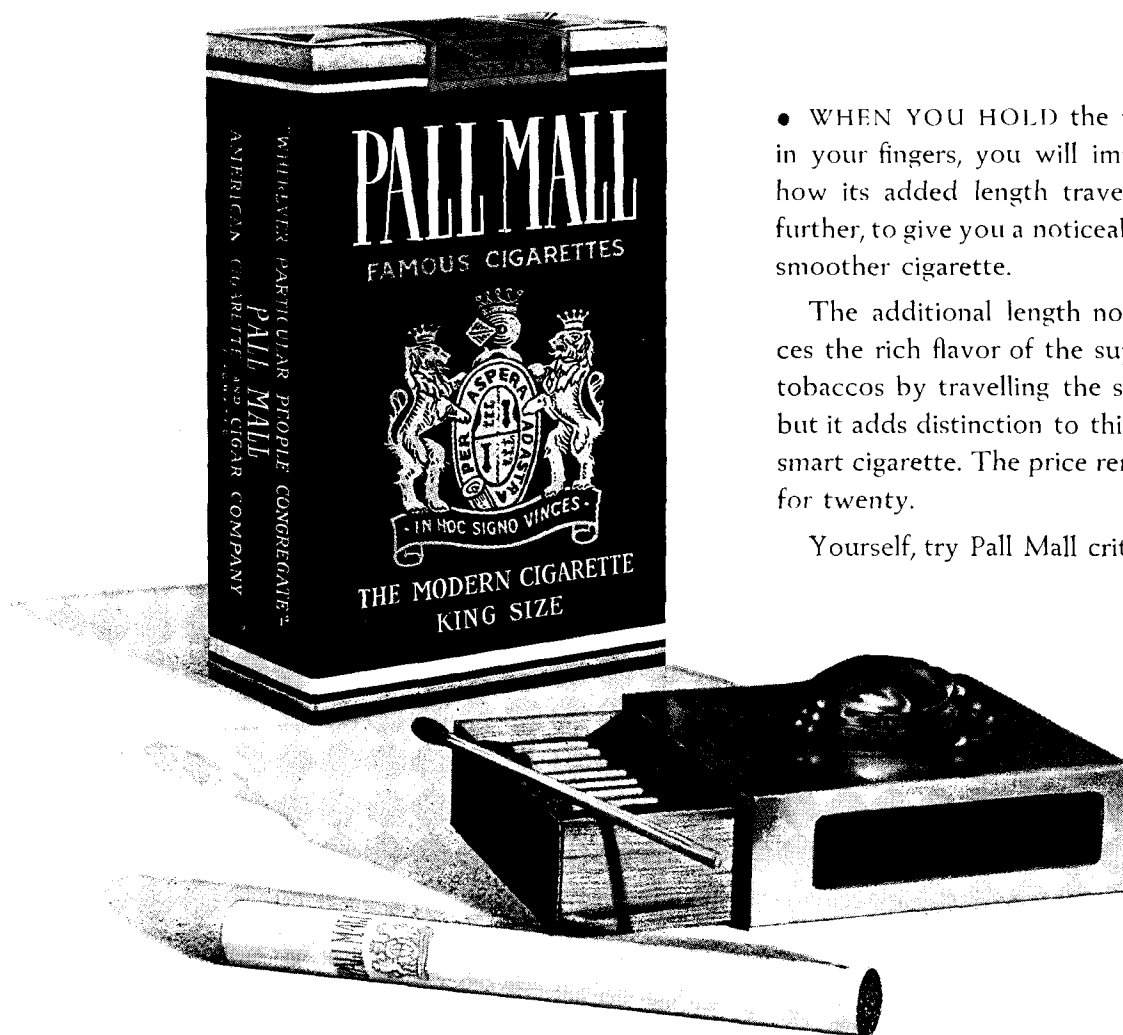
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bag quivering slightly under its bounce board. Then along to the stair landing where a knot of stewardesses stood silent and uneasy while he passed. Mr. Breitmeister swept them with a vaguely disapproving glance.

Scowling, he climbed up to D deck. The long companionway, empty. The growing rhythm of the engines as he went amidships. "They must be driving her," he thought.

Mr. Breitmeister was actually a maître d'hôtel. He was used to running his department with a complicated system of regulations. Management, efficiency, service—what made travelers in a dozen capitals say, "You must go on the Nuremberg."

He stepped out on deck and for a moment he forgot inspection. He stood in the sunlight, a big, heavy, lost man, with pouches under his eyes and a pendulous chin, wearing gold braid on his lapels, staring at a broad, empty deck scrubbed and sanded white as a Lido beach. The Nuremberg's brilliant terrace café—empty of tables, of people, of service. He thought of the deep whistle roaring at midnight from Pier 97 and the band playing in the concert hall while glittering people came up the covered gangway. Nuremberg—Midnight Sailing. The tiers of lights backing out into the dark tides of the Hudson, the towers of Manhattan fading in the night—and silk gowns rustling in the great lounges, fox furs thrown off in the bar, and the rhythm of stringed music above the deep throb of the turbines. He was a man who took his importance from his surroundings. He was lost without a clientele.

Down in the engine room, under the green-shaded light beside his desk, Mr. Jung dipped his pen and wrote in his fine, clear, up-and-down hand, *R. P. M. 97 Wind S. S. E. Steam Pressure—*

An oiler stood beside him. "Sir—"

He looked up. "Yes, Haenny."

"High-pressure guide is leaking, sir."

"Try the bottom plate. And be careful—the way she's throbbing."

Gus Haenny took a spanner and went up the catwalk. Mr. Jung put his log away and his eyes fell on a photograph in the drawer. A woman and two fair-haired children in bathing suits—the family of the first assistant. Mr. Jung was a bachelor. So things took on a different value for him. Engines, for example. In his reveries he heard the purr of pistons and the great, deep humming of the shaft.

Behind him two sounds broke out, a metal clatter and a moaning. Gus Haenny's spanner lay on the iron plates. The junior raced up the catwalk. Another oiler helped him carry Gus Haenny down. One leg hung limp and the dark face was ashen.

"Take him to the hospital," Mr. Jung said.

After a while Gus opened his dark eyes. He looked around vacantly and stared at his strapped leg.

"You've got a splint on," the doctor said. "You won't move for two weeks. Fractured fibula."

"Pressure guide—" Gus said uncertainly.

The doctor got out his question form. "Name . . . age . . . race . . . birthplace . . . father's name . . ."

"What's all that for?"

"Regulations."

"What for?" Gus insisted.

"Suppose you die. You've got to be identified."

Gus closed his eyes and opened them.

"Anything you want?"

"There's a parrot—on my bunk."

"What about him?"

"If I could have him here—He won't eat from anybody but me. The boys fed him calomel once."

When his eyes closed again the doctor bent closer. With that pallor his

skin was still olive color, stretched on his sharp, protruding face. That dark hair, the high, thin Jewish features. And he had hesitated over his parentage. The doctor made another note on his record. The port inspector would be interested—

The dark eyes opened.

"Yes—I'll get the parrot for you."

When Mr. Breitmeister came through the central foyer he heard a squawking sound. He looked down and saw the doctor carrying a green parrot, like a hen, cupped in his two hands. Mr. Breitmeister frowned and caught his image in the big crystal mirror over the stairway. He straightened his cap and went up to A deck.

Looking over the empty sun deck, barren of shuffleboard and steamer chairs, he recalled with satisfaction how his passengers' day was regulated. It began with the clear, high note of a bugle, a rousing note like a hunting horn in the Black Forest. The baths were drawn and the attendants knocked politely on the cabin doors. Then breakfast, with Mr. Breitmeister standing in the noble doorway, giving them good morning. Breakfast from a menu that included English muffins, Danish bacon, German sausage, French seeded rolls, and a dozen brands of American breakfast foods. Then the gymnasium, the swimming pool, the long, clear decks to promenade. At eleven o'clock, bouillon and biscuits served to the ordered rows of deck chairs, each with its woolen rug tucked warmly. At one o'clock, luncheon in three languages. Again the steamer chairs and at teatime stringed music in the lounges and little Dresden cups of fragrant tea and trays of thin sandwiches and heart-shaped frosted cakes. At seven, dinner to the music of two continents. Bare shoulders, white shirt fronts, and a nine-course meal. In the evening a concert, mild gambling on the terrace, with ten per cent for the Seamen's Fund, followed by dancing in the ballroom.

In the deep hours after midnight, while the ship hurried on under the stars and the seas rolled in darkness, there was still a uniformed attendant at the electric call board that would bring a slipped steward or a starched stewardess to every bedside in those miles of staterooms.

Mr. Breitmeister walked the boat deck, inspecting. He saw the white deck smeared with trails of oily waste.

Captain Adler had his lunch in his office. He drank his coffee slowly, thinking of the powder fuses leading to the Nuremberg's fuel tanks.

A voice came down from the bridge: "Vessel on starboard beam, sir. Looks like a cruiser."

He climbed the inside stairway and had a long look through the glass. She was hull-down on the horizon but coming up fast, a lean, gray shape trailing a pale pennant of smoke. "The Dorchester," he said, putting the glass away.

He turned to the quartermaster: "Hard starboard."

"Hard starboard, sir."

He went to the speaking tube. "More steam, Mr. Jung," he said quietly, like a man asking for something at table.

"I'll try, sir."

Mr. Jung had never had his engines driving like this. He looked at the pressure gauges and heard the sullen mutter in the valve chests. Leaning while the ship changed course, walking like a man on a turntable, he went to the fire-room. It was hot in there, before the mica doors where the neon-blue flames burned rigid as delphinium. "Build it up," he said.

The junior appeared in his sweating drill pants. "What's going on, sir?"

"Don't know."

The firemen knew, hands on the throttles, peering with pink-purple faces through the mica doors. The oilers

knew, moving vigilant and tense along the vibrant catwalks. The wipers knew, with the sweat rags knotted at their throats, gulping a breath of air under the hooded ventilators. But the chief engineer had no mind for what was happening topside. His business was the engines, the brass telegraph signal, the word that came through the speaking tube. The Nuremberg, boast of veteran travelers, the ship that rode quiet as a church—now she throbbed in every plate.

Up on the baggage deck the men lined the rail, their cigarettes tasteless, in a spellbound idleness, watching the chase. The decks trembled beneath their feet. She was running like a deer. But the gray wolf drew closer.

Captain Adler walked quietly in the navigation room. He stopped, with his back to the gray shape that was near enough now to show a sharp bow lifting in a scroll of water.

"Where were you in 1914, Mr. Kleinfelder?"

"In 1914—why—I was a junior in the Westphalia then. I had just joined her. She was finally interned at Buenos Aires."

"Doesn't seem so long ago, does it?"

"No, not—now."

War . . . It was more real than peace. Easier to remember. The tension, the uncertainty, the terrible concentration, the tight-clenched mind of war. It seemed familiar and natural, like an old pain returning. Peace was the interlude. Unreal as a play with the footlights flooding a stage of illusion. The play ended and you were in the clamorous streets again, with the familiar darkness muffling you and the chill wind blowing.

Captain Adler turned to the windows. The sea was calm and radiant. A cloud of gulls wove a web around the Nuremberg's counter and the tireless porpoises plunged in the creaming surf at her bow. It was not a long flight; the pursuer was too fast. But there was time for some curious detached thoughts. In a quiet recollection Felix Adler was back in the North Atlantic in January of 1927—halfway between two wars. Another kind of ocean and another kind of sky. The long graybacks racing under a rack of cloud. The spindrift blowing like snow and the Saxony standing by where a British freighter wallowed helpless, sinking—her boats smashed and her crew clinging to the icy, battered superstructure.

He was a chief mate then, and he went with his men (three of them never came back) through the furious water to take them off. War and peace. . . . He remembered a brief winter holiday, four months after Munich, while the Nuremberg lay in a Bremerhaven dry dock. A holiday in the snowy forests of Norway—the Turisthotel at Lillehammer. He remembered sitting at teatime in the broad window where the early twilight darkened the ski trails and the long blue shadows drew across the snow. Seven nationalities talking in that circle. Someone had commented on it. . . .

He looked out at the Dorchester.

"She's fast," said Mr. Kleinfelder in despairing admiration.

A puff of smoke went up from the Dorchester's forward turret. There was an eruption in the calm sea across the Nuremberg's bow. Then the sound came, a single sullen thunder in the flawless sky.

Captain Adler pulled the engine telegraph. STOP. A jangle of bells ran through the ship. The throbbing stopped. The Nuremberg coasted through the water with a swishing sigh.

The captain pressed his button and spoke into the communication system: "Ship's Company, man your stations. Prepare to abandon ship."

Instantly the pent head of steam began to blow. Through all the pressure

valves it went roaring. Through the safety valves it screamed. In that intolerable din they took their places. No orders. But they knew their parts like a drill squad. Into the boats they climbed—stewards, stewardesses, pantrymen, pursers, engineers, seamen, and the gray-faced doctor clutching a black satchel.

While the boats were lowering the scuttle crew raced their rounds. The sea doors roared open. The bulkhead doors slid back. The pumps began pouring water through the seacocks. Smoke curled down the trails of oily waste. Drums of benzine and gasoline poured onto the decks. Skylights crashed under the swinging crowbars. Then a taint of sulphur rose from the delayed matches and the powder fuses began sputtering.

The ship was smoking when Captain Adler followed Mr. Jung down a rope into the last lifeboat. Wolf Hess unhooked the fall and raised his hand. The oars dipped in a ragged line.

The calm sea swarmed with boats. The Dorchester came up half-speed, with her accommodation ladder lowering. But all eyes were on the Nuremberg. Fog-white she lay with black smoke pouring from her ventilators. Suddenly the siren moaned. They looked, startled, at the engineer.

"Valve blew open," he said.

Now a white feather plumed the jet smoke streaming up from the broken skylights. The siren swelled—a vast and dreadful death cry. It thickened, faded slowly, and sighed away. For a moment there was silence. From the doomed ship came a raised inhuman voice:

"*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.*"

The parrot flew up. Its ship-pent wings struggled futilely. It dropped on the smoking deck.

"*Ich weiss—*"

Mr. Jung looked desperately across the water where the doctor huddled in the stern sheets of Mr. Kleinfelder's boat.

"Doctor! Where's Gus Haenny?"

The doctor's face went white. "I—I forgot him."

"Swing around," Captain Adler said.

Wolf Hess stood with his hand on the tiller. "Around?" His big face faltered. "Swing around."

Slowly the boat swung. There was a thunderous explosion. Square amidships the Nuremberg had blown open.

"Hospital's gone," Mr. Jung muttered.

"Turn back," the captain said.

As they pulled toward the Dorchester Felix Adler sat with his eyes on his ship. The ghostly hull stood, still beautiful, under a vast column of smoke that went straight into the windless sky. The men had done their work well. She went rapidly. In ten minutes she dove. The great stern rose, dripping white cascades of water. There was a cloud of steam and a muffled roar. The next minute she was gone.

They pulled to the Dorchester.

The commander saluted as they came up the accommodation ladder. He clicked his heels and shook hands with Felix Adler.

"All your men safe, captain?"

"All but one, sir."

"I'm sorry."

"He was in sick bay. The doctor forgot him."

"I'd have sent a launch. I was going to—"

"Thank you, sir."

"There's a cabin ready for you, captain. An orderly will show you."

But Captain Adler stood there staring out over the sea. Where the Nuremberg had been a field of dunnage bobbed on an oil-stained sea and a great wave circled toward the shores of Europe and America. It lifted the Dorchester and set her down softly. The ocean was vast and empty.



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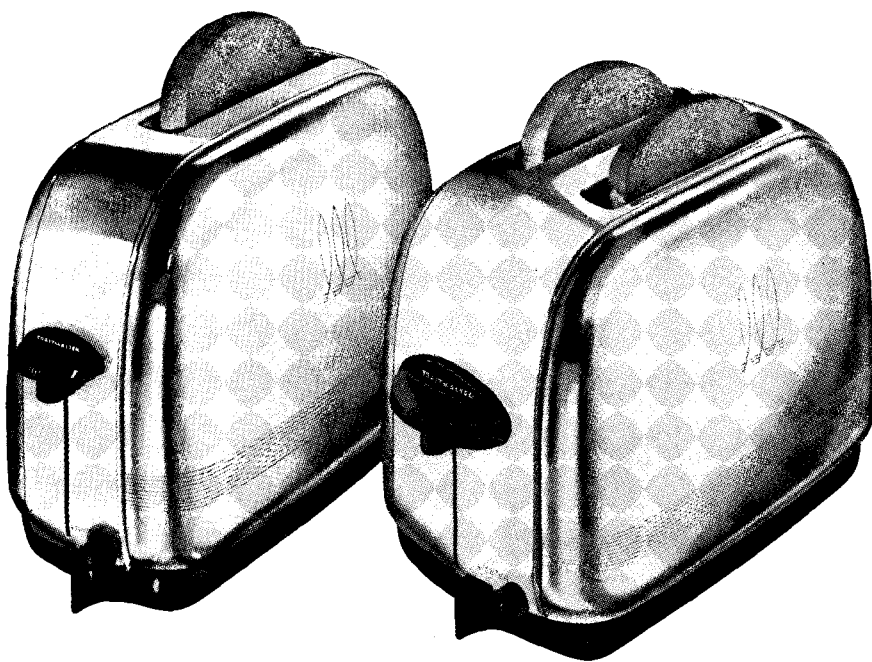
## WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S—FIREWORKS!

**H**USBANDS are allergic to burnt toast! And wives get blamed—instead of that cranky old toaster that *nobody* could possibly keep an eye on every minute.

There's just one way to peace and harmony—a *Toastmaster* toaster, the automatic pop-up type that doesn't have to be watched, doesn't burn the toast. The invisible Flexible Timer sees to everything. You merely nudge the little

button to "Light," "Dark," or "Medium," to suit your fancy, and press the lever. At the precise second, up pop the perfect slices, piping-hot, and off goes the current.

*Toastmaster* automatic toasters come in two stunning models—the 2-slice at \$16.00, the 1-slice at \$9.95. See them and other new *Toastmaster*\* products (\$7.50 to \$23.95) wherever fine electrical appliances are sold.



**TOASTMASTER** FULLY AUTOMATIC *Toasters*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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## Appointment in India

Continued from page 22

Brinker ever gets. He said that Jim was on his way to Seaside House to have it out with Fred. He said, 'Your husband has blood in his eye, Rhoda. If I were you I'd hurry over and stop him before he does anything he'll be sorry for. If you can keep Jim occupied for an hour or so, you'll be safe, because I hear the D. O. is planning to arrest Fred Oaks tonight.'

"So you dropped everything and ran?"

"Not right away. I tried to persuade Fred that he was in danger and ought to leave Shakkarpur at once. He laughed at me. He's very stubborn. So I changed my . . . I put on other slippers—"

"Why?"

"A woman can't run very well in high heels, you know. I was in a hurry."

"You took your gun with you?"

"Not mine. I took a .32 that Mr. Brinker lent me several months ago."

"Then you intended shooting your husband?"

"No, no. Oh, no. I thought I might have to frighten him—to prevent him doing anything rash."

"So you went to Seaside House. Who did you see there?"

"No one at first. I went to Miss Small and asked her if she had seen Jim."

"Did you and Miss Small discuss the arrival of Lucy Steel, by any chance?"

**R**HODA hesitated. Then: "Not that I recall. Miss Small was frightfully busy with her fortunetelling cards. She was in one of her gypsy moods. I believe she insisted on telling my fortune, but I wasn't listening. I'd left the door open, so that I could see if anyone came into the corridor. I saw no one but a little Hindu hunchback who was carrying bath water from the kitchen. After a while I got up and went out. I walked around the hotel several times, then sat down on a bench in the garden to watch."

"Where was the gun all this time?"

"I had it in my bag while I was with Miss Small. In the garden I took it out and held it in my hand. I don't know how long I sat in the garden. Perhaps half an hour. Then I saw a light go on in Fred's room."

"Were the blinds open?"

"No, they were closed. But I could see the light shining through the wooden slats. I went over to see who was in the room."

"And you saw Lucy Steel?"

"No. I didn't see anybody."

"Now, look here, lady!" Gabriel brandished his cigarette stub under Rhoda's nose. "If you can't make up your mind to tell the truth—"

"But I am." Rhoda drew back slightly. "I didn't see a soul. I started to open the blinds—"

"How? The catch is on the inside."

"They can be opened from the outside . . . if you know how."

"Was the mosquito netting tucked in," Gabriel asked casually, "or did you tuck it in afterward?"

"It was tucked in—as far as I know, that is. It usually is at that hour of the night, you know, to keep the mosquitoes from getting up into the folds just before bedtime . . ." Rhoda was talking rapidly, but she watched Gabriel's face carefully to see if he had noticed her slip. The detective's expression did not change. "Of course I didn't see it. I wasn't in the room. I didn't even get a chance to open the blinds. Just as I'd started to open them, someone put his hand on my shoulder. I was terrified. I jumped half out of my skin. I turned around and backed away. . . . Could I borrow a cigarette, Mr. Gabriel?"

"Go on," the detective ordered. He shook a cigarette out of his package, struck a match. Rhoda inhaled deeply, closed her eyes.

"Well?" the detective prompted. "Someone grabbed you. Then what?"

"Where were we? Oh, yes. Well, it was my husband. When Jim saw the gun in my hand, he took hold of my wrist—hard, like this—and the gun went off. . . ."

"The gun went off . . . bang! . . . as simple as all that?"

"Yes."

"Then it must have been cocked."

"Yes, it must have been cocked."

"Why would you carry the gun already cocked if you weren't out gunning for somebody?"

"I wanted to be ready, just in case . . ."

"In case you met your husband?"

"I already told you, Mr. Gabriel, that I thought I might have to shoot to frighten him. . . ."

"All right. Did the gun fire through the blinds?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Sure the shot couldn't have hit someone inside that room?"

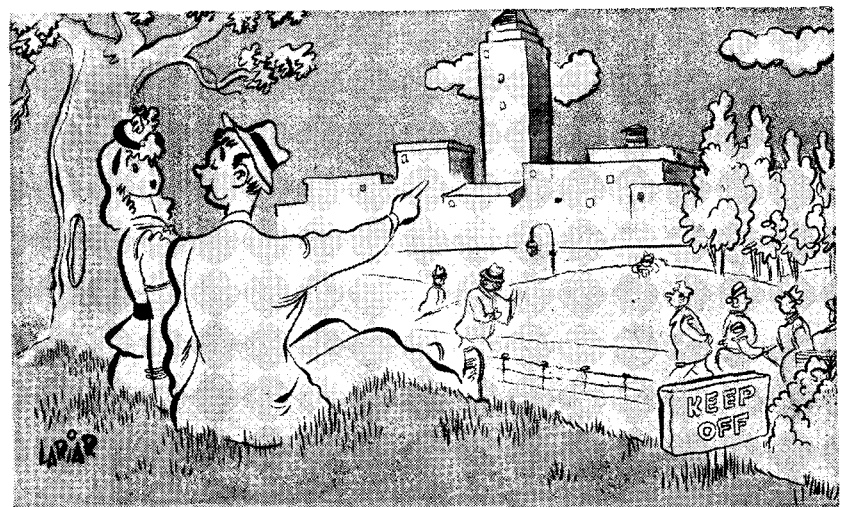
"I don't see how it could have. I wasn't facing the window."

"Did someone open the blinds to see what the shooting was about?"

"No."

"Nobody came out of the hotel? Nobody at all was attracted by the sound of a pistol shot?"

"Not that I know of. Jim rushed me away from there in such a hurry. When the shot went off, Jim twisted my arm



"See that skyscraper? I helped watch all the excavating"

LAWRENCE LARIAR



Look Forward to  
Pleasure—with the  
*"Double-Rich"*  
Kentucky Bourbon



**A**MONG THE PLEASURES that make life worthwhile, one of the keenest is the enjoyment, in moderation, of a really fine whiskey. No finer whiskey is made, than the *"Double-Rich"* Cream of Kentucky

... the largest-selling straight Bourbon whiskey in the world because its rich quality and rare flavor-character give *more pleasure to more people*. Win or lose, it's the perfect end for a day of golf—or any other day!

90 Proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

**SCHENLEY'S**  
*Cream of Kentucky*  
**STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY**





*Refreshing style note!*

This is Miss Bryan's dainty ELGIN "DeLuxe." Unusual, terraced design with matching bracelet. 17 jewels. No. 2955. \$39.75.

*"I chose smartness  
and an Elgin DeLuxe"*

says **HELEN MARY BRYAN**, Lake Forest, Illinois

**B** RILLIANT in their modern styling—these newest ELGIN "DeLuxe" models for 1940. They typify that youthful spirit which is America's. And they have that amazing accuracy which ELGIN'S unique partnership of crafts-

men and scientists makes possible.

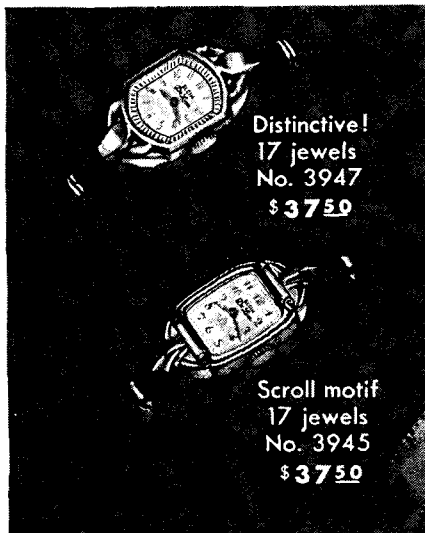
These fine, adjusted watches are created to standards that are the wonder of the watchmaking world. They are star-timed . . . and for added strength and precision, each is equipped with two new features, exclusive with ELGIN—the Elginium hairspring\* and the Beryl-X balance. Both are rust-proof, non-magnetic, unaffected by temperature or climatic changes.

See the brilliant new "DeLuxe" ELGINs on display at your jeweler's now. Their modest prices start at \$37.50. And examine the world-famous Lord and Lady Elgins, priced from \$47.50.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC SKATER (Left), Miss Bryan is a familiar figure on Chicago rinks. At Miss Hall's School in Pittsfield, she captained the skating team. "We've been an Elgin family for three generations," she says.

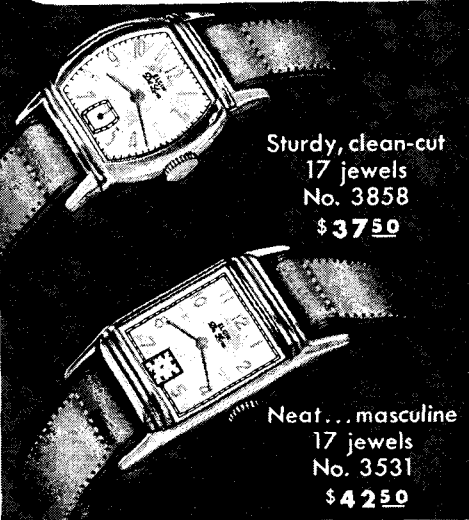


A FAST GAME OF BADMINTON (Right) is this popular debutante's choice for indoor days. She also enjoys sketching and is an ardent camera fan.



Distinctive!  
17 jewels  
No. 3947  
\$37.50

Scroll motif  
17 jewels  
No. 3945  
\$37.50



Sturdy, clean-cut  
17 jewels  
No. 3858  
\$37.50



Neat . . . masculine  
17 jewels  
No. 3531  
\$42.50

\* Patents No. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

★ **ELGIN** ★  
*DeLuxe*

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CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES FOR SPORT . . . FOR BUSINESS . . . FOR DRESS

and I dropped the gun. He wouldn't even let me stop to pick it up. He said, 'You little fool! You silly damned fool!' Then he rushed me home. I was so pleased at getting him away from Seaside House that I went quite willingly. But when we got home, the nervous reaction set in. I blew up."

"You told Curring that you didn't love him any more, that you hated India, that it was a tragic mistake to have married a man old enough to be your father—"

"You must have been eavesdropping, Mr. Gabriel."

"I wasn't eavesdropping," Gabriel said. "Not a single drop. I was second-guessing. And did you tell Curring that you'd found your true soul mate in Oaks?"

"He seemed to know about Fred." Rhoda blew a thoughtful smoke ring. "He was surmising, of course. He said, 'It won't do you a bit of good to go mooning around over this Oaks person. You'll never have him. If the D. O. doesn't do for him, I will.' I said, 'Don't go talking like someone in a stage play, Jim. After all, we're both sensible people and we can settle this like civilized beings. You won't hold me against my will.' And he laughed. He said, 'I probably won't have to do a ruddy thing because we're all likely to have our throats cut or be blown to bits in the next forty-eight hours, thanks to your darling Fred.' I said, 'Don't talk rubbish, Jim.' 'It's not rubbish,' he said. 'Nearly a ton of dynamite disappeared from my godowns last night, and it hasn't just been mislaid. Fred Oaks stole it. And I can't go to the D. O. about it because the whole circumstances of my having the dynamite are so utterly grotesque that Hatton probably won't believe me. More than likely he'd have me locked up as Oaks' partner in crime, the stiff-necked so-and-so! I'll have to locate the explosives myself.' Then he went out."

"Let's go back a few questions, Mrs. Curring," Gabriel said. "While you were sitting in the garden—if you were sitting in the garden as you seemed to think a moment ago—did you hear a

dull, explosive sound that might have been a muffled pistol shot?"

"No, I didn't."

"Did you see anyone enter or leave the hotel, besides your husband—who just materialized out of thin air?"

"No one."

"All right. Now exactly what do you want me to do?"

"Take me to Fred Oaks."

"Mr. Oaks can't possibly see you tonight any more," Gabriel said. "But I'll arrange a meeting just as soon as it's feasible. And now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a few little things to do before I go to bed. . . ."

The detective arose.

"Mr. Gabriel!" Rhoda seized his sleeve.

"Now what?"

"My husband is dead."

**GABRIEL** pushed a cigarette into his mouth, looked at Rhoda curiously.

"My sympathy and condolence," he said casually. "Where's the corpse?"

"You don't believe me, Mr. Gabriel?"

"No, of course not."

"I know Jim is dead! I can feel it."

"Has Gwendolyn Small been telling your fortune with cards?"

"As a matter of fact, she has. She saw death. . . ."

"And you believe all that hocus-pocus—from a lunatic?"

"No, not precisely, but—Mr. Gabriel, if Jim wasn't dead, he would have come back."

"How do you know he intended coming back? You said he didn't even tell you where he was going."

"That wasn't quite true," Rhoda admitted. "I do know where he was going. He was looking for the dynamite that disappeared. He came back an hour ago and told me he hadn't found a trace of it. Then I gave him an idea of where it might be, and he went out again."

"Where?"

"Seaside House."

Gabriel sniffed. "I suppose Fred Oaks was keeping it under his bed," he said.

"The upstairs floor of Seaside House hasn't been used in ages," Rhoda in-

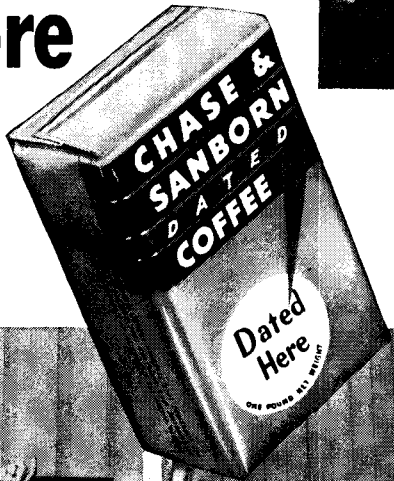


"Yesterday I hit a ball in one!"

HILDA TERRY



# Chase & Sanborn's *"friendly flavor"* dates up the girls of Skidmore College —



Skidmore girls invite Colgate, Dartmouth, Union and Williams men over to prom—are expected to be human; wear pretty clothes, dance, kiss behind the palms in the famous Saratoga Casino; are thrilled by the imported bands, their “dates” in “tails,” the unique, never-to-be-forgotten flavor of coffee—Chase & Sanborn—presented by their dream princes at midnight.

Skidmore believes girls who have a good time get better marks—encourages “get-togethers” such as this. Girl meets boy in “Beau Parlor”—they laugh together at Edgar Bergen’s Charlie McCarthy on Chase & Sanborn Sunday program, N.B.C. Red Network. Chase & Sanborn program is fun time for girls and boys everywhere.



**Kay Schilling** learning to make the most of her good points at a Fashion Clinic. Clothes, hair, walk are criticized. Book on head is posture device. We’ll rate her A+. Your future husband will not only savor the fresher, fuller flavored coffee you serve—Chase & Sanborn, we hope—he’ll feast his eyes on you pouring it, Kay.



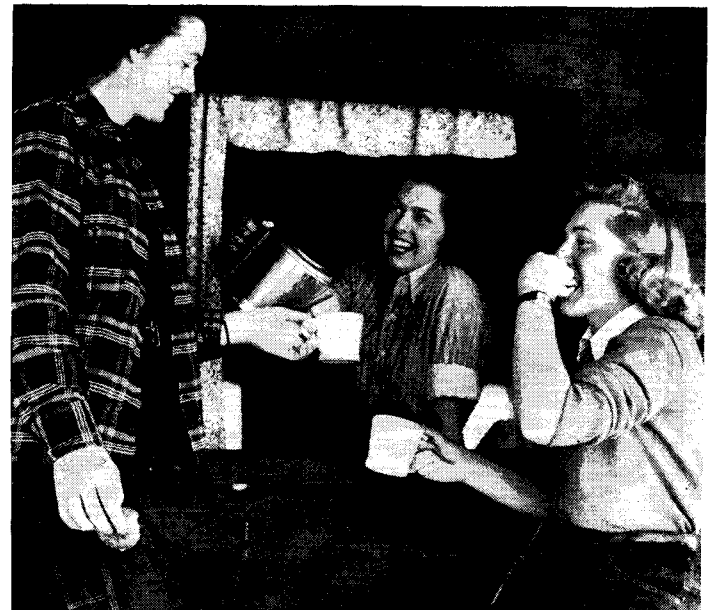
**At “Home Ec” House**—a real home decorated and run by themselves, Skidmore girls learn by doing, have to answer “why did you buy that?”... soon develop a philosophy of value. Future expert home-makers Lois Pulver, Phyllis Browne, Marguerite Jouard and Isabel Scoville applaud the idea of the fine flavor of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee protected by unique dating and rapid-delivery system, appreciate the money-saving package.

**Two seniors** entertain at a midnight snack—girls eat “indigestibles,” make Drip Grind Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee. Inspired by its friendly, heart-warming flavor, talk over relative charms of four near-by colleges—dream of the day they’ll be serving dinners with delicious *Dated* Coffee in their own homes. As majority of Skidmore girls marry within 5 years of graduation—it won’t be long!

**Shirley Grandeman**, freshman, keeps a “thrift book,” accounts for every penny of her allowance. At 18, Shirley already understands wonderful value of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in economical, money-saving package. All the girls in her house praise the extra richness and heavenly flavor of her Drip Grind *Dated* Coffee, and she can buy extra “sweets” for everybody with what she saves.

**Three members** of the Skidmore Outing Club on a jolly week end at the college cabin, breakfast on doughnuts and “friendship in a cup”—Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee, rushed fresh from the roasting ovens. The memory of its pungent aroma in the cool, early morning air—of its rich, mellow tang after a sunrise hike—will linger long after Mathematics A is forgotten.

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# YOU'RE RIGHT—THE CONVERSATION'S ABOUT MEN

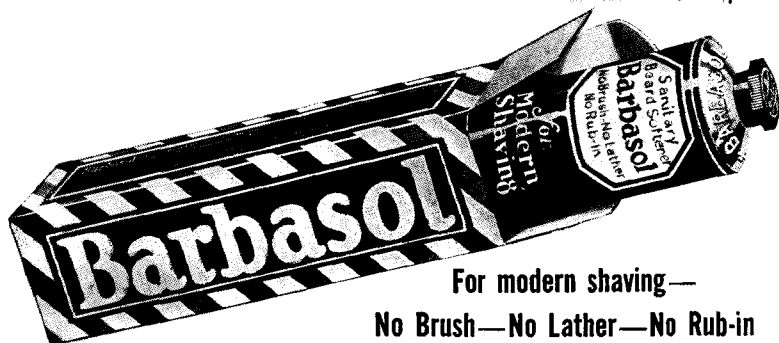


"YOU BIG PORCUPINE," I said to him. "What's the big idea not shaving off those bristles before coming to see me! Then he pulled that old gag about what two shaves a day does to a tender skin. And I said if he had any serious ideas about me, he'd better get wise to that old-fashioned skin torture he called shaving and get himself a nice, smooth Barbasol Face."



**CONTRARY AS A MULE**—guess that's why it took me so long to get around to Barbasol. But now that I look at the improvement in my skin—whether I use the razor once or twice a day—I can understand why they call it the quickest, easiest, smoothest shave a man ever had.

**ONE WIFE TELLS ANOTHER**—"Tell your George to try Barbasol. He'll get down to breakfast before the eggs are cold, and his face will be easier to live with." (Your druggist has Barbasol in three sizes, 25¢, 50¢, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades, 15¢.)



For modern shaving—  
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

sisted. "There are at least a dozen rooms that haven't even been opened in ten years. Jim was going through the upper floor—and he hasn't come back."

The detective lit his cigarette at last. "Maybe you've got something there," he said. "I'll hop over and have a look. No, never mind the money. You can pay me if I locate the corpse for you. That's really what you want, isn't it, Mrs. Curring?"

"You're being rather cold-blooded."

"Sure, I know. Well, I'll be seeing you in the morning. Drop me a post card if anything special turns up before then."

Gabriel sauntered out. His interview with Rhoda Curring had given him two interesting bits of information. He was sure that Rhoda had been in the room in which Lucy Steel was killed. And he was practically sure that her sole purpose in retaining Bill Gabriel was to convince him that her husband was guilty of murder. Whether this was the truth, or merely part of her scheme to get Curring out of the way so she could have Fred Oaks, Gabriel didn't know.

**BILL GABRIEL** dropped in to see if Fred Oaks needed a dash of picrotoxin. As soon as he entered the room, he had a feeling that someone else had been there in his absence.

He went over to the bed and looked at Oaks. The man's face showed no signs of discoloration. His nostrils stirred slightly with his even breathing. The detective lifted the netting and pinched Fred's arm. No reaction. Fred was sleeping soundly all right. Gabriel would like to put in a little sleeping himself. There was really not a great deal more he could do tonight. It could all wait until morning. Why not crawl in beside Fred Oaks and catch a few winks until the drugged man woke up?

There was Rhoda Curring's story of her husband on a still hunt for dynamite at Seaside House that needed checking. The lady with the copper hair had great talent for fiction. She was just as screwy as Gwendolyn Small, in a different way, of course. Still . . .

Maybe he'd better have a look around the second floor after all. There was an off-chance that Rhoda was telling the truth, or part of the truth. It wouldn't take long just to look around. What if he did feel like a boiled dishcloth? A drink would give him a jolt of energy for just one more chore. . . .

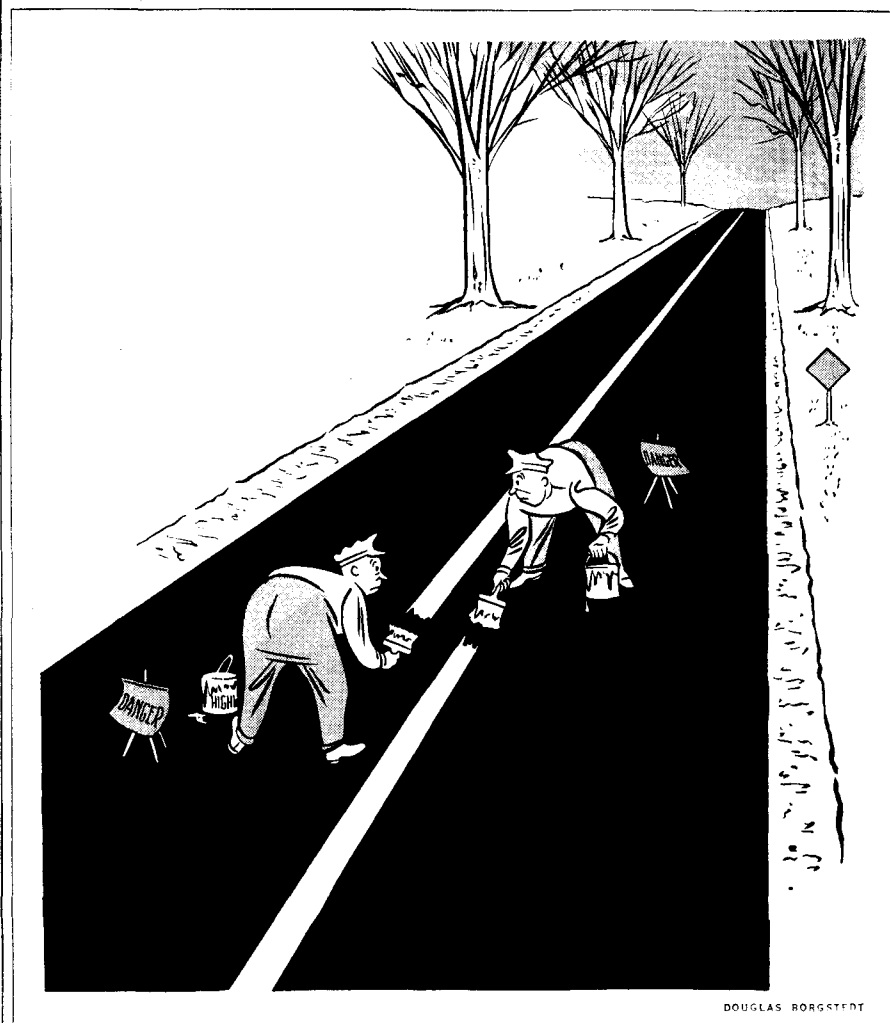
He took the whisky bottle from his suitcase, tilted it up for a healthy swig—and instantly spouted whisky against the wall. Coughing violently, he lurched into the bathroom, rinsed his mouth out with water, gargled his smarting throat. Then he wiped the tears from his eyes and looked at the label on the bottle. It was his whisky bottle, all right, but it wasn't his whisky. In fact, it didn't taste like whisky at all.

Gabriel's hunch was correct about someone having come into the room while he was away—someone who thought that American detectives gulped their liquor without tasting it—someone who was annoyed by Gabriel's presence on earth, or at least in Shakkarpur. This certainty was all the stimulant the detective needed. He no longer thought about sleep. He would get on with his job. He walked quietly down the corridor. . . .

Rhoda Curring was right about the complete abandon of the upper half of Seaside House, whatever the truth of her story about hidden dynamite and a dead husband. Spiders had woven their spectral shrouds over every lifeless door in the hall. No, not every door. Gabriel stopped in front of one that was free of its cobweb barrier. Shreds of dusty gossamer still sagged from the frame, but the webs had been torn by someone who had entered the room—recently, very likely, for the spider was already at work repairing the damage.

Gabriel turned his light downward. Yes, someone had been in the room. The thick dust had been disturbed. There were no distinct prints, but it was evident that feet had passed this way. Moreover, there was—

Quickly the detective dropped to one knee. There was a dark splotch near the threshold, where something had been



DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT



# Yes, It's Really True

*With four million American homes needing a larger, more modern refrigerator, Kelvinator and five thousand retail merchants join hands in a New Program of Large-Volume Production and Low-Cost Selling that makes possible amazingly low prices.*

*Look at the Size!  
Look at the Name!  
Look at the Price!*

**LOOK THEM OVER**—these beautiful big 1940 Kelvinators.

Prices start at \$114.75\*—but that's only one of Kelvinator's amazing 1940 values. Here is a complete line of big 6 and 8 cubic foot models to choose from—and on *each one* you save from \$30 to \$60 compared with last year's prices!

How could we do it—in the face of rising costs?

**FIRST**, we found a *more efficient way* to distribute Kelvinator products . . . and we cut the cost of selling. This made a big saving.

**SECOND**, by putting 96% of our production on six and eight cubic foot size models, we are able to build a big refrigerator at a *lower cost*.

**THIRD**, because of greatly increased sales, we are doubling our production schedules, and passing on the manufacturing savings to you.

Look at that beautiful Kelvinator above! It's welded steel with Porcelain-on-steel inside and bright, long-life Permalux outside . . . has 2 extra fast freezing shelves, embossed freezer door, 84 ice cube capacity—9 lbs., automatic light, cold storage tray, Kelvin Control to regulate temperatures and 17 other features.

It's powered by the famous Polarsphere sealed unit that uses current less than 20% of the time,

\*Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.

and has power enough to keep 5 refrigerators cold, under average household conditions. It saves many dollars a year on current costs alone. And it is backed by Kelvinator's 5 Year Protection Plan.

If you need a bigger, more economical refrigerator or if you are still using an ice box—go to any one of Kelvinator's 5000 dealers—and pick the model you need from Kelvinator's complete line.

You'll find refrigerator values have changed since 1939—so Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price! And you'll buy a Kelvinator.

KELVINATOR DIVISION  
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH.



**SIZE**  
**BIG 6**  
6½ cubic foot  
Large "Family-Size"



**NAME**  
**NEW 1940  
KELVINATOR**  
FROM THE OLDEST MAKER OF  
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS



**PRICE**  
**\$114.75\***  
DELIVERED IN YOUR KITCHEN  
WITH 5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN



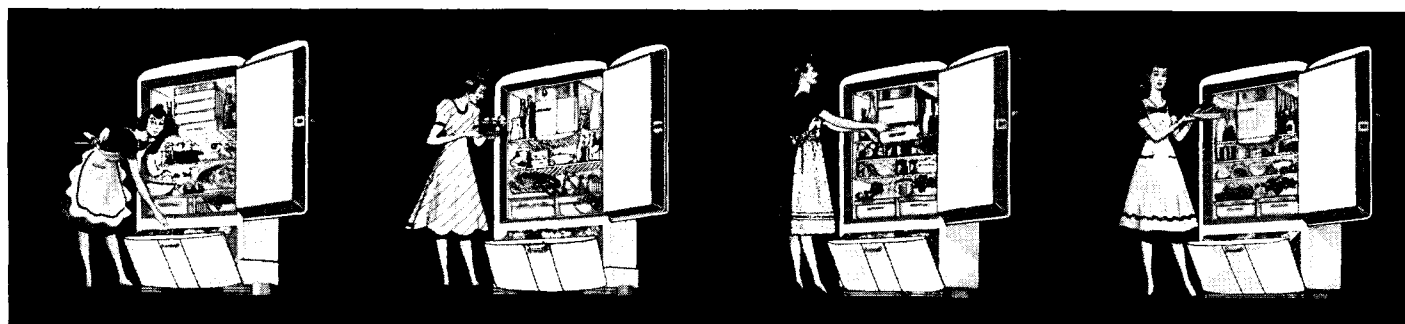
**SEE** Kelvinator's new 1940 Electric Ranges, Washers and Electric Water Heaters. A complete line of the biggest values we've ever offered. See them at your dealer's and compare with others.

*See these other big* **KELVINATOR** *Values for 1940*

Copr. 1940, Nash-Kelvinator Corp.



**TO HELP YOU PICK** the best refrigerator for your money, your Kelvinator dealer will gladly give you a free copy of "The 1940 Refrigerator Guide." It contains complete, authoritative information regarding 1940 refrigerator values.



**WANT A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED REFRIGERATOR?** Model S-6 has big Vegetable Bin, New-type Ice Trays, Sliding Crisper. Compare with \$180 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . **\$139.95\***

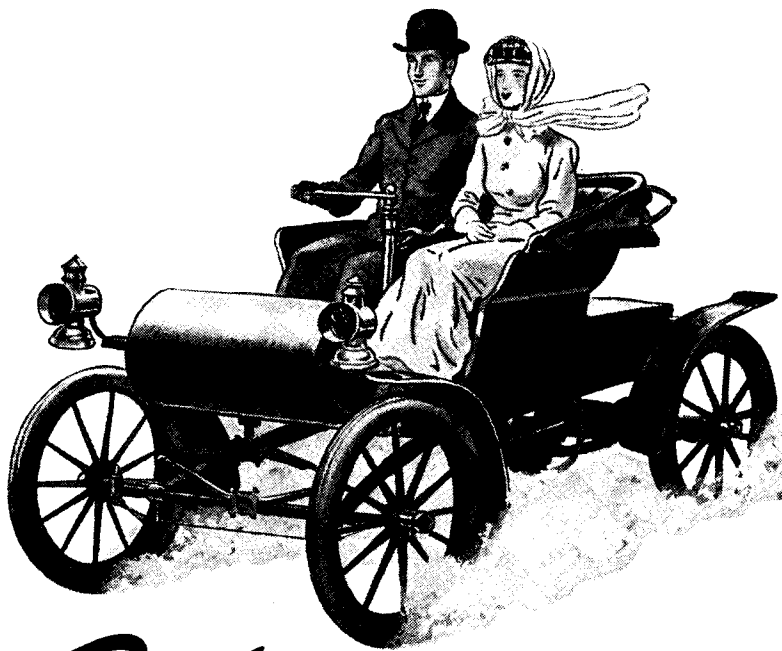
**WANT "MOIST-COLD"?** Model HS-6 has new "Moist-Master" System—decreases the loss of moisture from foods. Compare with \$230 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . **\$169.95\***

**WANT ALL DE LUXE FEATURES?** Model R-6 has De Luxe equipment, Two Crispers, Cold Chest, Speedy Cube Trays, etc. Compare with \$210 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . **\$179.95\***

**WANT THE FINEST REFRIGERATOR MADE?** It's Model HD-6. Has all conveniences, plus "Moist-Master" System. Compare with \$230 to \$300 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . **\$209.95\***



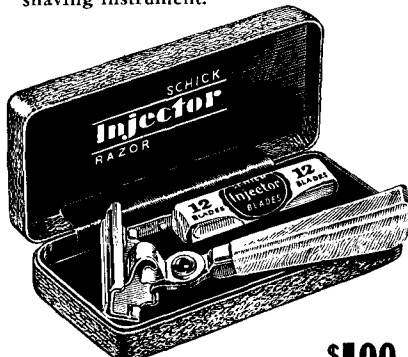
## You wouldn't drive a 1902 car



*But* do you shave with a razor  
**JUST AS OUT OF DATE?**

**THE GREATEST  
IMPROVEMENTS IN  
SAFETY RAZOR DESIGN  
IN MORE THAN  
35 YEARS ARE FOUND  
IN THE SCHICK  
INJECTOR RAZOR.**

The first successful safety razors came on the scene about 1900—40 years ago. Since that time few really important advancements were made in razor design until the invention of the Schick magazine-type razor. Improvements in that product resulted in the Schick Injector Razor. Already, more than 5,000,000 men have switched to this up-to-date shaving instrument.



The "POPULARITY" KIT

\$1.00

Smart, pigskin-grain case contains Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades. 20-year razor guarantee stamped in bottom of every Kit. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

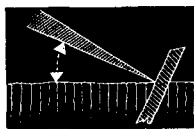
Same prices now prevail in Canada



**1. Blade Corner Guards**... among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners.



**2. Solid Guide Bar**... Schick Injector perfect solid "toothless" guide bar to control skin "action" in front of blade edge; avoids nicks, scratches by flattening skin. You can even shave against the grain.



**3. Shaving Angle**... With the Schick Injector, the angle between the blade and face is the smallest of any popular razor. Just right for the average man's whiskers.



**4. Compact Head**... Schick Injector also has the smallest head of any popular razor. Half as deep, but shaves just as wide an area, gets into hard to shave spots with ease.



**5. Double Thick Blades**... Schick Blades are just as long and twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than thin ones. They are able to take a really thorough sharpening at the factory!



**6. Oil-Sealed Blades**... Schick Blades are sealed in this metal Injector cartridge in a bath of oil. Keen edges suspended in space. Nothing can rub or dull them. You buy blades 20 or 12 at a time.



**7. Automatic Blade Change**... A pull and push on Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



**8. Instant Cleaning**... Nothing to take apart when you clean this razor. A quick flush under faucet does trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping necessary.

**Fast becoming America's most popular razor!**

splashed, something liquid and dark red. It was dry now. Blood, probably. Gabriel arose, thrust his passkey into the lock, pushed the door open. The hinges groaned.

The flashlight beam swept in a slow, exploratory semicircle. Shadows wheeled upright, crawled along the wall, expired in gloom. Gabriel heard a dry, whispering sound at his feet. He depressed the light, sprang backward. A snake slithered out from under the bed, squirmed across the crazy mosaic floor toward the bathroom. Gabriel watched it with round, uneasy eyes. When it had disappeared into the drain, he advanced farther into the room.

The detective contemplated the desolate picture of tropical nature reclaiming its own from the intrusion of man.

There was nothing in the whole dreary scene to indicate to Gabriel that the room had any significance in his investigation—yet someone had broken through the cobwebs across the door. He looked under the bed. Nothing. He walked toward the window—and a flash of red caught his eye. An instant later he had picked up Lucy Steel's red patent-leather handbag from the floor back of a moldy chair.

Gabriel straightway began taking the room to pieces. He didn't have to go far, however. He found Lucy Steel's clothing wadded into a compact bundle at the bottom of the tall walnut clothespress. Carefully he unfolded the bundle. The lace lingerie and the white dress. The dress wasn't very white any more. A large, dark, reddish-brown stain covered part of the back. He frowned.

He directed the light downward again, systematically sweeping the floor with the beam. There must be some clue to the murderer's identity on the floor. After all, the man did not walk on the ceiling.

This time he saw something that had escaped him before. In the corner beyond the clothespress gleamed a dozen tiny points of light, like the hard, faint sparkle of morning frost. He moved closer, bent down. The sparkle came from a hundred tiny fragments of shattered glass, scattered on the mosaic floor

like microscopic diamonds. Something metallic, too, gleamed among the broken glass—small, shining globules that lay in the dust like bird shot. Gabriel reached out his hand to touch them, then, suddenly, he snapped out the light. He stood up. He had heard a disturbing noise.

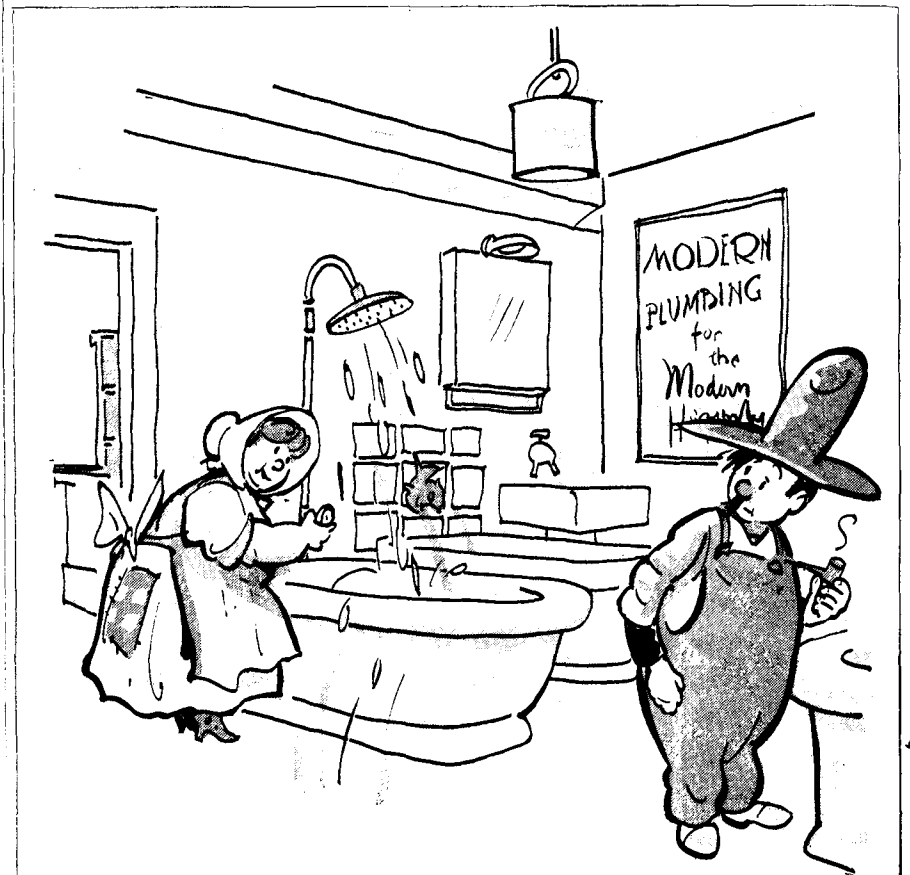
He held his breath, listening in the darkness. It was a faint sound, repeated at slow, regular intervals, a distant, timid thumping—or a stealthy footstep.

**G**ROPINGLY, Gabriel put Lucy's clothes back in the bottom of the clothespress, listened again. The sound had ceased.

He tiptoed toward the door, was in the corridor before he again heard the faint, measured rapping. This time he thought he could localize the sound. It seemed to come from above, as though someone were walking cautiously, so cautiously that four or five seconds elapsed between each footfall. He squeezed the flashlight contact. At the far end of the corridor, the light outlined the rusty steps of a ladderlike iron staircase. There was evidently a garret above him. And someone was up there.

Gabriel climbed the rusty stairs. He looked at the overhead trap door, then put out the flashlight, exchanged it for his automatic. He found he could lift the trap with one hand, raised it a few inches. A cloud of dust blew into his face. There was a garret window open—or, more likely, with its glass panes knocked out. When he was sure he was not going to sneeze, he raised the trap another few inches. Nothing happened. He opened it all the way, crawled up on the attic floor, remained crouched for a moment, waiting. He no longer heard the sound of ghostly footsteps.

His thumb found the safety of his automatic, slipped it off. Still crouching, he moved a few cautious steps away from the open trap. He could see a dim, gray oblong—the window through which the wind was blowing from the sea. The faint gleam of starlight did little to dispel the thickness of the blind gloom. Gabriel could barely make out vague masses about him—trunks, prob-



"Look, Kennesaw—here's something silly—it rains on you when you're taking a bath"

REAMER KELLER



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CHANGE TO MOBILLOIL for the hot, hard summer driving ahead! Get full summer protection, too, for gears, chassis, radiator...at the Sign of Friendly Service!

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4. Resists carbon formation by removal of unstable elements.

LET THOSE hungry little birds remind you, "Fill up with Mobiloil" *now!* Your winter oil may be thinned down from choking. It may be dirty, gritty. Better get rid of it...*quick.*

You need fresh, clean Mobiloil that resists the squeezing, burning, churning of your engine. You need its freedom from dangerous sludge and carbon-forming elements. You need its "Balanced Protection"!

Drive in at the Mobiloil Sign... drain and refill today.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.  
AND AFFILIATES: Magnolia Petroleum Company—General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

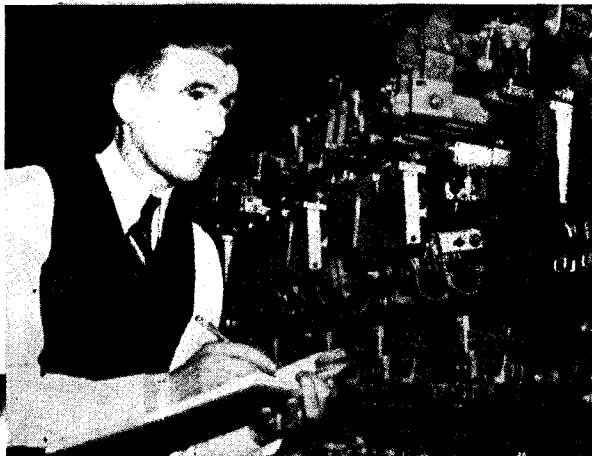






"Men in my profession have always had a high regard for Dodge engineering," says G. F. Cornelius, combustion engineer, Ramtite Co., Chicago. "When you get engineering like Dodge gives you, you're getting more for your money. Take it from one who knows."

**DODGE  
SAVES GAS!**



"Dodge Gas Economy is world-famous, and it is one important reason why I bought a Dodge car."  
—T. J. Martin, electrical engineer, St. Louis.

**DODGE HAS  
LONGER CAR LIFE!**



"Dodge Dependability is well known, not only to engineers but the public as well."—H. R. Hatcher, mechanical engineer, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

# Read Why *Bought Dodge in*





**FEWER  
REPAIR BILLS!**



"Most People know that Dodge materials and workmanship set standards that keep repair bills way down."  
— F. A. Fetsch, chemical engineer, Hollywood, Cal.

**BRILLIANT  
PERFORMANCE!**



"Dodge Engineering has led the way in new ideas. As an engineer, I know how it saves money in many ways."  
— Philip A. Goetz, Yonkers, N. Y.

**HIGHER  
TRADE-IN-VALUE!**



"Bigger Allowance at trade-in time is proof that Dodge is built for a long, trouble-free life."  
— W. C. Eckhout, service engineer, St. Claire Shores, Mich.

# 4,061 Engineers *the Last 12 Months!*<sup>†</sup>



*... I'M NO ENGINEER,  
BUT I CERTAINLY  
APPRECIATE  
DODGE  
BEAUTY AND  
LUXURY*

"Its smart, modern lines and the beautiful way it is tailored and appointed are sure to satisfy every woman!"

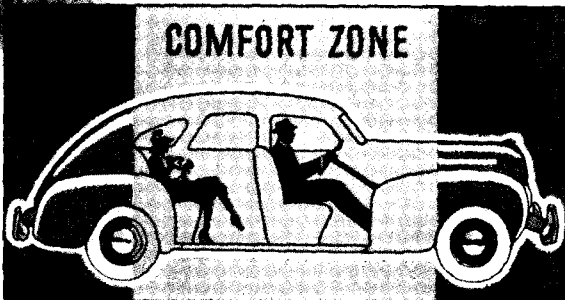
*Margaret Young*  
New York City



**Old Way.** Say good-bye to old-style "dog-leg" rear door that made getting in and out cumbersome and difficult!

**New Dodge Way.** With new Dodge straight rear door, you can now walk right in and out, easier than ever before!

**Never Before** a ride like this in a car priced so low—the new Dodge Full-Floating Ride! Wheelbase is longer, wheels are moved backward, seats forward, so that now all passengers ride in the buoyant "Comfort Zone" between the axles!



JUST A FEW DOLLARS  
MORE THAN SMALL CARS!

**DODGE SEDANS**

**\$815** AND UP

COUPES, \$755 and up

\*These are Detroit delivered prices and include all Federal taxes and all standard equipment. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra. Visit your Dodge dealer for delivered prices in your locality.

**Men Who Know A Great Car Say  
Dodge Gives Most For Your Money**

**WHAT** better guide to motorcar value than this—4,061 engineers bought Dodge cars in the last 12 months!<sup>†</sup>

Think of it! Mechanical engineers, electrical engineers, chemical engineers...engineers of all types...men who *know* motorcars not only praise Dodge, but buy Dodge for their own use in preference to other cars.

**Save on Gas, Oil, Upkeep!**

Here is amazing evidence of values that lie deeper than beauty. It means that when you buy the 1940 Dodge Luxury Liner, you get more than just a beautiful car. You get the priceless advantages of Dodge Engineering, with its world-famous savings on gas, oil and upkeep.

But you don't have to know engineering to appreciate and enjoy all the good things that the 1940 Dodge gives you. One look at this new Luxury Liner at your Dodge dealer's showroom will convince you of that.

And while you're looking, ask yourself this question—why be satisfied with a small car when you can get this big, luxurious Dodge for just a few dollars more? You can buy on budget terms to suit your needs.

†October, 1938, through September, 1939. Latest figures available.  
Tune in Major Bowes, CBS Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

## ENGINEERING COSTS NOTHING EXTRA!





## "I'm twins, too," said Elsie

"YOU ONLY look like ONE cow to me," said young Mr. Reynolds to Elsie, the Borden cow.

"Oh," smiled Elsie. "I didn't mean that I was twice as many as I am. I just meant that I *feel* like twins because I get so much extra attention—enough for any two normal cows."

"Elsie," said the papa, "you're bragging."

"Not at all," Elsie insisted. "The good food I get would make many a cow turn green with envy. And the clean barn I live in—why it's a regular cow hotel."

"I suppose," he smiled, "you even have percale sheets."

"No," replied Elsie, "but a doctor does come and check up on my health regularly. It's part of Borden's 'Quality Control' to see that my milk is not only as *delicious* and *nourishing* as milk can be but as *pure*."

"FOLKS LOVE BORDEN'S MILK!"



"Golly, Elsie, you *are* pampered," said Mr. Reynolds. "I knew *Borden's Milk* was good, but I didn't know they had to go to all that trouble just for milk."

"They don't have to," stated Elsie; "they *want* to. And it isn't just for milk. There's ice cream, too. If they didn't watch over my milk so closely, *Borden's Ice*

*Cream* wouldn't be nearly so rich and creamy and wonderful as it is. And ice cream is only one of the drops in our milk bucket!"

"M-M-M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!"



"You wouldn't be tooting your own horns, would you, Elsie," he grinned.

"Oh, no," Elsie mused. "My milk really goes into many other good and wholesome and delicious things."

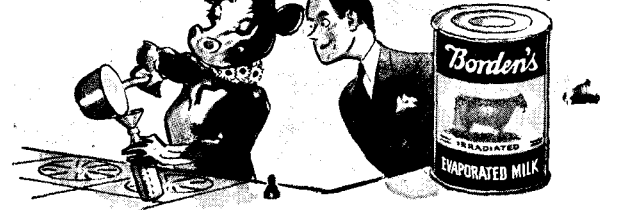
"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!"



For instance, I'll bet Mrs. Reynolds uses *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* for candy and cake frostings. It makes them like magic...and they're smooth and velvety—never grainy.

"And," Elsie continued, "if those twins are getting an evaporated milk formula, I'll bet the doctor has Mrs. Reynolds make it up with *Borden's Irradiated Evapo-*

"BORDEN'S EVAPORATED HAS SUNSHINE VITAMIN D!"

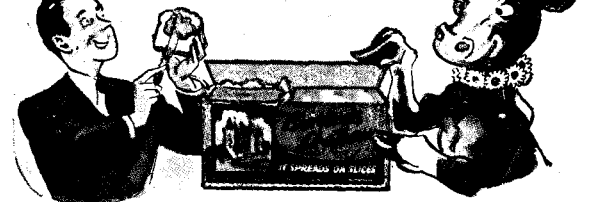


*rated Milk*. It's *very* rich in Vitamin D, the sunshine Vitamin."

"You're right, Elsie: she does use it for the twins," exclaimed Mr. R. "And I use it on my camping trips in Canada. Tastes grand in your coffee."

"Canada. Canada. That reminds me of Borden's Chateau," murmured Elsie. "Chateau is a marvelous

"BOY OH GIRL, ARE BORDEN'S CHEESE FOODS GOOD!"



cheese-food made from an old Canadian recipe. This recipe is a Borden secret. Many people have tried to imitate Chateau's flavor, but, pardon the pun, they never quite found the right *wey*."

"I swear, Elsie, you're a factory on four feet! Do you try your hand—I mean your hoof—at anything else?"

"KEEP SLIM WITH THE HOLLYWOOD LUNCH:"



"Ask the Hollywood Stars, Mr. Reynolds," Elsie exclaimed. "Lots of them drink *Borden's Malted Milk* every noon as the mainstay of light, slenderizing lunch-*eons*—it's so satisfying and refreshing."

"And good, I'll wager," said Mr. R.

"Good is right," cried Elsie. "Millions of people will tell you that... *if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!*"

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden...and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.



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ally, and discarded furniture. He could feel the warm, damp wind on his face, and the moisture beading his eyelashes. And inside him he felt a cold, tightening sensation, an instinctive warning that he was not alone in the darkness.

He was about to stand up when he heard the ghostly footfall again. At the same moment he saw something move, directly in front of him. He ducked behind a dusty box.

"Hold that pose!" he ordered. "You're covered."

There was no answer.

The slow, muted tapping continued. Puzzled, Gabriel raised his head until his eyes were above the edge of the box. He peered hard into the gloom. Again he saw something move. He thought he saw, in fact, what was causing the sound that had intrigued him. His scalp crawled.

He stood erect. His left hand sought his pocket lamp. A pencil of light bored through the blackness, sketching a flare of scarlet, a gleam of new hemp rope. The rope was fastened to a rafter overhead. Hanging from the end, her feet eighteen inches off the floor, was Gwendolyn Small in her red dressing gown. She was swinging gently in the breeze from the open window, and her bare heels kicked an overturned chair at regular intervals. There were cobwebs in her white hair, and her face was dark with the purple of strangulation. She stared at Gabriel with horrid bulging eyes.

Gabriel slashed the rope with a pocket-knife, lowered Gwendolyn Small gently to the floor. There was still warmth in the body, but no life. The old-time actress had played her last role.

The detective reached for the overturned chair to set it upright. One of the front legs came off in his hand. It did not break. The wood merely disintegrated between his fingers, and he was grasping a handful of sawdust. White ants, again.

Gabriel's lips pursed in a silent whistle.

The detective's soundless whistle continued for a full minute as he tried to fit his jumbled thoughts around this new and unexpected piece which had been abruptly added to the puzzle. What was his next move? He would have to notify Hatton, of course, that Gwendolyn Small was dead. On the other hand, there was the problem of what to do with the sleeping Fred Oaks while the district officer was prowling through Seaside House. Awkward. Gabriel didn't want to turn the ex-husband of Lucy Steel over to Hatton until he himself had a chance to talk to him—at length. Besides, he was sure that the D. O. would consider the case closed once Oaks was locked up; and it wouldn't be closed—not by a mile.

GABRIEL took off his jacket, preparatory to spreading it over the dark, swollen face of Gwendolyn Small, as a gesture of common decency. With one arm still in a sleeve, he suddenly paused. A flashback had intruded itself into his mental kaleidoscope. Twenty minutes ago, he had heard someone moving about in Gwendolyn Small's apartment—yet twenty minutes ago Gwendolyn was dead; she had probably been dead for nearly an hour. Who, then, had been in Gwendolyn's room, while Gwendolyn was hanging in the attic, not yet cold? In a trice the second arm had slid out of the jacket, and Gabriel was on his way down the iron stairway.

Gwendolyn's apartment was unlocked. Gabriel went in quietly. Light was shining through the half-open door from the next room. The first thing that struck his eye was a picture of disorder. Gwendolyn's fortune-telling cards were scattered over the desk and floor, as though a gust of wind had caught them. Drawers of the desk were pulled out and ransacked. Keys had been pulled off the rack and dropped at random. Even the theatrical photographs on the walls were askew. The place looked as though a cyclone had struck it—a human cyclone, Gabriel decided suddenly, as he

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And, the instant your motor "catches," 1940 *Fire-Chief* delivers

full, smooth, balanced power and saves fuel often wasted when the engine is warming up.

Yet, 1940 *Fire-Chief's* quicker starts, quicker warm-ups and high anti-knock qualities add not a penny to its price. Try a tankful today!



1940

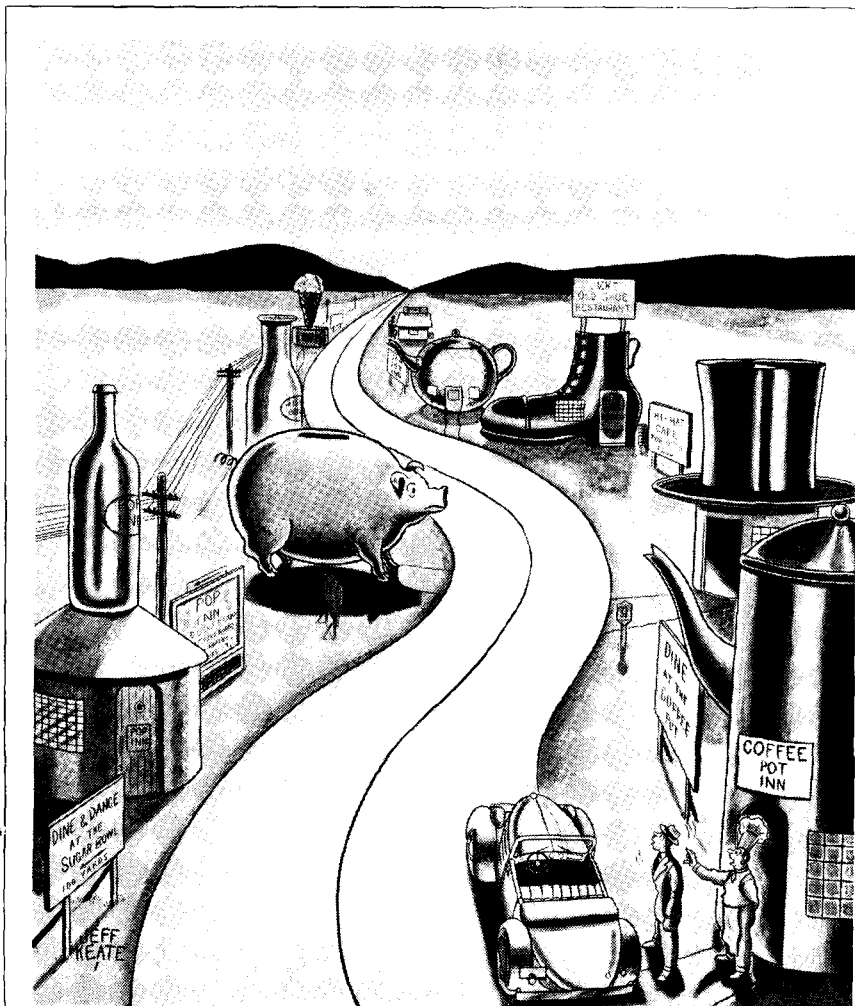


**FIRE-CHIEF**

now at

**TEXACO DEALERS**

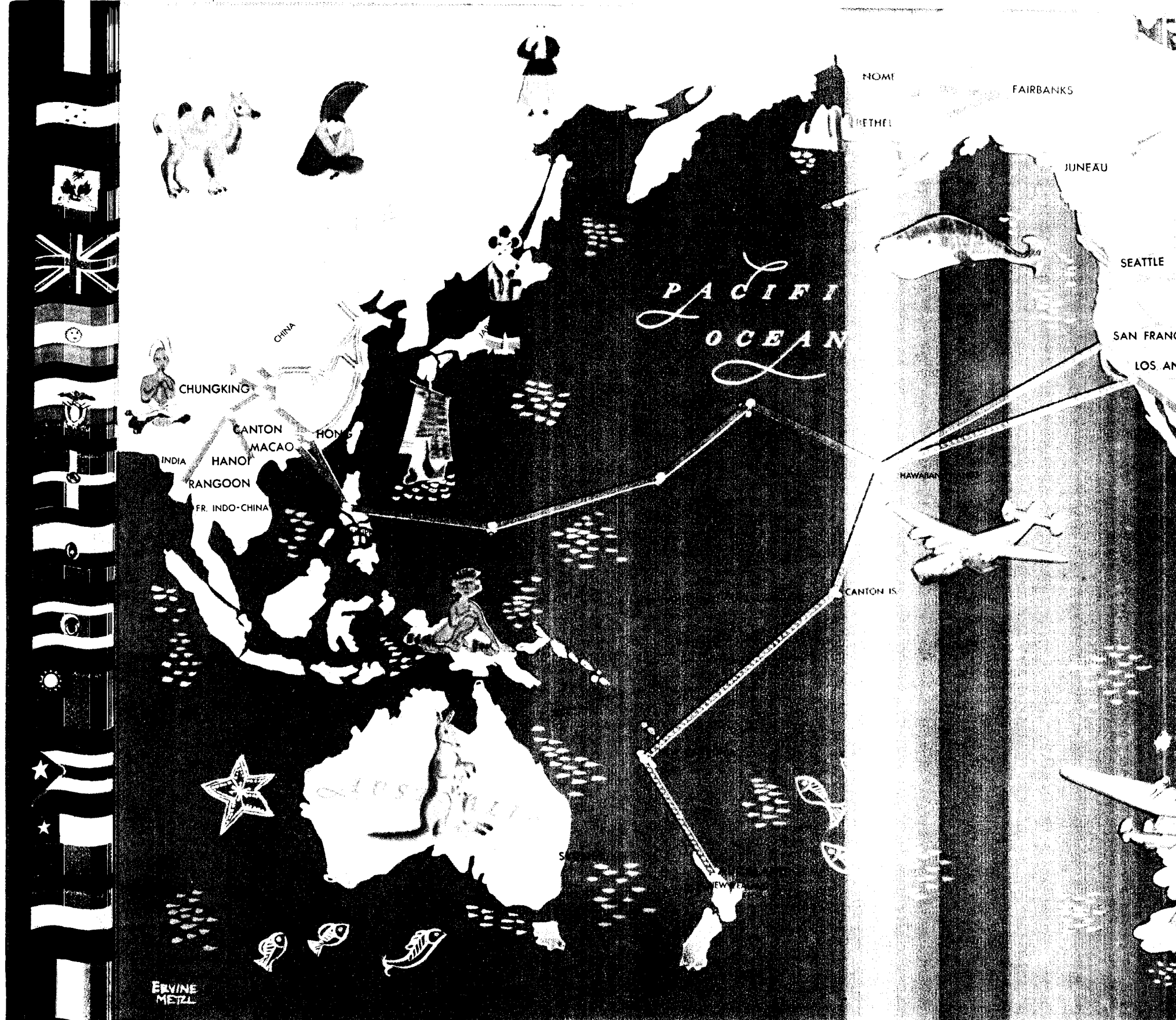
Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. S. T., 7:00 M. S. T., 6:00 P. S. T.



"That? That's the local bank!"

JEFF KEATE





# It is a small world... by Pan Am

## AMERICA'S MERCHANT MARINE

**L**OOK carefully at the map above. Notice the short air route joining the United States and Cuba. Twelve years ago that route—90 miles—was the entire Pan American Airways System. Compare that distance on the map with the total network regularly flown by Pan American Clippers *today*... 65,000 miles of skyways joining fifty-five countries and colonies!

Think what this change signifies. It means a world shrunk to one-sixth its former size by the magic of air transportation. It means that those great silver shuttles, the Flying Clipper Ships, are weaving a new fabric of friendly relations with once-distant peoples who are now our neighbors.

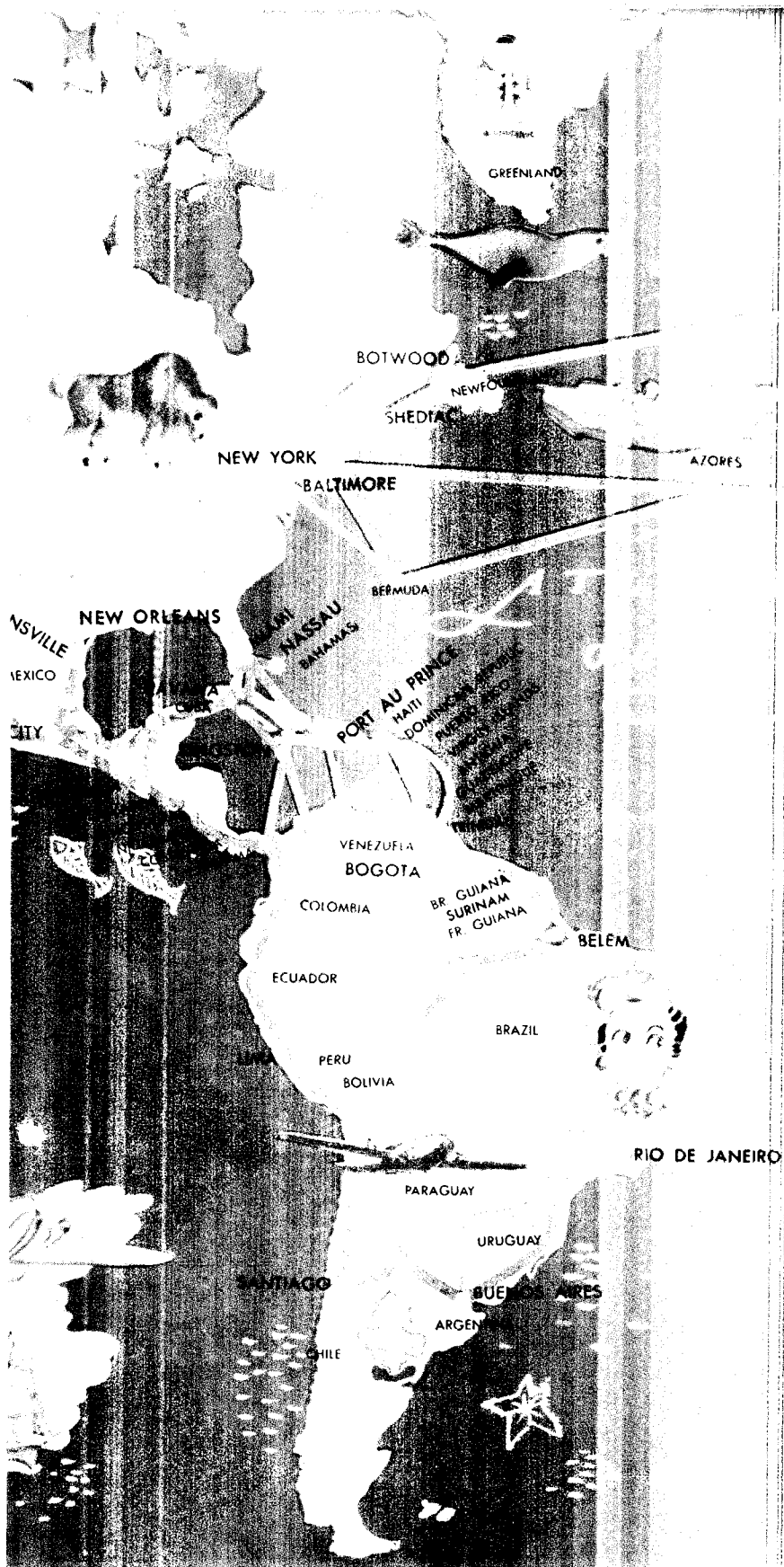
It means a new American leadership in this changing world! Those Flying Clipper Ships are America's Merchant Marine of the Air. They are recapturing,

on international trade routes, a prestige that has been lost to this country since the days of sail.

Yankee enterprise has had to struggle against big odds. In the face of keen foreign-flag competition there were complex franchises to be negotiated, routes to be blazed, new-type planes to be developed. There were men to be trained, radio and weather stations to be established, desert islands to be colonized for air bases. Mile by mile the routes of the Clippers were advanced through the Latin Americas... then across the Pacific, over the Atlantic, up to Alaska, down to Australasia. The story isn't ended. Yet today—

Pan American speeds passengers, merchandise and mail between nearly 250 points, makes connections with other transportation lines to hundreds





# erican

## ANT MARINE OF THE AIR

more. Pan American planes have flown 1,400,000 persons 525,000,000 miles. More than 2,300,000 tons of express cargo and mails have been carried! A fleet of 130 Clippers maintains schedules at better than 98% regularity.

Wherever you live in America, a Pan American terminal city is quickly accessible. You can get passenger details at any travel bureau or transportation line office; express information at any Railway Express office; air mail data at any post office . . . and all three at any Pan American office.

Whether you want to see fascinating lands, reach new markets with salesmen and merchandise, or give wings to your letters, the Flying Clippers are ready. They have shortened travel weeks to days, and days to hours. Truly, it is a small world today . . . by Pan American. *IT PAYS TO FLY*

*The Pan American Airways System*  
**ROUTES OF THE  
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SERVICE ACTIVELY OPERATED  
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PRINCIPAL U.S. CONNECTING AIRLINES

*America's Merchant Marine of the Air  
serving 55 countries, colonies and islands  
along 65,000 miles of skylines*



# PAN AMERICAN

## AIRWAYS SYSTEM

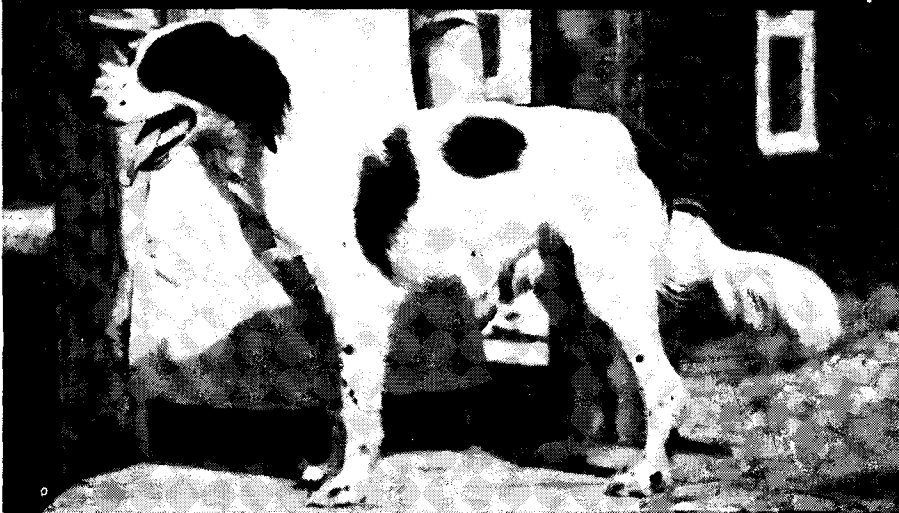


# What Happened To Rover Shouldn't Happen To a Dog!



● But, unluckily for Rover it DID happen. Tail between his legs, Rover was timid, nervous, shaky—wanted to crawl under things, eat foreign matter—and got running, howling fits. All due to lack of vitamin B<sub>1</sub> in his diet he developed symptoms that take the lives of over 100,000 dogs a year.

**SAME ROVER 48 HOURS LATER . . . CURED BY VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub>**



● Can this be the Rover that was folded up like a jack-knife? It is! Dr. Patton found that 500 units of vitamin B<sub>1</sub> on two successive days was all Rover needed to come back to normal. And he need never have those awful symptoms again—if he gets food that supplies his vitamin B<sub>1</sub> needs.

## Your Dog Gets EXTRA Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> in Super Ken-L-Ration



J. W. PATTON, M. Sc.,  
D. V. M., B. S. A. —  
hailed as one of dog-  
dom's greatest friends  
for his discovery of how  
vitamin B<sub>1</sub> can save the  
lives of thousands of dogs.

Are you sure your dog gets all the vitamin B<sub>1</sub> he needs to protect him against symptoms like Rover's? Well, you can be—simply by feeding him the new Ken-L-Ration that has been scientifically proved to have more than a dog's bare daily needs. Ken-L-Ration has everything a dog needs for complete health. The recipe calls for 60% lean meat and meat products—to 40% vegetables and cereals—fortified with all the seven vitamins dogs need (A, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> (G), B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>6</sub>, D, E). So why not play safe with your dog's health—and feed him Ken-L-Ration from now on!

Don't try to "cure" your dog by home methods—if he's sick, consult your veterinarian.



# Ken-L-Ration

*The Food of Champions*

heard a sound in the next room. He flattened himself against the wall. The light fanned out into a wider beam, as the connecting door opened all the way. A shadow slid across the floor in front of the detective. He gripped his automatic—waiting.

"Hello," said Virginia Hatton casually.

Gabriel grinned sheepishly. He put up his gun.

"Hello," he said. "Find what you were looking for?"

"I wasn't looking for anything. You mean all this topsy-turvy disorder? I didn't do that. I've just this moment got here. Where's Miss Small?"

Gabriel thought he had better not say anything about Miss Small's whereabouts for the present. "What do you call 'just this moment'?" he countered. "Two, perhaps three minutes before you arrived. Have you seen Miss Small?"

"Do you usually call on Gwendolyn at three in the morning, Miss Hatton?" Gabriel challenged.

"Not usually. Not at all, in fact. I came to see you, Mr. Gabriel. Don't you remember saying to me that if I had anything to tell you, you were at Seaside House, Room 3? I couldn't sleep, so I came—but your door was locked."

Gabriel seized the girl's wrists, turned them. The palm of her right hand was smudged with soot. She was telling the truth about trying his door.

"What did you want to tell me?" he asked.

"Nothing, really. I wanted to ask you—"

She paused. A look of genuine embarrassment came into her face.

"You wanted to ask me about Fred Oaks?"

"Yes."

Another one, Gabriel thought. First Lucy, and then Rhoda Curring. Even Gwendolyn Small had said she liked Fred Oaks. Yes, it must be the climate in Shakkarpur. Not a healthy climate,

either, for women curious about this Oaks. Fatal for Lucy and Gwendolyn, and certainly not much of a tonic for the nervous, guileful Curring woman. Virginia Hatton's interest, however, was not quite the same. There was something fresh and wholesome about it, even if she knew it wasn't what the doctor ordered. Gabriel thought he might be able to use it—for his own purposes.

"You don't want to see Mr. Oaks, by any chance?" he asked.

"Yes—oh, yes." The girl's tone was eager. That decided Gabriel. He gave a final look around the upset room, decided he could return to that later.

"Come with me, sister," he said.

OUTSIDE his room, he hesitated. As he put his key into the lock, he added: "Just a minute, sister, before we go in. Can you take it?"

"I'm not sure I know what you mean."

"I mean that you're not going to any Sunday-school picnic. If you don't like things to happen that aren't nice and ladylike, you'd better not come in. If you can't stand strong meat, you'd better go right home now."

"I'm not going home. I came here for a purpose."

"Okay, then." Gabriel opened the door. He watched the girl's face as her eyes found the sleeping form behind the haze of mosquito netting. The look of agony that came over her was real, involuntary, heartfelt. She took a faltering step toward the bed, stopped, turned an appealing glance upon Gabriel.

The detective took his time about answering her unasked question. He was savoring the correctness of his own judgment. There was nothing phony about this girl's concern over Oaks. She was genuine. She could be useful.

"He's all right, I think," Gabriel said. "He's been needled. He's due to sleep for another three or four hours. Will you stay with him?"

"Yes, of course."

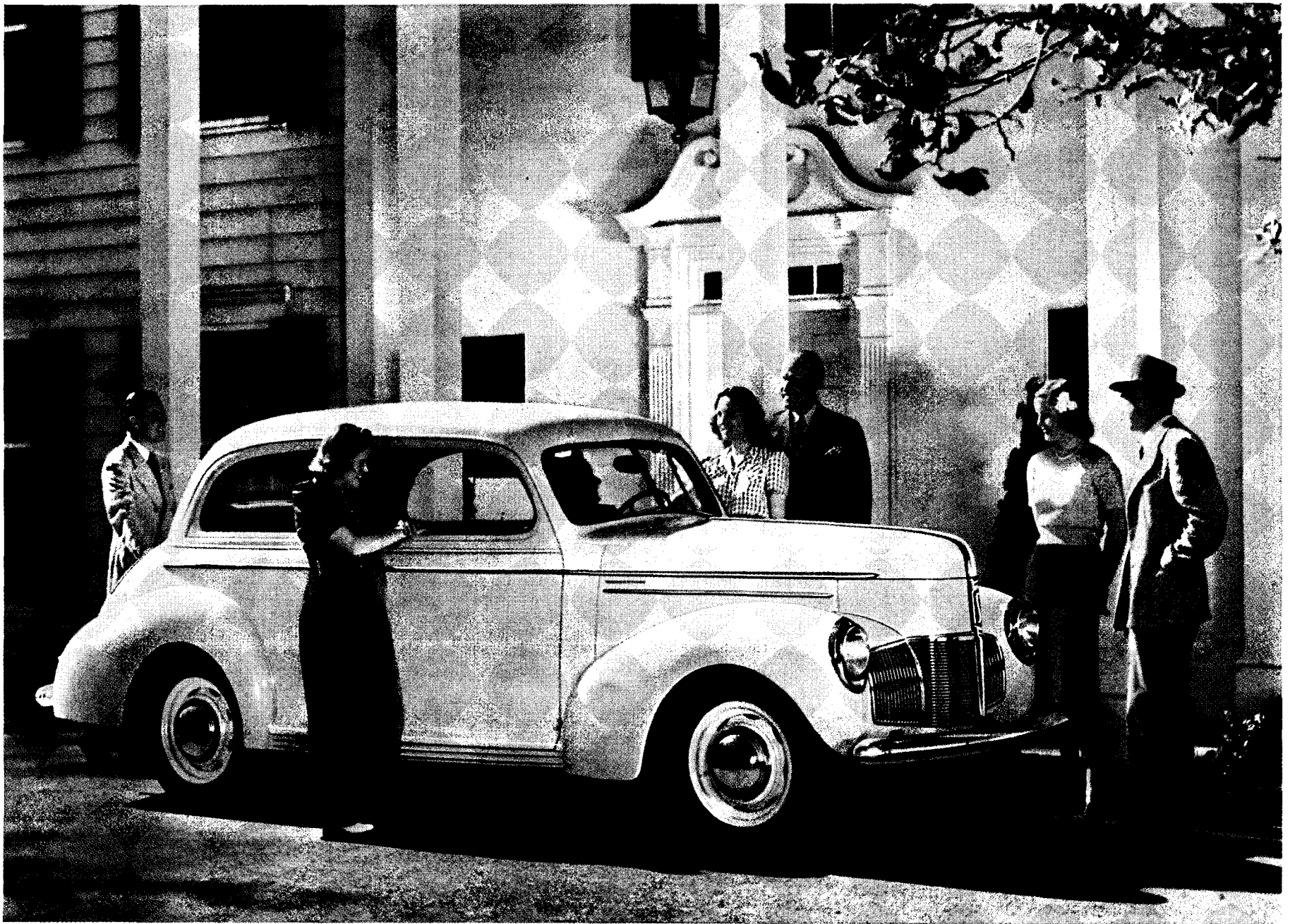
"You'll have to stay in the dark, and



"He's won all sorts of cups and ribbons on his stables and kennels. Now he wants me to enter a beauty contest!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN





Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan \$700 delivered at factory



"Extras" at no extra cost! You pay nothing extra for this Champion's shock-proofed variable-ratio steering, feather-touch hydraulic brakes, finger-tip gear shift, planar independent suspension, non-slam door latches, front-compartment hood lock and other new features.



You save on repairs and upkeep! Every Champion is built with long-lasting soundness by Studebaker's 7,700 expert, permanent craftsmen — the same men who construct Studebaker's Commander and President. This means an attractive trade-in allowance for you later on.

## This lowest price car gives you all you've wanted in style and money saving STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

*Priced on a level with the 3 other large-selling lowest price cars*

PRICES BEGIN AT  
**\$660**

for a Champion coupe delivered at the factory, subject to change without notice

**YOU'RE** in for a pleasant surprise in gas economy as well as low upkeep costs, when you become the proud owner of this beautifully styled, soundly built, new Studebaker Champion.

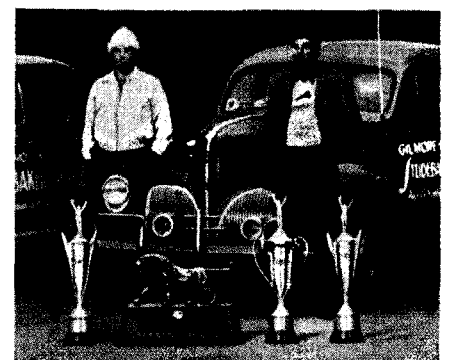
It's the most successful new car in 10 years. Delighted owners are finding this distinctive Studebaker much more saving of gas than other large-selling lowest price cars they've driven.

You're money ahead in still further ways, when you own this roomy, luxurious Studebaker Champion.

You pay nothing extra for such advancements as planar independent suspension, finest hy-

draulic shock absorbers, non-slam rotary door latches, front-compartment hood lock, shockless variable-ratio steering, sealed-beam headlamps, foot-regulated hydraulic brakes and steering wheel gear shift.

See your local Studebaker dealer and drive a Champion now. Low down payment—C.I.T. terms.



### STUDEBAKER SCORES SWEEPING GAS ECONOMY VICTORY!

Studebaker cars finished 1-2-3 in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes, under A. A. A. supervision. Champion averaged 29.19 miles per gallon, Commander 24.72 miles per gallon, President 23.40 miles per gallon. Each car had low-extra-cost overdrive and expert driver.



# A THOUSAND RAINBOWS *Caught in Stone*



## Grand Canyon National Park ARIZONA

• A mysterious world of mile-deep chasms; of rock formations aflame with the changing colors of a thousand rainbows. See all three famous National Parks . . . Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce Canyon on one low-cost motor tour from Cedar City, Utah, rail gateway to the Parks. Union Pacific trains, modernly appointed for your comfort and enjoyment, take you there quickly, conveniently and economically.



*The Progressive*

## Union Pacific Railroad



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Please send information regarding travel to  
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Utah-Arizona National Parks

I'm going to lock you in. You won't be afraid?"

"Why should I be?"

"Well, Seaside House has turned out to be more of a charnel house."

"I don't think Lucy Steel's ghost will haunt me."

"There's two ghosts now, Miss Hatton."

"Oh, no! Who . . . ?"

"I just found Gwendolyn Small hanging in the attic."

"How awful! Did she destroy herself after all?"

"That's what your brother is going to say," Gabriel said. "But she didn't. She was murdered." He paused. "Want to change your mind?"

"No, I . . . it doesn't make any difference. I must speak to Fred when he wakes up. I can't have him believing that I let him down—over that business with our chokidar."

"I wouldn't let that worry you, sister. Just figure that Fred Oaks has been let down by plenty of women before this. He must be used to it. It's not important."

"It is important—to me. I've found out a good many things about myself tonight, Mr. Gabriel—confusing things. I must get straightened out."

"I see." The detective shoved a cigarette into his mouth but didn't light it. With the tip of his tongue he rolled it against his upper lip from one corner of his mouth to the other. "All right, listen," he said at last. "Did anybody see you come to Seaside House tonight?"

"Not that I know of."

"Did you see anybody—in Miss Small's rooms, or any place else?"

"No."

"Good. Now, I've got a little work to do in Miss Small's apartment. After that I've got to rout your brother out, and tell him what I found in the attic. He'll come right back here with his crew, naturally. I'll do my best to keep him

away from this room. Don't open the door for anybody. When I come myself, I'll use my key. I'll probably be here before dawn. Will you hold the fort till then?"

"I'll do my best."

"That's plenty for anybody," Gabriel said. "Good luck, then."

He turned out the lamp and left.

VIRGINIA stood perfectly still when he had gone, listening to the sullen murmur of the sea, waiting for her eyes to become accustomed to the darkness. When she could see the tentlike outlines of the mosquito bar, she walked to the bed, lifted the edge of the netting, ducked under, sat down on the side of the mattress. Almost instantly her fingers were seized tightly by a large, warm hand.

"Fred! I thought you wouldn't wake for hours!"

"Sorry to disappoint," said Fred Oaks drowsily. "Probably didn't get a full dose. Is this Gabriel's room?"

"Yes."

"How'd I get here?"

"I don't know, Fred."

"Why the devil should that flatfoot want to give me drops?" Fred mused. "Why didn't he just have me killed? It would have been just as easy. Or if he wants glory, why hasn't he turned me over to the authorities?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you."

"I've got to get out of here." Fred sat up suddenly. Virginia leaned forward to grasp both his hands with her small, hot fingers.

"Wait, Fred," the girl pleaded. "It's only three o'clock. There's plenty of time for you to go before daylight. Will you wait?"

"That's right. You came over to call on me, didn't you?" Fred chuckled. "I heard you telling Gabriel while I was still half dozing . . ."

"Will you listen to me, Fred?"

(To be continued next week)



"—and you could build a wonderful log cabin, by simply using the trees right here on the land"

GERALD GREEN





TASTE THEIR LASTING

# Crispness

snap!  
crackle!  
pop!



AND HEAR IT, TOO!



Swing breakfast out of the rut with Kellogg's Rice Krispies—the liveliest “wake-up” meal that ever was! Hear that snap! crackle! pop! as they float on milk or cream? That's *crispness*! . . . a crispness all the family will applaud from the first crunchy spoonful to the last.

For an extra treat, serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies with fresh or frozen berries. Your grocer is featuring them now at attractive prices.

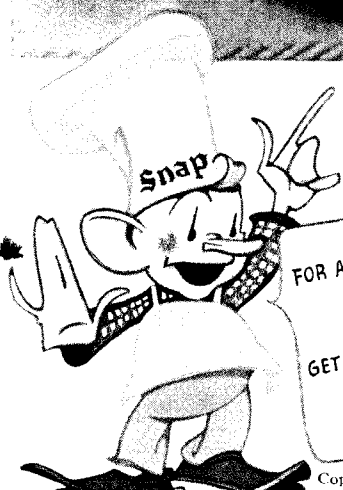
Be sure to ask for “Kellogg's Rice Krispies.” They're “oven-popped” by Kellogg according to a special process . . . flavored in a unique way . . . toasted a golden-brown. Their crisp freshness is protected by Kellogg's exclusive inner-wrap . . . “Waxtite” heat-sealed at both top and bottom.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

## KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

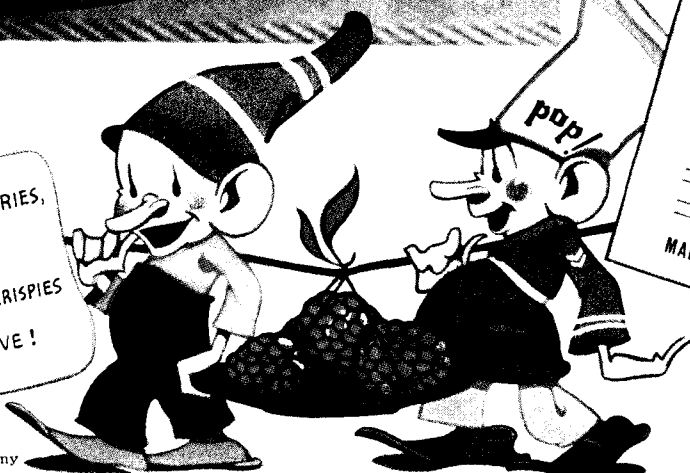
“OVEN-POPPED” BY PATENTED PROCESS! Delicious Rice Krispies float for hours in milk or cream. The name “Rice Krispies” is Kellogg's trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.

Delicious with  
fresh, frozen,  
cooked or  
canned fruits



FOR A DISH THAT'S THE BERRIES,  
A JOY AND A LOVE,  
GET SOME KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES  
AND SERVE AS ABOVE!

Copr. 1940 by Kellogg Company



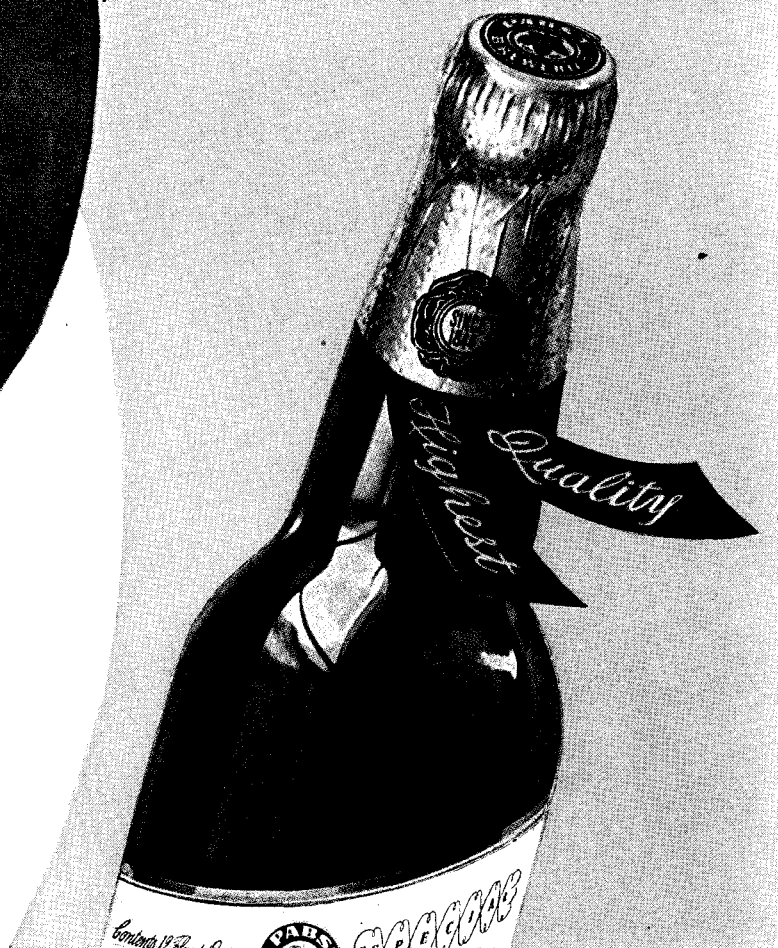
Sensational offer! Attractive nursery-rhyme wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Six different subjects. Proper size for grouping. See back of Rice Krispies packages.



*A Brand New Bonnet  
with a Blue Ribbon on it!*



**Pabst  
BLUE RIBBON  
Beer**



**By Request...**

*The Silk Blue Ribbon once again  
graces the Pabst bottle*

● Like the grand old song everyone remembers, are the fond recollections of the silk Blue Ribbon on the famous Pabst bottle. And now, by popular request, the actual ribbon is back. Once more it graces the famous Pabst Blue Ribbon bottle. It's the Badge of Quality that says you really know beer... a sign of Good Taste at your table...and more satisfying refreshment for you! Remember — in beer there's *only one* Blue Ribbon Brand.

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**NOW AVAILABLE FROM COAST TO COAST**



## How Stalin Steals Our Money

Continued from page 13

Goldstein was a native of Gomel Province, in what is now the White Russia Soviet Socialist Republic. He lived in the town of Rechitsa and was a tailor by trade. Before the war his son emigrated to this country where he changed his name to Louis Gold. He did well and became the mainstay of his family in Russia. When the war came he was drafted into the United States Army and was killed in action. Meanwhile, as a result of the Bolshevik revolution, his father's tumbledown house in Rechitsa had been confiscated as capitalistic property and the old man had been forced to wander about with his daughter and her family, relying on the charity of neighbors for a place to stay.

### A Real Fortune for a Peasant

Goldstein began to petition the American Relief Administration for the benefits due him in 1922. At that time the A.R.A. was combating the famine in Russia. But his appeal was denied, since there was no American consul in Russia to authenticate his claims. When his case finally reached me, I discovered that his monthly insurance benefits had accumulated in twelve years to the sum of \$8,000.

This would have meant untold riches to a citizen of the poverty-stricken town of Rechitsa. But Goldstein never got the money.

The check was cleared through the State Bank of the Soviet Union and went to the local branch, where its receipt was reported to the government authorities. Goldstein was called into the bank of Gomel, the provincial capital, and induced to sign away his \$8,000 to the credit of the State Bank, receiving in return his confiscated house.

When news of this transaction reached me I lodged a vigorous protest with the central committee of the Red Cross in Moscow, demanding a thorough investi-

gation. Word came back that Goldstein was quite happy to have his old house back again for himself and his daughter's family and that he had bought it voluntarily, not under duress, for \$8,000. This explanation did not satisfy me, for I knew that in Rechitsa a whole block of such houses would hardly be worth \$8,000. My suspicions were further aroused by notification that Goldstein's address had been changed. I investigated and found that shortly after the old man had moved into the house with his daughter and grandchildren the house had again been confiscated and all of them had been evicted.

This reduced the old man to such a state of desperation that he risked death by writing directly to Washington. The Veterans Bureau sent an indignant inquiry to me.

I cabled at length to my superiors in Moscow, demanding an instant investigation and the return of Goldstein's house. I explained that unless this was done all work on the veterans' cases would stop.

The cablegram produced results. A telegraphic reply from Moscow informed me that a government commission had already left for Rechitsa to investigate. A second communication reported that the commission had found that the house had actually been confiscated, had placed the local authorities on trial and had returned the house to Goldstein. I transmitted all these official reports to the Veterans Bureau in Washington.

Several months later I received a letter from the old tailor that showed me that the assurances of my superiors in Moscow had been brazen lies. His house had not been returned to him; he and his daughter and her children had been allowed to occupy only one room in it. Nevertheless, the old man was grateful and thanked me warmly for doing so much for him.

I was sick at heart about the case, but



"Just tell her Slim, Red and Squinty from the Bar-Z Dude Ranch"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

# not Fish, Flesh, nor Fowl



1. **SOME MEN** get fish-eyed and burbly from collars that have shrunk too tight. But not men who wear Arrow Shirts! Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk; the fabric can't shrink even 1%!



2. **IF YOU HAVE** the bulk of a bear, then big, bunchy shirts may be ok. Otherwise you'll prefer the trim, tailored Mitoga-cut of Arrow Shirts: curved waist, sloped shoulders, tapered sleeves.



3. **SOME MEN'S COLLARS** remind you of the wattle on a fowl's neck. If you want shirts with the best-looking collars made, wear Arrows. Arrow has been tops in collars since 1861!



4. **HOMO SAPIENS** is at his best in perfectly tailored, perfect-fitting Arrow Shirts. Get Arrow *Hitt* (with non-wilt collar) and Arrow *Gordon Oxford* at your Arrow dealer's now. \$2.

## ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

*Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit*



# Who Dug Pennsylvania's 2000 MYSTERIOUS OIL PITS?

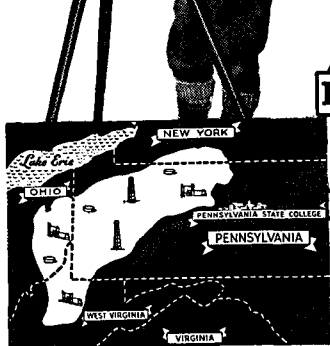


Chains of ancient pits, shrouded in mystery, still are visible — as our picture shows — along historic Oil Creek in western Pennsylvania. There were some 2000 of these pits. Who dug them? Scientists disagree. "The Indians," some say. Others say "French soldiers, during French occupation." But most evidence points to the Mound Builders who preceded Indians in North America. These pits are definitely oil pits, and the Mound Builders are thought to have skimmed oil from the surface of the pools for use in religious rites and as medicine. Marks of stone axes have been identified in timbers used to wall the pits. Oil that seeped into these mysterious basins was Pennsylvania Grade Crude — the self-same crude oil which today gives you Pennsylvania Motor Oils, the superior qualities of which are known to almost everyone who owns a car.



How to avoid repair bills ... when you change over to summer grade lubricating oils and greases, simply tell your service station man you want an Emblem Pennsylvania lubricating job ... you'll be glad you did.

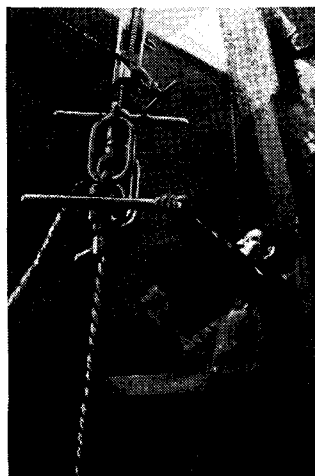
W. F. Clinger, President of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. Says Mr. Clinger, "Nature gave our oils quality leadership, and our association is determined that Pennsylvania Motor Oils shall always be the best, the longest-wearing and the most economical oils for your car."



The area above, touching four states, is the only district in the world producing Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, which is known to be the best raw material in the entire world for making motor oil.



Above is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to this Association's rigid standard in every respect.



Here's a driller on the job — Bob Vennard, inside a drilling shack on Music Mountain near Bradford, Pennsylvania. Bob's drill probes down through rock and sand in search of the world's choicest crude oil. When we took our picture he was 1600 feet down with about 400 feet to go.

**PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION**  
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Copyright 1940, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

This advertisement is published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters and users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils protected by our emblem. Watch for new announcements in this series.

I felt there was nothing more I could do without endangering Goldstein still further, and I was relieved that he was satisfied with the compromise.

But his story doesn't stop there. Every month the Treasurer of the United States was sending him \$57.50 war-risk insurance plus \$20 compensation. Presently despairing letters began reaching me from Goldstein, pleading with me to devise a way by which he could get some good out of the checks. Changing them into rubles at the official rates of exchange was as good as giving them away. At that rate his total monthly allowance of \$79.50 had a purchasing power of less than four dollars, and he could not live on that. At the same time he was not allowed to keep the checks without cashing them into worthless rubles.

Between the years 1930 and 1935 the United States Treasury had transferred to his credit \$14,000. Whatever excuses Soviet apologists may offer, the grim fact is that during all of this period and at the end of it Goldstein was living in desperate poverty. Documents in the Veterans Bureau and in my own files definitely establish the fact. In 1935 I left the Soviet service. I do not know whether Goldstein was allowed to continue in occupancy of the one room in the house that had once been his.

The money, of course, went directly into the coffers of the Soviet government. Taken alone, the case seems pathetic and trivial. But the sums involved in all the veterans' cases are not trivial. There were 56,000 Russians in the United States Army during the war. Most of them had relatives in Russia. The payments accruing on a \$10,000 war-risk insurance policy aggregate \$13,800 each. With adjusted compensation, the estate of each deceased veteran swells to \$18,000. It is the settled policy of the Stalin government to see that as much of this money as possible shall go directly from the United States Treasury into the State Bank of the U.S.S.R. and stay there. The nominal beneficiaries never get their hands on it.

Although this division of veterans' benefits is a particularly crass example

of Soviet methods, it is by no means the only source of income, nor is it the largest. The following lists of sums annually siphoned out of this country is, I know from personal experience, extremely conservative. These are figures I am sure of. The total may well be much higher.

|                                               |                     |
|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| The parcel business .....                     | \$10,000,000        |
| Propaganda films .....                        | 10,000,000          |
| Publications .....                            | 2,000,000           |
| Worthless advertising (Inreklama) .....       | 1,000,000           |
| American estates .....                        | 2,000,000           |
| Industrial insurance .....                    | 500,000             |
| Life insurance confiscations .....            | 500,000             |
| War-risk insurance (Veterans Bureau) .....    | 2,000,000           |
| Intourist (including the ransom racket) ..... | 1,000,000           |
|                                               | <b>\$29,000,000</b> |

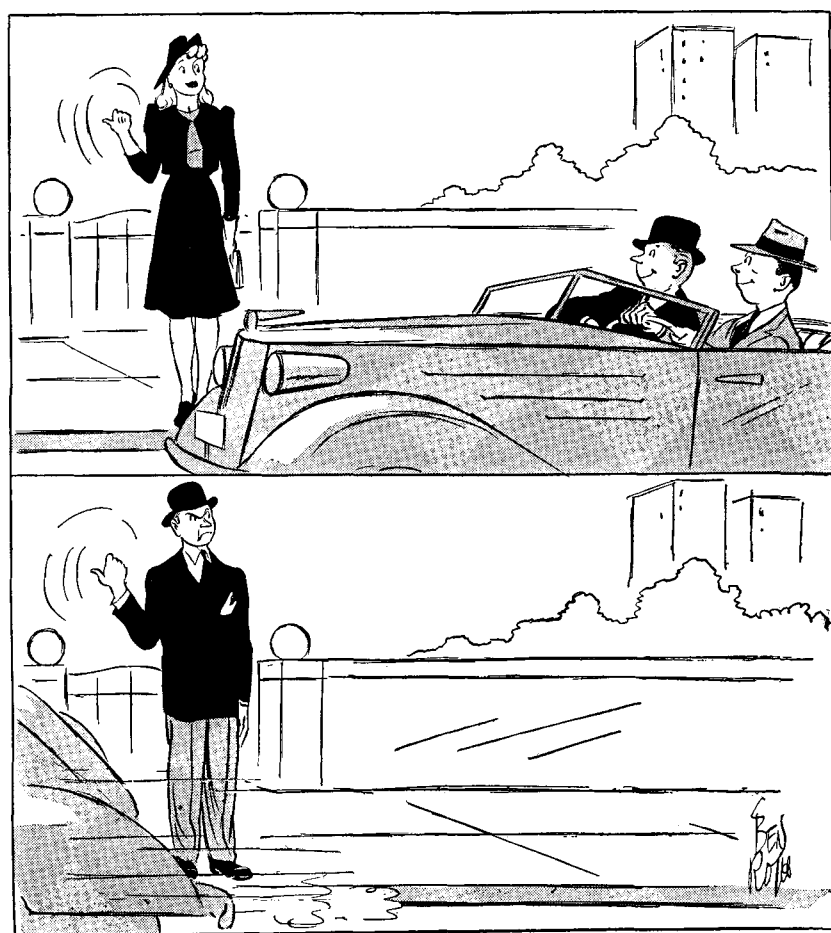
Before I go on to explain the working of these rackets, I shall tell you how I came to occupy a position of importance in the Soviet system.

## Evolution of a Revolutionary

My interest in Social-Democratic ideas began when I was in high school and by the time I went to the University of Kiev I was a full-blown revolutionary. Just before the uprising of 1905 I went to the Baltic provinces on party business. When that abortive revolution was crushed, I escaped on a freighter bound for England.

My arrival in Hull made an impression on me that I shall never forget. As I got off the boat I saw a hansom cab standing at a street corner. It had stopped directly under a gaslight, and the cabby, perched on the roof, was reading a newspaper. "That," I said to myself, "is what it means to live in a civilized nation. Even the cab drivers know how to read."

I shipped as a sailor on a boat bound for Boston, and arrived with nothing in the world but my revolutionary enthusiasm and the five dollars I had received as pay for the trip. Russian



BEN ROTH

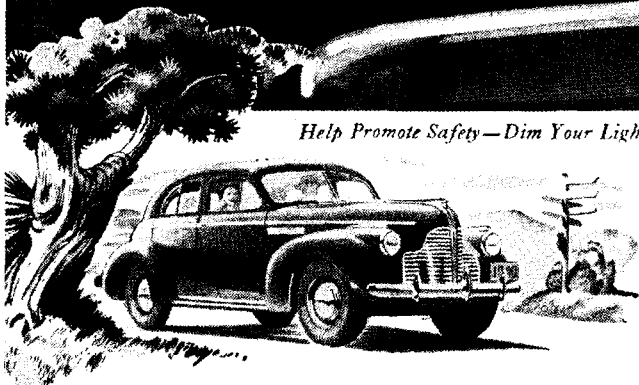
**BETTER OILS from the GROUND UP!**



# Isn't it *swell* never to have to *grease* the Springs?



Help Promote Safety—Dim Your Lights When Passing



IT MAY be the bloom on the peach that first catches your eye, but it's the firm, sweet, juicy *meat* of it that makes you glad you picked it.

That's why you seldom hear Buick owners talking about the merely obvious beauties of this great car when they start comparing notes.

Smart? Sure it is, as anyone can see—big, too, with those practically five-foot front seats in the SUPER, but say:

Isn't that micropoised Dynaflex en-

gine something! Lightning sheathed in silk it is—that quick and that smooth.

And that taut, firm, roadworthy feel of this baby—the engineers knew what they were doing when they built frames big and deep and put the drive in a husky torque tube.

Gears that shift with a finger-flick are pretty special too. And that recoil Knee-Action's a mighty neat way of smothering road-shock—and man, isn't it *swell* never to have to grease the springs?

In fact, those big, slow, soft-acting coils are grand in a lot of ways—their easy give-and-take soaking up the bumps, their soft cushion lasting the life of the car through all kinds of weather,

why they even cut down skid risks.

Truth is this Buick is full of a lot of things to be happy about. Some of them—like headlights placed where a slight bump won't smash them—you "get" right off; others, such as the pressure-seal cooling system that retards boiling of the coolant, you have to live with to appreciate.

But anyone can appreciate that a big, roomy, get-there straight-eight like this is a mighty sweet buy at \$895 and up★—so sweet a bargain you ought to go see it *muy pronto*.

## "Best buy's Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Buick prices  
begin at  
**\$895**  
for Business  
Coupe—Sedan  
prices start  
at \$955—

★delivered at Flint, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.



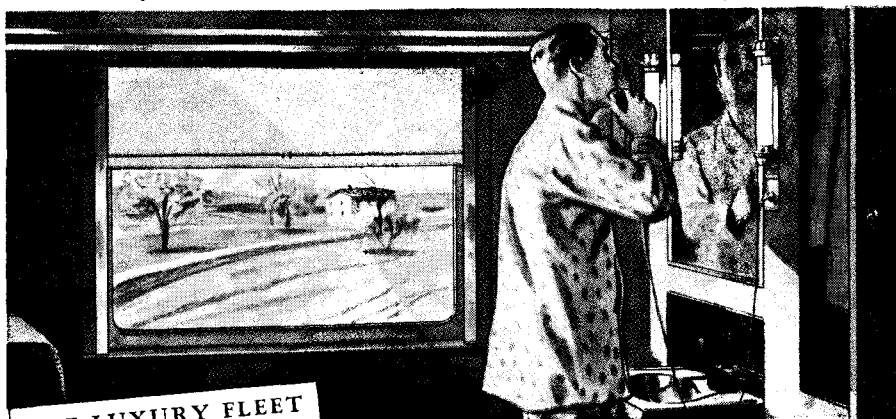
# Relax IN PRIVACY WHILE YOU TRAVEL!



**AN OVERNIGHT TRIP** ahead? Here's a suggestion: reserve a "Roomette" on Pennsylvania Railroad's *Luxury Fleet*,\* daily between East and West. Something new? Yes. But *so much* is new on these great trains! The lounges, designed for ease and elegance... the diners, so smart in modern styling... the Pullman accommodations, strikingly new, different—even a new riding comfort!



**DESIGNED FOR ONE**, the "Roomette" is a private room—with a touch of magic in it. Everything that you need is enclosed, out of sight, within easy reach. Washstand, ice water, wardrobe, shoe locker, toilet facilities, individual air-conditioning—why, there's even a magic vent to whisk tobacco smoke away! Your bed? That's new in design, too—full-length, homelike.



**THE LUXURY FLEET**  
BROADWAY LIMITED  
(16-hour All-Room Train)  
New York—Philadelphia—Chicago  
**THE GENERAL**  
New York—Philadelphia—Chicago  
"SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"  
New York—Philadelphia—St. Louis  
**LIBERTY LIMITED**  
Washington—Baltimore—Chicago  
**THE PITTSBURGER**  
(All-Room Train)  
New York—Pittsburgh  
**THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE**  
Pittsburgh—Chicago

Accommodations available on the *Luxury Fleet* include Roomettes, Duplex Rooms, Master Rooms, Bed Rooms, Compartments, Drawing Rooms, Section Sleepers and Luxury Coaches with reclining seats.

**IN THE MORNING** shave and dress in leisure. But here's the best news of all! A "Roomette" costs *little more than a lower berth*. So, to travel in privacy is—at the present low fares—as economical as it is enjoyable. Next trip, reserve a "Roomette" on *The Luxury Fleet*!

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

\*"Roomettes" also available on the Cincinnati Limited, New York—Cincinnati, and several other through trains.

THE DIRECT ROUTE to the World's Fair in New York... Shortest Route, with connecting lines, to the West and Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco

friends aided me and I finally got a job as a lathe worker in a metal-fixtures plant in New York. My salary was three dollars a week and, since I had a room in Brooklyn, carfare took a considerable part of that. After I had worked for several weeks I made a calculation and discovered that the net proceeds of a day's work amounted to 32 cents. I could not see that at this rate I was bringing the revolution appreciably nearer, and so I started back to Russia, working my way on a cattle boat.

I arrived in Warsaw on August 1, 1906, the day that Stolypin declared martial law, better known as "Stolypin's necktie," because the invariable penalty was hanging. Life had become very hazardous for revolutionaries. Court-martial and hanging were the order of the day. I made my way back to the University of Kiev, and in December was arrested, together with Bill Chatov, the I.W.W. leader who was later to become the head of the Petrograd Cheka and the builder of the Turksib railway.

### Heart and Soul for Russia

Luck was with me, and my only punishment was exile to Ekaterinoslav in South Russia. There I found plenty to do carrying on propaganda work among the soldiers and Cossacks of the garrison. After the dissolution of the Duma in June, 1907, however, the government cracked down on all agitators, and I had to run for my life. As a matter of fact, I was able to escape only because I was tipped off that the building in which I was living was surrounded.

I left immediately and finally made my way back to this country. This was in the summer of 1907. I was not to return to Russia again until 1920.

Meanwhile, I had been in close touch with Communists in this country—Martens, Weinstein, Nuerteva, Hourwich, Alexander Trachtenberg, Hartmann, John Reed, Louis Fraina (now known as Lewis Corey), Gruzenberg (who be-

came famous as Michael Borodin) and others. When word came that our impossible dream was an accomplished fact, that Lenin and Trotsky had captured the Russian state, I abandoned all thought of a personal career and devoted myself heart and soul to the revolutionary cause.

We, the men I have named and myself, formed a committee to keep in contact with the revolutionary government and to help in any way we could. This was not easy, for the nations at once blockaded Russia and threw a "cordon sanitaire" around her to prevent the spread of the Communist infection.

It was part of my job to devise ways of communication. This I did by starting a system of couriers among sailors from any American port bound for Sweden. In Stockholm, Vorovsky had established underground communications with Petrograd. My system was very simple. I kept on hand a stock of shoes of all sizes. The sailors would report to me and exchange their old shoes for new ones. In the soles and heels of the old shoes I would find money—usually in Swedish notes of a thousand kronor each—and instructions. The money was for purposes of organization and propaganda.

One day a sailor named Peterson arrived, bringing with him, in the sole of his shoe, the appointment of Martens as plenipotentiary representative of the Soviet government in the United States. Martens and I rented offices at 110 West 40th Street, in New York. This was the first, and never recognized, Soviet embassy in America. My post was that of second secretary.

In 1920 it became necessary for some member of the embassy to go to Moscow. There were two tasks involved. The first was to purchase in Europe and smuggle into Russia \$50,000 worth of supplies for the Red army. The second was to explain in Moscow what was happening to the unrecognized Soviet embassy in the United States. The Lusk



MERRYLEN



# KEEPS FOOD FRESH FAR LONGER!

## Measured Humidity In 1940 Hotpoint Refrigerator Combines Cold And Moisture Scientifically To Preserve Meats And Vegetables At Flavor Peak!

**A**LL the desirable qualities you want in your new electric refrigerator—new beauty, new convenience, new thrift—are yours at their finest and best in the new 1940 Hotpoint Refrigerator. *And at attractive new low prices!*

The new Hotpoint brings you the year's outstanding advancement in electric refrigeration—**MEASURED HUMIDITY**. This new development keeps foods *fresh far longer* than ordinary refrigeration. It measures the right combination of cold and moisture to keep meats, fruits and vegetables at their very peak of goodness.

### Many Other Features

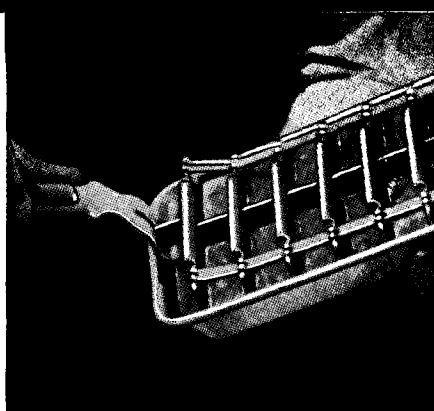
Every feature of the new Hotpoint Refrigerator is planned for greater utility and convenience. There are gliding stainless steel shelves with safety bar front, and back rubber bumpers; there's an air purifier; illuminated temperature control dial; sealed Thriftmaster Unit; stainless steel Speed Freezer; defrost indicator; stainless steel base grill; and adjustable storage space for bulky foods like watermelons.

### Look At Hotpoint First!

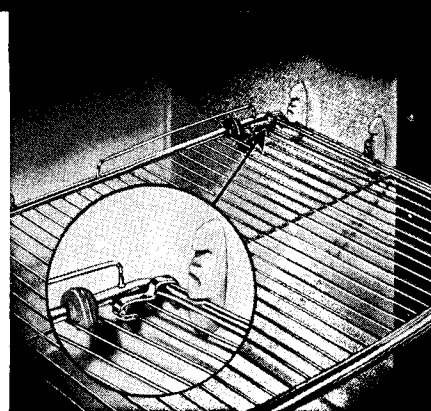
Compare Hotpoint with any other refrigerator—at any price! That's the wise way to buy. See what Hotpoint offers in beauty, convenience, craftsmanship and performance—at new low prices. New models are at your dealer's now. Payments are as low as \$1.04 weekly on Hotpoint's Friendly Finance Plan. Edison General Electric Appliance Company, Inc., 5631 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Illinois.



**1. MEASURED HUMIDITY** in Hotpoint's 6-way cold storage compartment keeps meats in prime condition by providing exactly the right combination of moisture and cold for preserving freshness. The degree of moisture can be measured to fit needs.



**2. POP-ICE TRAYS** make cube and tray removal positive, quick and easy. Two cubes or a trayful are popped out in just a jiffy. They save your time, hands and temper. End struggle and cube waste. Handy for freezing delicious homemade popsicles.



**3. ADJUSTABLE STAINLESS STEEL GLIDING SHELVES** bring all foods in easy reach. Safety catch and back rubber bumpers prevent spillage. Spacing is adjustable to fit your needs. Reinforced flat bar construction provides flat, smooth shelf surface.



**4. GLASS-TOP HI-HUMIDITY COMPARTMENT** provides humidity control for regulating moisture. Stored vegetables and fruits are visible through plate glass top. Drawers may be conveniently stacked one above other to provide room for bulky foods.



BE SURE TO SEE "BLAME IT ON LOVE"—HOTPOINT'S ALL-STAR HOLLYWOOD MOVIE DRAMATIZING THE ADVANTAGES OF ELECTRICAL LIVING. ASK YOUR HOTPOINT RETAILER FOR FREE TICKETS!

# Hotpoint

## ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

YOU CAN BUY  
A HOTPOINT  
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR  
FOR AS LITTLE AS  
**\$1.04**  
A WEEK



Look *WORN?*  
Feel *T·I·R·E·D?*



**FRESH YEAST**  
to help digestion  
**VITAMINS** for vitality  
**TOGETHER**  
they can help brace  
you up again

*Does it show in your face—  
that you feel peopless? Do  
little digestive upsets steal  
your vitality?*

Then why don't you try adding  
the new Fleischmann's High-Vita-  
min Yeast to your daily diet?

The vitamins and the fresh yeast  
work *together*, scientists say, to  
help build people up.

The fresh yeast *stimulates* slow  
digestion and *speeds up* the assimila-  
tion of food. Laboratory tests have  
shown this is an action of the yeast  
*itself*—entirely distinct from known  
vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed for steady  
nerves and vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vita-  
min Yeast can you get such an abun-  
dant supply of the 4 important vita-  
mins, A, B<sub>1</sub>, D and G, and *all* the  
vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B  
Complex.

Begin now! Eat 2 cakes every day.  
See if you don't start feeling more  
energetic, if you don't look better,  
too, in a short time.

Let this Fresh Yeast  
give you  
*double*  
help...



**Fleischmann's**  
**HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST**

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Committee had raided our offices and was trying to have Martens, and as many of his staff as were not American citizens, deported (as was afterward done).

I was the only member of the staff who could undertake the mission. Hammer, the embassy's financial adviser, was a prisoner in Sing Sing. The commercial attaché, Heller, after the raid on the embassy, had developed a diplomatic illness that took him to Miami. Hartmann knew no Russian. The others, unlike me, were without American passports and once out of the country presumably would not be allowed to return. And so the job was mine.

The principal difficulty was to find some country that would let me pass through into Russia. Theoretically none of them would do it—Russia at that time was cut off from the rest of the world—but I decided that if I could get into Estonia I would be able to find some way of crossing the Russian border.

But getting a visa for Estonia proved almost impossible. I tried in London, Copenhagen, Berlin and Stockholm, but without success. In Copenhagen I had several long talks with Maxim Litvinov, whom I used to meet late at night at a café. We discussed the business of the embassy, and I remember asking him whether I should help the wives and children of the Bolsheviks who had returned to Russia rejoin their husbands and fathers. He strongly advised against it. "Most of the men have new wives in Russia," he said. "Leave them alone."

It was on Litvinov's advice that I went to Berlin, for, he said, the best way to get into Estonia was to go as fast as possible away from it. But I got no visa there and so I went to Stockholm and still no visa. I found there was a boat leaving for Helsinki and took it on the chance that something might be accomplished in Finland.

The trip across the Baltic was very fine, with a magnificent display of Northern lights over the Aaland Islands. I carefully avoided all Russian-speaking passengers on the steamer and made the acquaintance of a counselor from the Japanese embassy in Paris. He was a viscount sent to investigate the railroads of northern Europe.

#### A Visa at Last

We stayed at the same hotel in Helsinki that night, and I went in his company to the Finnish foreign ministry and obtained an exit visa. That helped me with the Estonian legation in Finland the next day. There I explained that I was a tourist desiring to see the medieval town of Reval. The auspices must have been good, for I got my visa for Estonia.

But for some time after I arrived there it seemed I was no nearer Russia than I had been in New York. Krassin had helped me smuggle the medical supplies from London to Reval. Now I had to get them into Russia. The Estonian foreign office was adamant, and it finally became clear to me that I should have to get myself and my supplies smuggled across the border. This in itself was not easy, for the entire length of the border was guarded by electrified barbed wire.

Finally, with the aid of the Soviet embassy, a plan was worked out. One cold spring night I supervised the loading of my supplies onto a car in the railroad yards of Reval. This car was to go on to a small junction some miles away.

Unfortunately I could not go in the car myself. Two secretaries of the Soviet embassy drove me to the railroad junction in an open automobile. We arrived before either train. It had begun to rain, and we waited in a steady downpour all through the night. Just at dawn the German train finally pulled in. It consisted

of eighteen or twenty boxcars, all sealed shut. In each of them were from forty to fifty Russian prisoners of war sick with typhoid. The epidemic had broken out in the prison camp in Germany and the prisoners were shipped home wholesale.

There was no time to waste. Before the train had stopped moving, the men from the embassy were hurrying me toward the tracks. They broke open the doors of one of the cars and pushed me inside. The doors were immediately closed and sealed again on the outside. I was crowded in darkness among forty sick and dying men. Plank bunks had been placed into the cars in tiers. On these we crouched or lay, unable to stand up, almost unable to breathe, without food or water, surrounded by dreadful misery and filth.

The trip from Reval to Jamburg is 120 versts—about 80 miles. It took us three days. During that time none of us could even once stand up.

In Jamburg the Cheka (Soviet secret police) had been notified by telegraph that I was in one of the cars. They found me. They also found that eight of the men in my car had died. What happened to the survivors I do not know. I felt barely alive myself and was hurried off to a Red Cross car to be deloused and to recuperate.

When I was able to travel again I was put in charge of a young Red army soldier with instructions that I was to be delivered to Zinoviev in Petrograd. This was not long after Yudenitch's attack on that city and the country through which we traveled was horribly wrecked and full of graves. In Petrograd itself we found barricades, and grass growing in the streets.

My escort took me to the Smolny Institute, where we were received by Zorin. At that time he was secretary of the

northern commune and one of the most powerful officials in the country. But that was not enough for the Red army boy. He had been told to get a receipt for me from Zinoviev, and no one else would do. Zinoviev was in the country and, due to a flat tire, could not get back that night. Zorin put us both up at the Hotel Astoria. The young soldier, still taking no chances, slept on the floor at the edge of my bed.

Next day Zinoviev was back in his office, and the soldier got his receipt.

#### Organization to Act as Screen

From Petrograd I went to Moscow and reported at the foreign office. I discovered that my smuggling in of medical supplies was regarded as something of an exploit by Kamenev, Chicherin and other Soviet leaders. When I explained to them the situation of our embassy in the United States, they told me to resign from it and establish an All-Russian Public Committee in America. This was to be a charitable, nonpolitical organization and as such safe from interference by the Department of Justice. It was also to act as a screen for my duties, which were those of representing the Commissariat of Nationalities, whose head at that time was Joseph Stalin. In case the Martens embassy was deported, I would still be there as a political link with the Kremlin.

This All-Russian Public Committee was the predecessor of the Soviet Red Cross in the United States. On its behalf I appealed to Russians all over this country to aid their kinsmen who were suffering from the aftermath of the revolution and the civil war.

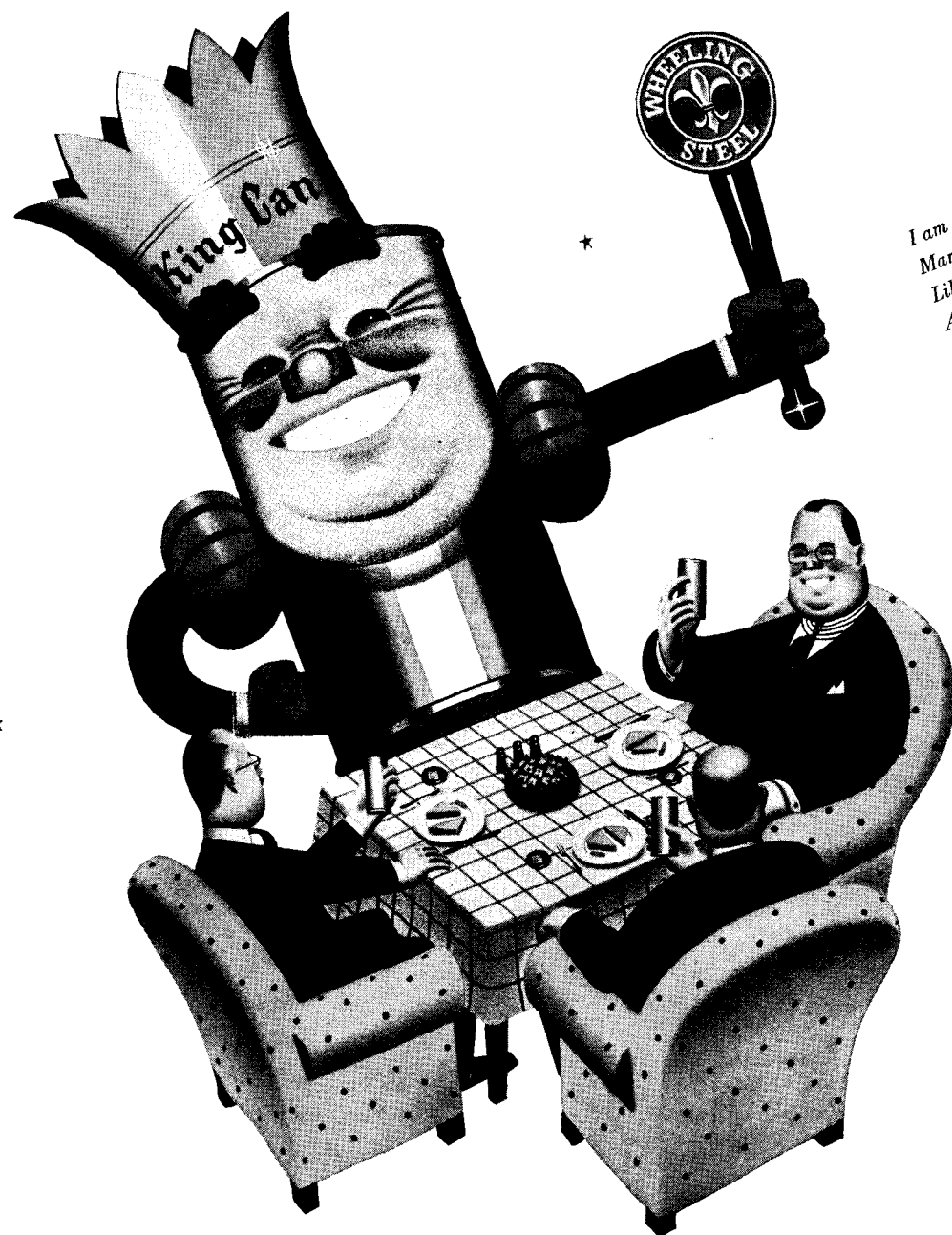
The condition of these people was dreadful. Scapegoats of Czarist oppression before the revolution of 1917, they



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OF AMERICA



I broached my plan to him, he decided it as wholly fantastic. Only a person politically naïve and unschooled in Marxism could believe it would work. Economic determinism, he said, held the answer to my request, and the answer was no. Why should the United States, an avowed foe of Bolshevism, concern itself with the welfare of Soviet citizens simply because they were the beneficiaries of American soldiers? And why should a capitalist government, so opposed to the Soviet government as to refuse to recognize its existence, aid that government by placing at its disposal millions of dollars?

From the Bolshevik point of view, Skvirsky's logic was irrefutable. Nevertheless, I told him that I didn't think this government would concern itself with the politics or nationality of the beneficiaries; it would make due payment provided it had guarantees that the money would reach its proper destination.

All the way down to Washington Skvirsky laughed at my innocence, saying that I was simply making an ass of myself. He indulgently promised, however, that he would help me get adequate guarantees from the Soviet government.

Armed with that promise, I went to the Veterans Bureau, where I soon found out that my judgment had been right. In high spirits, I went back to Skvirsky, and together we succeeded in persuading the Soviet authorities to meet the guarantees demanded by the Veterans Bureau. These included a decree of the Central Executive Committee signed by President Kalinin and a letter from Assistant Commissar of Finance Frumkin,

exempting from inheritance taxes and all other taxes all moneys derived from insurance or compensation of veterans of the American Army.

Since my verbal assurances were reinforced by these statutory guarantees, the bureau declared itself ready to go ahead. I reorganized my Red Cross office in New York to take care of this new job, and we got off to a flying start. I was proud of the fact that in spite of the absence of diplomatic relations between the two countries it was possible to carry on this task.

#### Time to Investigate

But soon after we began to adjudicate cases, strange communications began to reach me from Soviet beneficiaries. They ran all the way from polite inquiries about remittances gone astray to downright charges of embezzlement. I began to investigate.

My responsibility extended not only to the indigent and suffering beneficiaries in Russia, for whom the money was intended, and to the Veterans Bureau, to which I had given my personal assurances, but to the American Red Cross as well. What I found as my investigation proceeded I shall show in detail in subsequent articles. It is a record of broken promises, confiscation and extortion on the part of the Soviet government. It is part of the record that forced me, in 1935, to break with the Soviet government, to whose interests I had devoted the best part of my life.

The second of this series of articles will appear in a subsequent issue.

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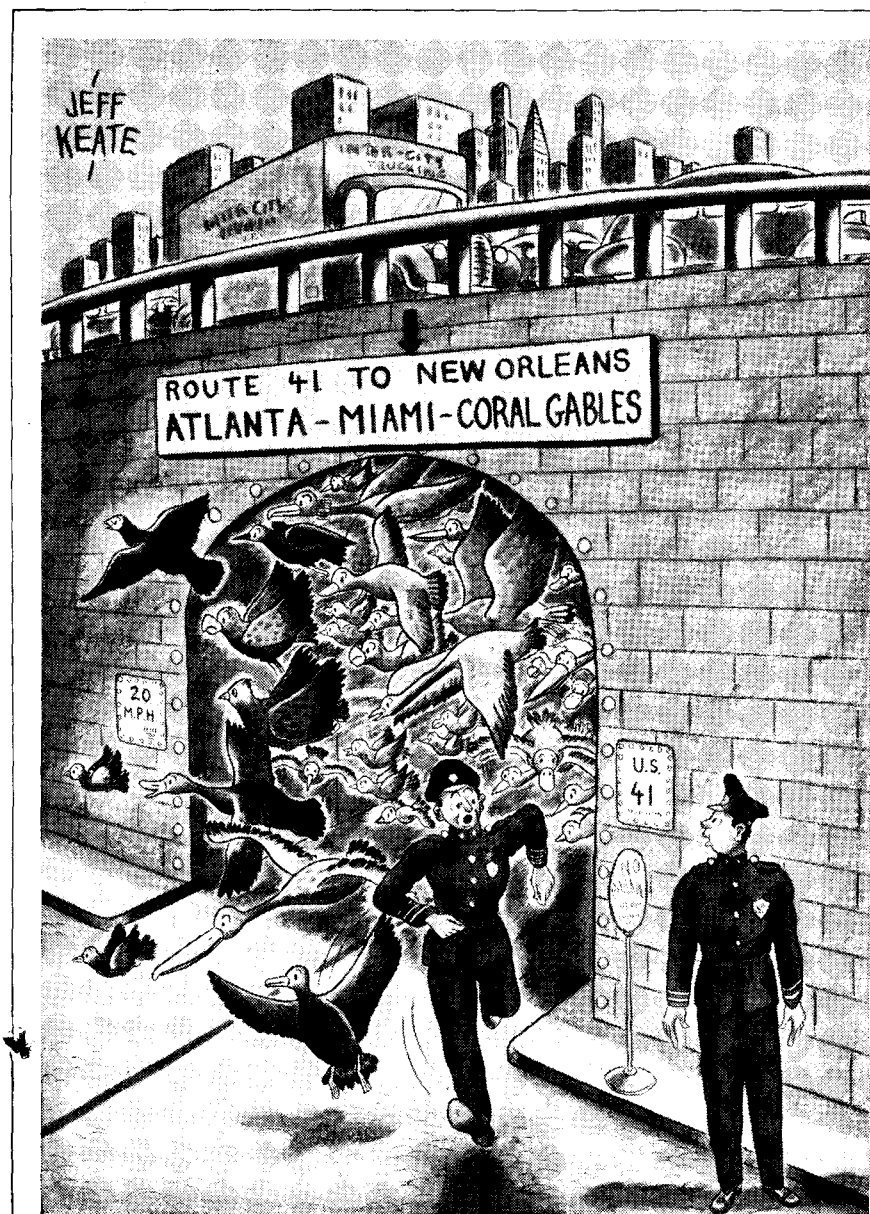
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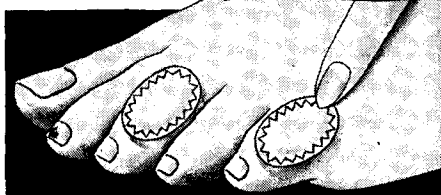
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## CORNS Go Quicker

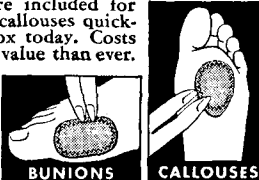
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## The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 17

"They all love her," she whispered. "Why shouldn't they? She dances and she wears beautiful clothes and her father was the judge's brother and this is her home! She'll dance tonight, with those orchids on her shoulder—lights—and men—and everyone asking her to dance. I hope she breaks her leg!"

"But it wouldn't matter if she did," her unhappy thoughts ran on; "they'd make a fuss about her. 'Amy Marshbanks broke her leg, isn't that awful?' They'd carry her to bed and give her flowers and make twice as much fuss as before. She said she'd have copied my dress if she'd seen it in time! I wish she had to wear it!"

"And it isn't my fault, it isn't my fault!" she sobbed, suddenly boohooing like a child with her wet face against the window. "I'd like to have everyone crazy about me. I'd like to have a grandmother and someone like the judge to care about me, and live in a place like this!"

"And what chance have I—even if I lived a thousand years!—to be like them and talk the way they do and wear the clothes they do? No chance, and it isn't fair, and I hope she breaks her leg. 'Poor Amy Marshbanks may never walk again.'"

"I SUPPOSE I ought to love her, because she's my enemy," Cherry was presently reflecting more quietly, when she had blown her nose and wiped her eyes, and was leaning, spent and exhausted, against the window frame. "But how can I? I never did anything mean to her or to Mrs. Marshbanks either, and they know that I came from Saint Dorothea's, and they laughed at me. I'll not cry any more. I ought to stop. But I'll never love them and I'll never forgive them—"

Tears came again, and she wiped them away with the practical worn handkerchief that carried her school number in some conscientious Sister's work in neat red cross-stitch. Number one one seven. It was a horrible number. Anita was number ten and Madeleine was sixty, both nice numbers. As girls went out their numbers and many of their numbered articles fell ownerless and were passed on to new girls. Anita had always rejoiced in the nice little number ten.

Cherry's thoughts wandered idly back to the convent—its orderly, spotless, empty halls; sunshine slanting in through stiff immaculate curtains; quiet feet moving to and fro; a bell ringing four times, silent, ringing again; girls freed from classrooms at noon and scattering like bursts of wild birds through the gardens or grouped under the grape arbor with a nun's winged bonnet in their midst; fat Sister Ulrica, who gave piano instruction, flushed and hot and odorous of coffee and mutton at the one-o'clock lesson—the metronome going—

A knock at her door made her turn in quick alarm toward the room. Molly, the nice-looking little maid, came in and delivered to Cherry a message as she expertly replaced towels and turned down the bed:

"The judge sent you up the magazines, Miss Rawlings, and says he was sorry not to say good night, and will you please have breakfast with him at half past eight. And May is to go downtown with you at ten, if that wasn't too early for you. And am I to call you?"

Cherry, confused, agreed to everything with a bashful thank you and a good night, and when the maid was gone took herself seriously in hand, brushed her hair vigorously, enjoyed a luxuri-

ous bath with every accessory in the way of salts and powders and scents that the bathroom afforded, got herself comfortable in bed and turned magazine pages for an absorbed hour.

But when the lights were out she fell to thinking again, and the humiliation and pain of her arrival at the Marshbanks mansion slowly came back, detail upon detail. She wished she need never get up in the morning and face them all again, in her rumpled school uniform and black cotton stockings. Even the maids in this house wore silk stockings. And Amy had looked as if she had come out of a box filled with tissue paper and set upon her little silver slippers like an exquisite doll, too frail to be touched.

Fran, Cherry's thoughts ran on, had seemed ugly at first, but when you watched the expressions of her face for a moment, and heard her voice she did not seem ugly any more. Much more than Amy she seemed the sort of person an artist would like to paint; Whistler or Sargent would have liked to paint that thin, vital body and that black bang.

Cherry had not only written a composition upon modern art some five years earlier, but she had since helped each year's freshman classes write exactly the same essay. Sister Gervase always gave it, and always said to Cherry: "You take the book, dear, and see what you can do with the freshman girls." So Cherry knew Modern Masterpieces by heart, and knew that an artist would rejoice in Fran's rather sinister beauty more than in Amy's porcelain loveliness.

And he was an artist, of course—that man with the tremendous laugh and the tremendous voice, so sure of himself, as he folded his big arms and entered into conversation with the judge, so more than sure of himself when he lowered his tones, and when a half-smile twitched at his mouth, and when he exchanged careless smiling words with Fran, while her nervous, thin fingers played with the folds of her handkerchief.

To have a man like that, at least know that one was alive! To have him obliged—forced to admire one for something, for anything! To call him by his name and have him smile when one unexpectedly encountered him—

It was of Kelly Coates that she was thinking as she dropped off at last into exhausted sleep.

THE re-encounter with her old friend Emma and the introduction to her new home and to her new employer proved much less of a strain than Cherry had feared they would. Her brief visit at Judge Marshbanks' house had somewhat prepared her for elegance and luxury. Emma was exactly as she remembered her, unresponsive and quiet and capable, and old Mrs. Porteous Porter was so completely absorbed in herself that Cherry in her presence could feel as unself-conscious as one of the trays, vases, lamps, jars, framed photographs, gift books and statuettes with which the old lady's room was crowded.

Mrs. Porter was a stout, soft, pretty woman of seventy-four. Some physical difficulty, perhaps not more serious than her weight itself, made it inconvenient for her ever to walk more than a few steps at a time. She took a drive every day, she could get to the bathroom for the comfort of a long, leisurely bath, and every morning she moved to her favorite chair in a sunny bay window or beside an old-fashioned fire. Otherwise she hardly stirred at all, busying herself with needlework, letters, newspapers, tele-

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phone in the mornings; returning from her drive for luncheon to take a little rest before it was time for solitaire, radio or phonograph concert, callers and the pretty ceremony of the tea hour. All her meals were served upstairs, and the downstairs rooms, kept orderly and filled with flowers, were unused year after year.

Its old mistress loved her magnificent home, and felt something like reverence for it. Nothing in it must be changed. Perhaps three times a year, when the little elevator had lowered her immense bulk to the parlor floor, she tottered from room to room, satisfying herself that all was as it had ever been. Ten years after the end of the Civil War this home had been built; it had been the wonder, the glory of the sand-hill city then. Henry T. Glashell had built 'way out on Jackson Street, 'most as far as Tuckertown. "There was one feller that believed San Francisco was goin' to grow and prosper, yes, sirree!" the admiring voices all about him had said. The four-page newspaper of those days had gloried in Henry T. Glashell and his exploits, and the Glashell mansion had been pointed out to visitors for thirty years as a visible sign of the city's wealth and progress.

IT WAS a wooden house much bay-windowed and balustraded with imposing columns flanking the front doors, a carriage drive sweeping along the western side to a porte-cochere, calla lilies and fuchsias and shiny-leaved laurels banking its rising lawns and views from all the northeastern windows—in rooms never used by anybody—of the city, the Presidio, Tamalpais, Alcatraz and Angel islands, Sausalito and the bay cities on their faraway hills.

Massive steps rose from the street to the brick bulkheads of the garden; more

steps went up to the wide front door that gave on the street. But this door, too, was never used any more. Mrs. Porter used the side door, which was close to the elevator and from which she could step or rather be hauled and shoved straight into her big motorcar.

On the second floor, at the back where the southwestern sunshine poured in warmly even on winter days, was her apartment: a big bedroom furnished in heavy walnut carved into apples and pineapples and bows of shining wooden ribbons; a big sitting room in which most of her waking hours were spent; a big bathroom. Next to these was the small room in which Ferny, a gigantic colored woman, slept, and upstairs Emma and Cherry had an apartment with much the same arrangements, if somewhat smaller and plainer, as the rooms below. Besides these, there were four big empty rooms on each floor, all completely furnished, kept warm, always closed.

As Dovey Glashell, Mrs. Porter had had an adored, flirtatious, giddy girlhood. Hers had been the generation that twined flowers in hair and danced kid slippers to pulp at formal balls. Upon marrying the richest and most eligible young man in a city full of mining and railway, banking and land barons' sons, she had flashed upon a stunned group of friends the news of a prospective European honeymoon trip with her bridegroom. At her wedding, creamed oyster patties had been served upon gold plates with the date and the names engraved thereon, and these plates carried home by the guests were treasured in many a stately home today.

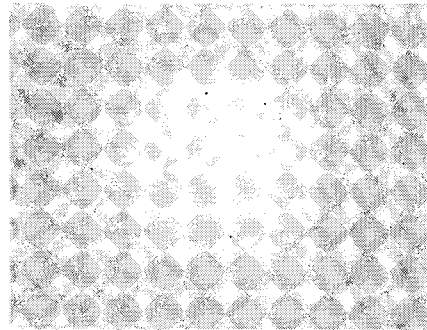
Upon her return the beautiful young bride, all roses and gold curls, had become the proud young mistress of the great Glashell mansion. It had been her throne for more than half a century. Her

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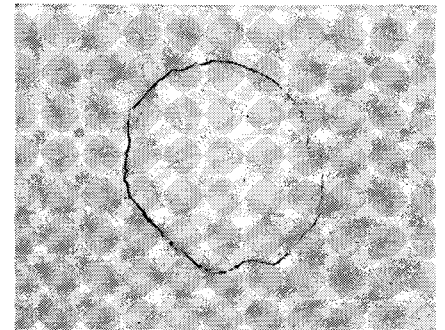


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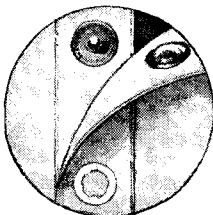
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## \*GRIPPERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**\*THE SNAP FASTENERS THAT END "BUTTON BOTHER"**



position in it had never lost its glamor for her.

Ferny, the old colored woman, did for her each morning everything that a nurse would do for a small child; superintended her breakfast, helped her into her bath, powdered her fat, soft white old body as if it had been a baby's, got her into fresh perfumed apparel, established her in her pillows again. Then Emma came in, and the old lady knitted or worked at her petit point, and they planned for the day. If notes had been written the night before they must be stamped and mailed; luncheon and dinner menus must be carefully arranged; new magazines and the mail were brought in; the newspapers and tray disappeared like magic and Keno, a quiet little Japanese maid, carried out the vases for an hour, and brought them back fresh-filled and radiant.

Perhaps there were guests in town who must be asked to tea; perhaps presents for someone's birthday or wedding must be selected. Cherry had not been two weeks in the house before she realized that such an elderly, frail, imprisoned woman as her new employer could lead an exceedingly satisfying life, filled with the trifles she had made important, and the rituals that every bath and tea hour and luncheon tray had become.

Emma was indispensable; she kept the whole enormous machine running; she knew where business papers were, and what the lawyer came about, and when to call the doctor. But there was nothing soft, friendly, companionable about Emma, and at the telephone or when it came to special shopping she was grimly inadequate. Also, she was a monotonous and disinterested reader. Mrs. Porter had a large mail; she had long been unequal to it, and had employed unsatisfactory girls to act as secretary

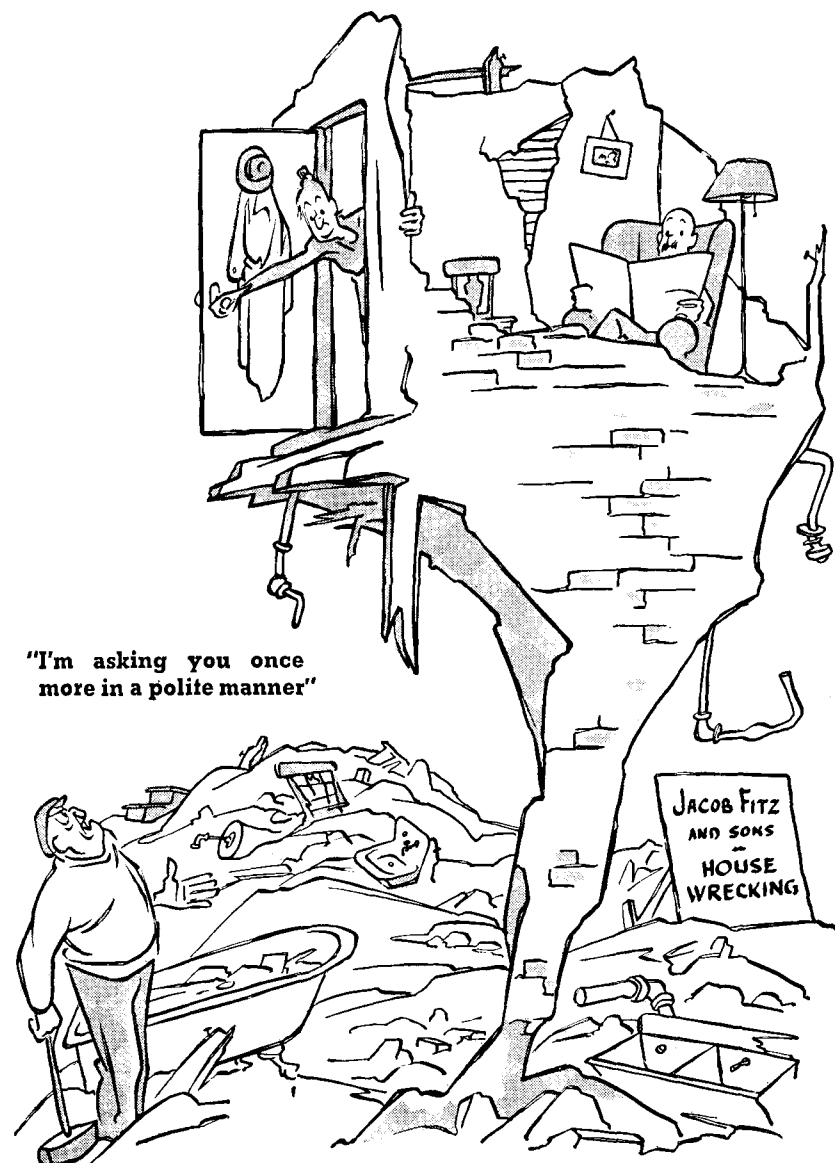
from time to time with wearying results.

So that Cherry soon found that she had plenty to do, like the cook in the kitchen, and the two maids who kept everything belowstairs in order, and Keno who arranged the flowers in all the unused as well as the used rooms, and Al, who swept steps and driveway and sidewalk, and Merryweather, who drove the car, and Frank who drove on Merryweather's day off, and Bunker the gardener and Fairfowl the butler and the man who came to wind the clocks and the man who came to take the jewelry away and brighten it and the cleaner, who called daily.

**C**HERRY had only to be quietly helpful in every direction that her imagination and willingness could discover to make a place for herself almost instantly. She looked well in her new brown cloth dress with its gold buttons; she was a young, pleasant element in the dreary old house. And yet she wasn't the pretty, lightheaded type who'd be getting married as soon as one got used to her, the old lady reflected. She could take dictation, she wrote a square, neat, legible hand, and she had a nice voice when she read aloud. Altogether, Emma's protégé promised well.

Cherry began her duties with the trembling feeling that by no chance could her lines have fallen permanently in such pleasant places. To be able to creep away from the world that in one brief encounter had hurt her so terribly and to hide herself here, with a lovely room for her own, a houseful of books for company, amazing meals served at regular—or indeed, irregular—hours, and only a gentle, sweet, helpless old lady to amuse seemed too good a fortune to be true.

From this she passed to a sort of ex-



GEORGE PRICE





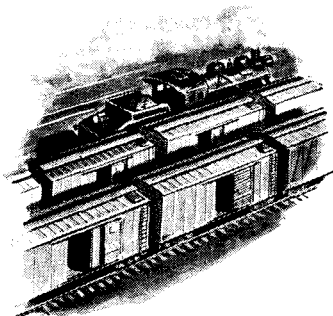
# Sure...everybody notices the one black sheep!

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## BEER...A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

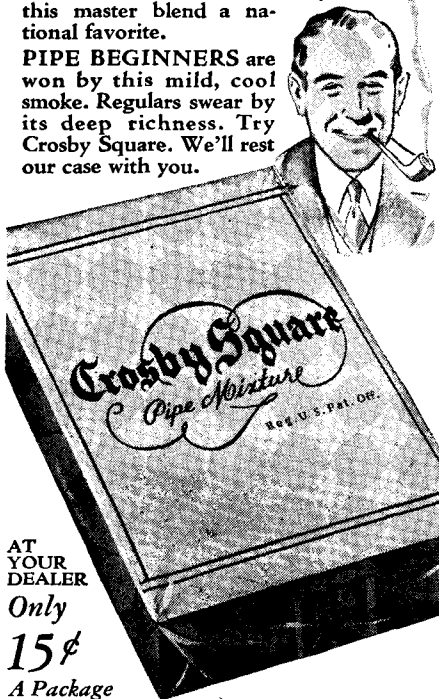


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ultation that she had succeeded. She answered the telephone and wrote letters and drove out in the park in her new brown coat and becoming brown hat, in a pleasant quiver of feeling herself liked and needed and approved. She could not do enough to preserve the impression she had so quickly made.

The third phase came only after several weeks, and was one of doubt, boredom and weariness. She wanted exercise and interest and companionship; she wanted a sense of living; instead she was like a girl caught in a dream.

Outwardly, it was all easy and delightful. Cherry came into her employer's room not earlier than half past ten o'clock every morning, not later than eleven. Mrs. Porter only lost sight of the girl for brief intervals thereafter until ten o'clock at night. Cherry had immediately discovered her appetite for flattery and had innocently gratified it in their first days together. Now she had to pay the price for this concession with constant pleasantries.

"Well, good morning, how are you this beautiful morning, Cherry?" the sweet old voice would coo. "I think our first duty is to call dear Mrs. Wilcox and persuade her to come and have a cup of tea with me this afternoon; she is a very busy woman and most of her afternoons are engaged. And then I think perhaps if you'll telephone the white house and tell the blanket man very nicely that it was to be single blankets—four single blankets. They're for Merryweather, you know, and I think a man likes to throw off his blankets on a warm night."

"Who but you would worry about Merryweather's blankets!" Cherry would admiringly protest.

"But my dear, I love to!" And the puffy white spots where once Dovey Glashell's pretty brows had been raised deprecatingly, would move and the faded eyes grow round under the silky fluffs of silver hair.

"I know you do."

"Everybody does, I think."

"Everybody does not."

It would be flatly said; it delighted the old lady, and Cherry knew it did.

"I like you because you're so frank with me, Cherry," Mrs. Porter said to her once. "I told Emma that you were a blunt little thing and she was afraid I didn't like it. But I do! I love people to be absolutely frank with me."

CHERRY had felt a little compunction at this. She was not really honest, she had reflected uncomfortably, when she listened so attentively to long narratives about Maysie, Pidgie and Eddy, her three children who had made so brief a stay in the palatial home in which they were born. They had all died in childhood, no one of them had reached its fifth year; about Porteous Porter, and Dovey's father, the old railway baron Henry T. Glashell, and a hundred other persons of whom she knew nothing. But after all, she had her living to make, and being agreeable was part of her job.

"Well, I'm like that," the old lady often said. "My greatest pleasure is doing things for others." Tears would fill her eyes; she was constantly in pleasurable, emotional tears. She told Cherry of many trips, of wonderful opera nights and dinner parties in London and Paris, of artists who had asked to paint her, of beautiful gowns for which her extravagant husband had paid large sums. It was all lovely and loving; everyone who had ever come into contact with her had been sweet to the suffocation point. Cherry felt her jaws ache with suppressed yawns.

After their drive and tea the girl usually had about an hour to herself while Mrs. Porter was dining in her room. At about eight Cherry went up from her own dinner to read to her old em-

ployer until half past nine o'clock. Then Ferny, the old Negress, came in to start the slow ritual of the sponge bath, the change of clothing, the alcohol rub, the administration of various pills and tonics and the carrying out of flowers, the opening of windows and lowering of lights that were all part of getting the old lady to bed.

At this time Cherry sometimes took Bender, the spaniel, for a walk around the block. She might meet housemaids and butlers out with other dogs; she rarely saw anyone else. But after the long, stuffy day it was treat enough to get out into the cool, fresh dark, and see the white streamers of the fog pouring in from the west and feel the wet sweetness of it on her face.

WITH her first sight of Emma, Cherry had had the feeling that the long years since last they had met were as nothing and that she was a little girl of seven again, living in a small tiled house with a patio and a fountain, and running in and out of the bedroom where her mother lay always in bed. A thousand details, half forgotten until now, had rushed back to her, and she had longed for the moment when she might talk freely to Emma of the past.

But as the days went by she began to perceive that that moment might never come. Emma had given her a wintry smile upon meeting her; there never had been anything hostile or even unfriendly in her manner, but there was a great wall between her and Cherry, and over that wall the girl could not so much as peep. Emma's quiet uninterest, her unruffled calm and abstraction were too daunting for even Cherry's eagerness. Whatever there had once been between Emma and Cherry, the old nurse conceded nothing now; she was civil, she was willing to discuss what was headlined in the newspapers and the trifling daily affairs of the old lady upstairs, but there she stopped. Cherry could not even frame the sentences that would lead to references to the past they had shared.

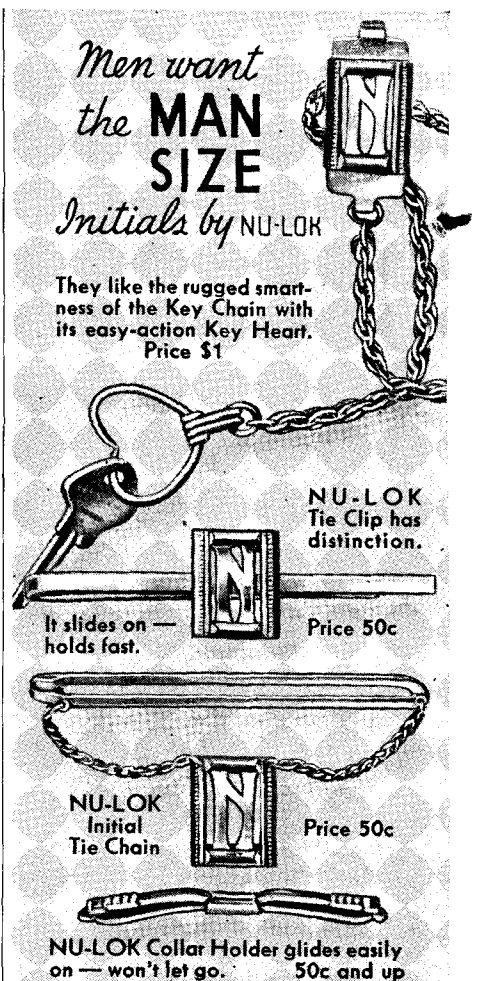
She and Emma had their meals in a small room off the big pantry downstairs. This room had been cut from the end of the conservatory that was full of ferns and begonias; it held just their table and their two chairs. But Keno and Fairfowl served them quite as daintily and carefully as if they had been guests at a banquet; candles were lighted and silver and crystal accurately laid, and Ming Wo sent them in meals only too delicious and tempting. Usually they had exactly what the mistress of the house was enjoying upstairs, but although they often sent back pastries or salads untouched, Cherry noticed that Mrs. Porter enjoyed everything, and sometimes asked if yesterday's eclairs or a slice of some rich cake was still procurable.

Sitting still all day long, taking no exercise, enjoying a hearty tea, still she could manage a large four-course meal at seven o'clock, not eating much of any one thing, but liking a sand dab now and then before her minced chicken, or complaining sweet-temperedly that she never got hard sauce any more. Mightn't she have a pudding with hard sauce on it?

They all laughed at her and praised her and spoiled her, and she was very happy, spending long, contented evenings playing solitaire with her white, heavily ringed fat hands, and listening to Cherry reading The Heart of Midlothian or Little Dorrit. The Rosary was her favorite story, and she kept a copy near her, and she loved Tennyson's poetry and asked to have that read to her at odd moments but often she liked best to have the reading stop and to have Cherry watch her game and talk to her. At such times

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**Shakespeare BALANCED TACKLE**

Cherry covertly kept an eye on the clock and wondered if its hands would ever move around to half past nine.

At long intervals there was a dinner party at the house, and ten or a dozen smartly dressed men and women arrived to carry on the flattery and the attentive listening, to drink their cocktails with her upstairs and to descend to have dinner by themselves.

"Betty," she would say winningly to some younger woman, "you be my hostess tonight, dear."

"It's no use trying to take your place, Miss Dovey!"

"Don't say that, darling. It's a long time since I took the head of my own table." And the ready tears would brim her smiling eyes.

"Nobody takes your place, just the same!" some man would say gallantly.

"Well, I'll sit there," the lady called Betty might say, "and I'll try to keep things going, but it's no use pretending that it'll be the same as if you were there!"

But Cherry thought that sometimes they seemed to be having a pretty good time downstairs just the same; and they would all be flushed and in high spirits when they came up again to scatter themselves about the room for half an hour and enjoy their coffee and liqueurs before bidding their hostess an affectionate good night. On these occasions Cherry and Emma both had a good deal to do, managing wraps and chairs, and seeing that the great rooms downstairs were opened and warmed and lighted.

Altogether, what with shopping for her employer and infinite discussion and decision regarding the disposition and wrapping and marking of gifts and the manifold duties of the long day, the girl was busy enough. But it was not a satisfying busyness; it left her feeling wearied, without having really accomplished anything.

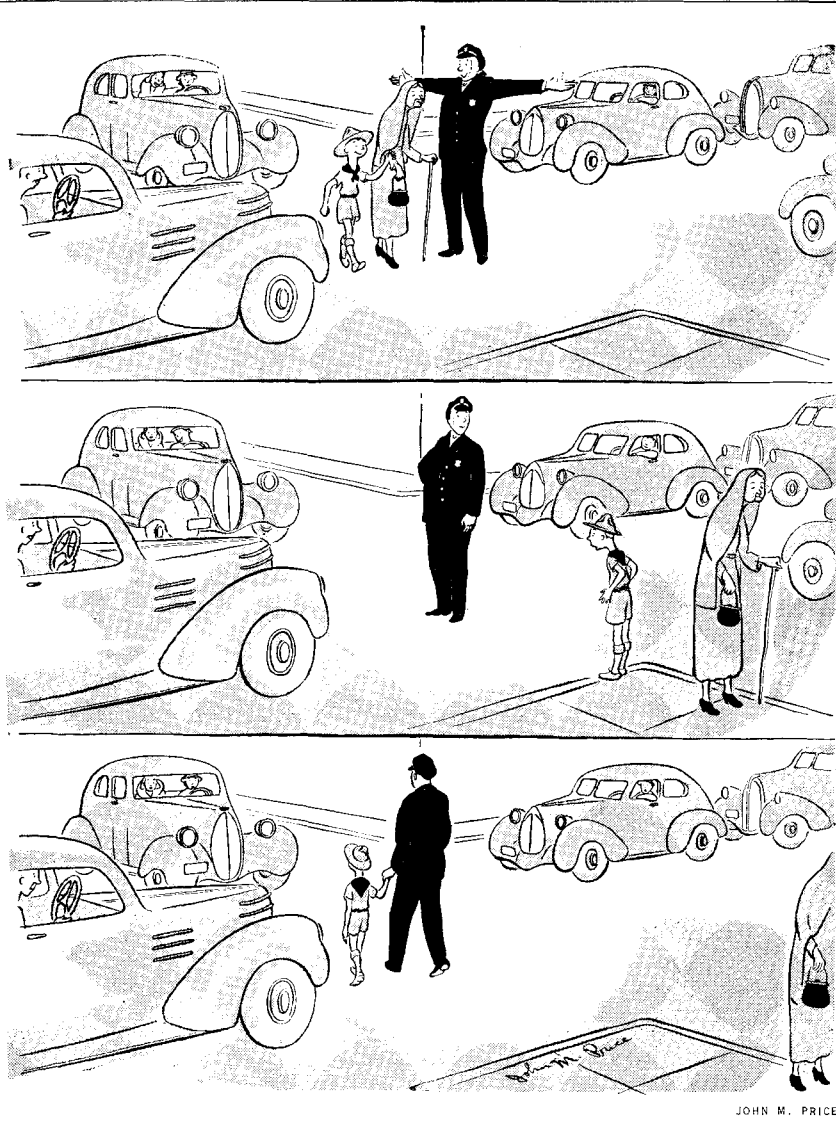
To include any exercise at all in the

twenty-four hours she formed the habit of rising early and taking a long walk about the streets or into the eucalyptus-shaded roads of the Presidio before breakfast. At half past seven o'clock and at eight there was plenty of activity everywhere: cable cars were packed, modest little motors were racing downtown, the bay was plowed with traffic and every apartment-house doorway in the humbler steep streets that descended to the Marina was the setting for wives, babies and children waving goodbye to Daddy. Across the Golden Gate Bridge a steady trail of cars silhouetted themselves against the sky; the fishing fleet was long in, but a straggling boat here and there pushed against the outrunning tide, and sometimes Cherry stopped at a high hill corner and looked down at an ocean liner, coming in from China or Hawaii or Mexico, or the colliers and freighters and lumber and wheat barges that were always nosing up and down the coast.

IN THE freshness and sparkle of these winter mornings life seemed exhilarating enough; the gardens of Officers' Row in the Presidio sparkling with dew, sidewalks and steps splashed with water and brooms going busily. But after her breakfast the warmth and torpidity of the Porter mansion enveloped her again like a stupefying drug; her head would grow heavy; the scent of the freesias and roses and violets in the house was too strong; by noontime she would feel only a desperate need for sleep.

"I wonder," she wrote Anita, "how long this could go on? Emma—that's my old nurse, you know—has been in one job or another like this for years and years. Well, anyway, I got my first pay yesterday and I'm going to buy myself a hat I saw on Polk Street. My love to everyone, Madeleine especially, and Elizabeth and all the Sisters and girls."

(To be continued next week)



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## She'd Rather Be Irish

Continued from page 11



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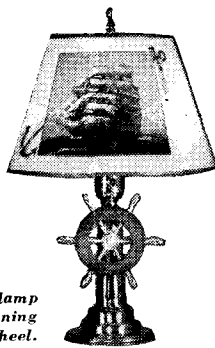
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rebellion in Dublin and its aftermath without feeling the effects. She was born in 1914, the daughter of a lawyer who took no part in politics, but everybody was inevitably involved. When the Irish rebelled against the British in 1916, a reign of terror followed that has not been stilled to this day. It was a case of Irish against English and later Irish against Irish. It was often a struggle between brother and brother, family and family, between those who wanted to compromise with Britain and those who wanted complete independence. The period is a saga of bravery and bloodshed and the tension did not slacken for years.

One of her brothers was visiting in the home of a friend when an Irish Republican patrol broke in. They were very polite.

"Don't put yourselves out too greatly," they said, "but get your things together and leave as soon as you can. We have orders to burn this place down."

During that time the Fitzgeralds, grandmother, family and relatives to the number of twenty strong, were all living together in a house outside of Dublin. When another group burst into the house searching for arms, Grandmother never looked up from her writing at a desk in the drawing room. "The keys are up there on the hall table; search all you want," she said, and went on with her scribbling.

In that family group were Uncle Denis Johnston, who later wrote *Moon in the Yellow River*, which was played here with disastrous results by the Theatre Guild, and Aunt Shelah Richards, who was a leading actress at the Abbey Theater. Those were great and stirring days in Dublin but neither revolution, civil war nor terror ever stopped the Abbey. Then and later the plays of Lady Gregory, Yeats, Synge and Sean O'Casey were being done by a company that had no superior on the English-speaking stage. Shelah Richards was a towering figure in the setting and Geraldine naturally turned to acting.

But acting was a serious business and not to be entered into lightly. Before she could even think of stage parts, Aunt Shelah grounded her in the art of speech.

"I had a high-pitched, peep-peep voice," says Fitzgerald, "and Aunt She-

lah taught me as if she were developing a defective child. I had to learn to say my vowels correctly, as if I were learning a new language. Even now my voice is still changing. It gets deeper every picture I do."

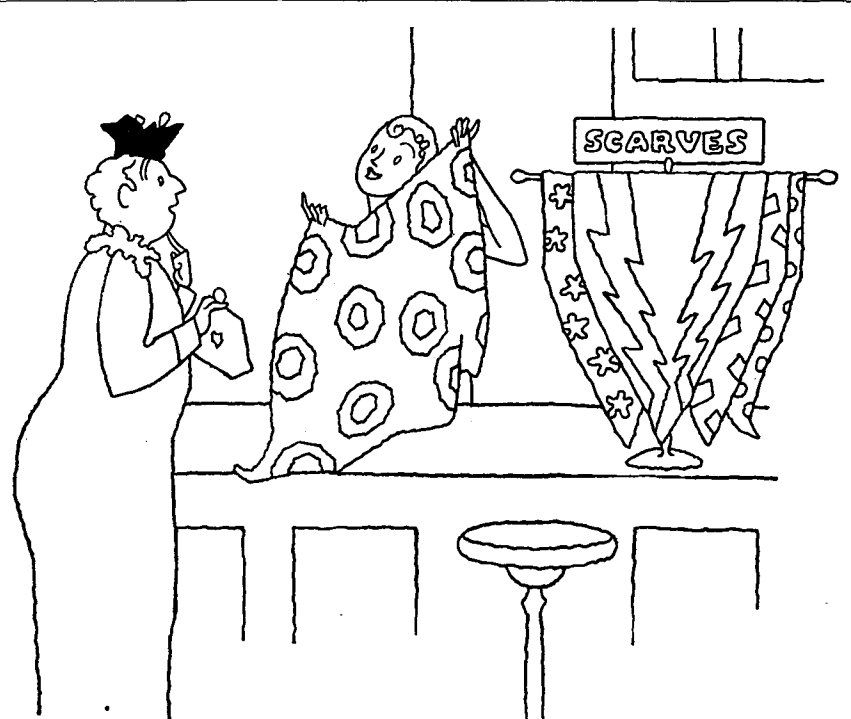
When her instructions reached a point where, without straining, she could be heard in the last seat in the gallery, Aunt Shelah agreed that she was ready for the stage. But not the stage of the Abbey! That was too much like favoritism and besides there was no place for her in that famous group. She went instead to the Dublin Gate Theater, where Hilton Edwards was making his reputation as a director and where Orson Welles at the age of sixteen had appeared several years before and practically torn away the foundations with exhibitions of Shakespeare as never were seen before in this universe.

### An Audience That Could Take It

Both the Abbey and the Gate had small capacities (something around five hundred seats each) and were attended by steady customers who were as spectacular and dramatic as the performers themselves. While the Abbey had been the scene of riots when *The Playboy of the Western World* was first shown, the Gate had to struggle along with several eccentrics who never failed to put on a good show.

"One of them was an old man who insisted on flashing a pocket light at the girls' legs," she says. "He had a field day when we did *Mädchen in Uniform*. The other was an old crone who invariably set up a screeching during the dark scenes. 'I'm being attack-ted!' she would yell, 'I'm being attack-ted!' We'd go right on acting and pay no attention. Even the audience didn't seem to mind."

After two years of repertory at the Gate, during which she played everything from a slavey to a duchess, she got an offer with an English motion-picture company to do *Turn of the Tide*. Later she did *Mill on the Floss* and lived to regret it, for after her success in her American films some enterprising manager dug up this bit of treacle and presented it at a Broadway house, where the

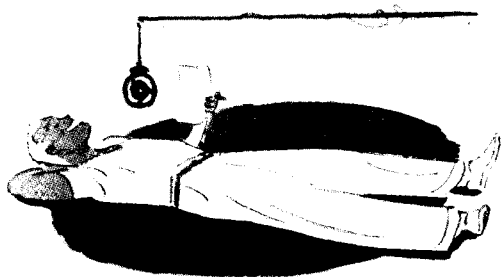


"And should occasion require, it can be worn as a sarong"

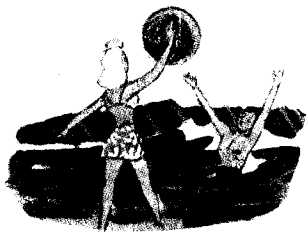
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REMEMBER with what a lavish hand mother used to give her baked beans their savory benediction of molasses? We're *equally* extravagant with the sumptuous sauce of dark, slow-pouring molasses and rare spices that flavors Heinz Oven-baked Boston-style Beans! And we top these mellow, toothsome morsels with generous pieces of juicy pork. Mmmmm—all the haunting flavors of yesterday are captured for you in this mouth-watering dish!

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Old-fashioned, too, is the Heinz method of baking beans. We *oven-bake* 'em—through and through—till every luscious bean reaches the very peak of mealy goodness. Then we sauce 'em four\* ways!

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\*Heinz Oven-baked Beans with molasses sauce and pork, Boston-style.  
Heinz Oven-baked Beans with pork and tomato sauce.  
Heinz Oven-baked Beans in tomato sauce without meat—vegetarian-style.  
Heinz Oven-baked Red Kidney Beans with pork.

# HEINZ

*Oven-Baked*

# BEANS





critics promptly mangled it into small sections of loin and bone.

"One of the worst ever made . . . anywhere," insists Miss Fitzgerald flatly. She may not be good at chitchat but you can bank on her for the truth.

During her early years in Dublin she had toyed with the notion of being a painter and was almost ruined by kind friends who swore that her tiny blobs of color were genius, but she was saved by her art instructor who said only a few words to her at graduation.

"My dear young friend," said the crotchety old gentleman, "have you ever considered matrimony as a career?"

### No Fog, No Rain

It took her years before she got round to following his advice but she is now married to Edward Lindsay-Hogg, a young squire with wampum in the kick. Her Warner contract calls for a six-months vacation every year and they spend it on his estate in Ireland. When they returned last winter, he stayed in New York for a time on business and she continued on to Hollywood, lived in Orson Welles' house and took up her old battles with the studio and the California climate, which she holds is fit only for native sons and cripples.

"No fog, no rain," says Fitzgerald very sensibly. "Who ever heard of a climate without fog and rain?"

It rained for three weeks straight soon after her arrival but nobody called her up about it because the news that she doesn't like to be razed had spread, and besides the information had leaked out that the Lindsay-Hoggs were about to have an addition to the family. Miss Fitzgerald met the sentimental coos that followed the publication of this report with a stony glare that froze people as far north as the epiglottis. She is not chummy about her personal affairs.

Because she was bumped around a bit in an automobile accident when she was a child, she fears to learn to drive one. She shocked everybody in Los Angeles County by hiring a woman as chauffeur.

"Much better drivers," she explained, "and far more careful."

She has no sense of money or possessions whatever and has great trouble with her jewelry. When she mislays a brooch or bracelet her concern is so slight that she would forget it entirely unless somebody brought it back. She hates lap dogs and oysters. She is extremely ambitious about her career.

"I don't know why anybody wants to be modest about it," she says. "If you're human at all, you surely want to be good at what you're doing."

Lately she was engaged with a little slice of chaos called Till We Meet Again, which is a remake of the old success One-Way Passage, but she seemed reconciled rather than elated over the affair. To get her into the script at all it was necessary to create a new character.

"Maybe I'm intruding," she said ironically.

Her ambition is to play serious emotional roles and that isn't easy at Warner's where Bette Davis is still regarded as a fair actress. But if she doesn't get a chance at those parts she certainly isn't going to let anybody make a glamor girl of her. She is willing to pose for pictures but she can't be pushed around.

She likes drive-in hamburger stands and open-air markets and she is invariably nice to clerks and stenographers. She still paints for her own amusement and can tinkle the piano when the mood hits her. She is Irish to the last degree, but she is not superstitious and always walks under ladders. Geraldine Fitzgerald is her real name and she is not related to Barry Fitzgerald, formerly of the Abbey Theater, for the simple reason that Barry Fitzgerald's real name is Barry Shields.

Warners know that she is determined to be a great screen actress, but they also remember that you only have to mention Dublin and she immediately starts looking up train schedules for New York.

They have a little gag about it out there in Burbank.

"If walking on the water ever comes back in style," they say, "it will be goodby Fitzgerald. She's been back and forth over that ocean so often she could find Cobh with her eyes closed."

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**YOU GET MORE PLEASURE  
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deficiency diseases—and helped make the South public-health problem No. 1.

The reason the South didn't grow vegetables, delegates knew, was because of the vast array of plant diseases ready to pounce on any crop planted. Winters aren't severe enough to kill organisms left in the ground from year to year. If these diseases could be whipped the South might be plowed into a gigantic new truck garden for the nation. New crops would attract new industries—principally canning. And a better diet would be provided for the home folks.

These arguments were winning. Vegetables it would be, said the delegates. By vote they selected specific problems, and decided the laboratory should devote its time and attention to tomatoes, cabbage, beans, watermelons, peas and sweet corn. Bacteriologists, pathologists and chemists would study the specific diseases that attacked these crops, and botanists and geneticists would see what they could do about breeding resistant strains. Dr. Bryan L. Wade, bushy-haired young West Virginian, took charge. He had bred hardy peas in Mexico for commercial seed companies and had worked all over the United States for the Department of Agriculture.

Understand a little bit about crossing plants, before we get along to individual research problems. In producing hybrid corn, tassels (the male organs) and silks (female) must be protected to prevent haphazard fertilizations. A paper bag clamped over the tassel and a glassine envelope over the silk gives this protection. When one stalk is to be crossed with another, pollen is shaken from the tassel and dusted over the silk of the second. With beans the problem is slightly different. The bud, which contains both male and female parts, is opened with tweezers. Next it is castrated—by removal of stamens. Pollen taken from another plant is dropped into the bud, which is then sealed with a glassine bag.

### Design for a New Melon

One of the first jobs undertaken at Charleston was production of a completely new watermelon. The watermelon needed redesigning. It was too big. The usual melon shipped by the South weighed 40 pounds—too bulky to fit in the refrigerator of the average family. Furthermore, the commercial watermelon needed more sugar. These were consumer problems. Producer problems were even larger.

There are a number of diseases that prey on the South's watermelon belt—which produces over 30 million melons a year—but *Fusarium wilt* is the biggest problem. This fungus disease is carried by seeds. Surface water spreads the fungi from one field to another, and melon patches are known to have been contaminated by mud carried on shoes. The fungus survives in the soil as long as twenty years.

Wilt is a dramatic performer. It stops the circulatory system of the plant and whole fields die overnight. In one Iowa area formerly devoted to watermelons, 90 per cent of the acreage has been abandoned. Florida growers partially escape ravages of the disease by planting only in virgin soil.

The first step in breeding the desired small, resistant melon was to get word out to plant explorers. Seeds began to arrive, particularly from old countries like China, Persia and Africa, home of the watermelon. Plants that have survived a thousand or so years in such places have high disease resistance.

## Vegetable Gems

Continued from page 24

Turkey sent citrons, watermelon relatives, whose preserved rind is used in fruitcakes. They are almost immune to wilt diseases. Working outside in summer and in greenhouses in winter, the plant breeders made over 300 watermelon crosses. They have produced a small melon that survives in heavily contaminated soil. As it stands today it needs more sugar. This quality will be added and then the country should have a new dessert: a small, sweet melon not much larger than a good-sized honeydew—a tough customer that the farmer can plant without fear.

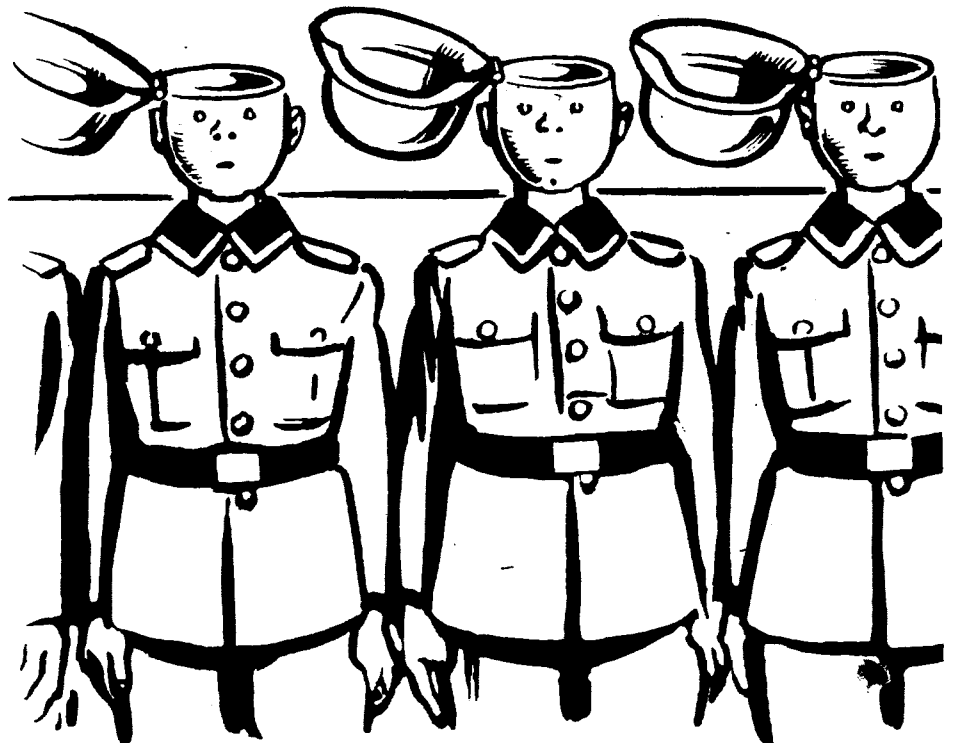
Corn is another problem in the South—as everyone knows who has eaten it south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Corn-eat worms attack sweet corn to such an extent that farmers cannot plant this crop. So they plant field corn, gather it in the milk stage and pass out for hu-

man consumption a corn meant for horses. It is tough and tasteless—so tough and tasteless that not even the ear worms will eat it.

The breeder's problem here is to get a corn that will have the ear-worm resistance of field corn and the sweetness of Northern eating corn.

A crop grown in a greenhouse patch this winter is sweet and toothsome. Worms attack only the tips of the ears. It should be ready after about two more generations. Then the precious seeds—worth several times their weight in gold—will go into "increase plots." From these plots bushels of seeds will go out to state stations for further increase, and eventual distribution to farmers.

One of the luckiest happenings in the history of the laboratory came on Thanksgiving Day, a year ago. In a few hours' time thermometers plunged down



## COCKTAIL HOU

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND  
SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO



52 degrees to a point well below freezing, and stayed there for about a week. All vegetable crops in the neighborhood were frozen out. Dr. Wade went out to examine a four-acre field of peas that should have been destroyed too. Far the greater part of the crop was gone. But in the middle of the field a few score plants were upright, uninjured! Had the plant breeders accidentally hit upon a cross that would withstand severe frosts? It looked that way. Both parents of the cross were dead, so cold resistance appeared to be something new to the line.

This set the breeders off on a new tack. The idea of a cold-resistant pea had engaging possibilities. It meant that winter vegetable crops could be pushed farther north and that large new areas could be opened for planting. It also meant that instead of planting in the Mid-South on January first, plantings could be made several weeks earlier. This would get crops to market earlier, while prices were still high.

In order to be able to produce any temperatures wanted, Dr. Wade built a special refrigeration apparatus. Cool-

ing coils are built into a box which is placed over the plants. The compressor is carried on a trailer. Thus, at any time of the year, artificial frosts can be produced to test hardiness of new strains. Seeds of this new stock have already gone out to state stations for additional testing. While this project doesn't necessarily promise February peas at July prices, such a thing is a distinct possibility.

#### Rebuilding the Tomato

Tomatoes, favorite crop of home gardeners, are getting a great deal of attention at the Charleston laboratory. Chief reason for this is that in the thirteen Southern states this crop is subject to a host of diseases—nailhead blight, root rot, mosaic disease and others. Shippers are handicapped by the fact that inroads of disease cut the harvest season to three weeks, whereas Northern and Western farmers enjoy a six-weeks harvest season. At the end of three weeks, diseases have so damaged plants that fruit is valueless in the market.

At the outset, plant explorers began sending tomato seeds from Afghanistan, India and elsewhere. A special expedition went out to South and Central America. Plants grown from seeds that came back produced fruit that only the trained eye would recognize as tomatoes. Some were pear-shaped. Others grew fuzzy; and still others were greenish little knots no larger than marbles. Some had white stripes, and others grew in clusters like grapes. But each one had some desirable characteristic.

The 12-acre tomato patch on the farm probably contains the greatest variety of tomatoes ever assembled on earth. Hundreds of crosses grow in this field. Some are inedible and some hold out no promise. They will be discarded. But one newcomer has great possibilities. Even in the most heavily contaminated fields it survives for four weeks. That extra week in the market will mean hundreds of thousands of dollars for shippers of early tomatoes. This tomato isn't yet ready for general distribution. More tinkering with its chromosomes will make it even more resistant before it is ready for our spring salads.

Every phase of vegetable breeding is being investigated at Charleston. In the bacteriological laboratory, workers are growing the various fungi, bacteria and viruses that raise havoc in the vegetable world. Cultures, artificially produced, are kept on hand to contaminate soil and test resistance of new crosses. An effort is being made to standardize exact doses of bacteria and fungi necessary to produce disease in plants. Armed with this information, plant breeders will have a measure of immunity—something like the Schick test, which offers a measuring stick for diphtheria immunity in children.

Greenhouses, models of efficiency, have elaborate temperature and humidity controls and are equipped with lights for growing plants at night. Soil sterilizers are used to kill off any unwanted organisms in the ground.

Implications of the work are large. Even such a modest achievement as a cold-resistant cabbage would defray cost of the work many times over. If research at the laboratory can cut the enormous toll taken by disease in the vegetable world, that is tantamount to saying that farmers can produce more food while expending no greater amount of labor. This means lower prices. It means better diet for the South, and benefits to the nation as a whole. It even has its implications for the sadly beset home gardener now planting his annual forage crop for the insects. Provided with disease-resistant varieties, he might be able to grow tomatoes as large as derby hats, and cabbages as beautiful as orchids.

*He tells how he  
climbed the Alps...  
BUT*

HE GETS DIZZY  
ON A STEPLADDER



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## **—the Harder They Fall**

**By Dan Parker**

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE PRICE

**Fight fans are resigned to bigger and better atrocities as managers scurry about for the man who can lick Joe Louis. They know from experience what they're in for**

**H**UNDREDS of fight managers, less concerned about the supremacy of the white race than they are about the slimness of their own wallets, are turning the world upside down these days, looking for a man to beat Joe Louis. For such a prodigy there awaits untold wealth, which, of course, his discoverer will cheerfully share with him on a 50-50 basis (if the lad doesn't stand on his legal rights and demand his 66⅔ per cent).

Whence Louis' eventual conqueror will spring up is, naturally, a secret buried somewhere in the uncut pages of history. But, as a laborsaving measure, the Launfals of pugilism would do well to avoid certain territory in their quest—ground that has been proved as barren of fighting material as the Vassar daisy chain.

For the guidance of managers only recently arrived in the racket who haven't yet learned to find their way around, the following list of "Don'ts" has been prepared by a committee of disillusioned veterans:

1. Don't waste any time on strong men. They all have weak chins.
2. Beware the bulbous babies of the wrestling mat. Their bark is worse than their bite.
3. Look out for motormen from the County Roscommon. They drop in their tracks at the sound of a gong.
4. Don't pick 'em for displacement. A 250-pound Hercules becomes a drug on the market when he has to be "drug" to his corner.
5. Never mind how much they look like Dempsey until you've made sure they don't take a punch like Phil Scott.

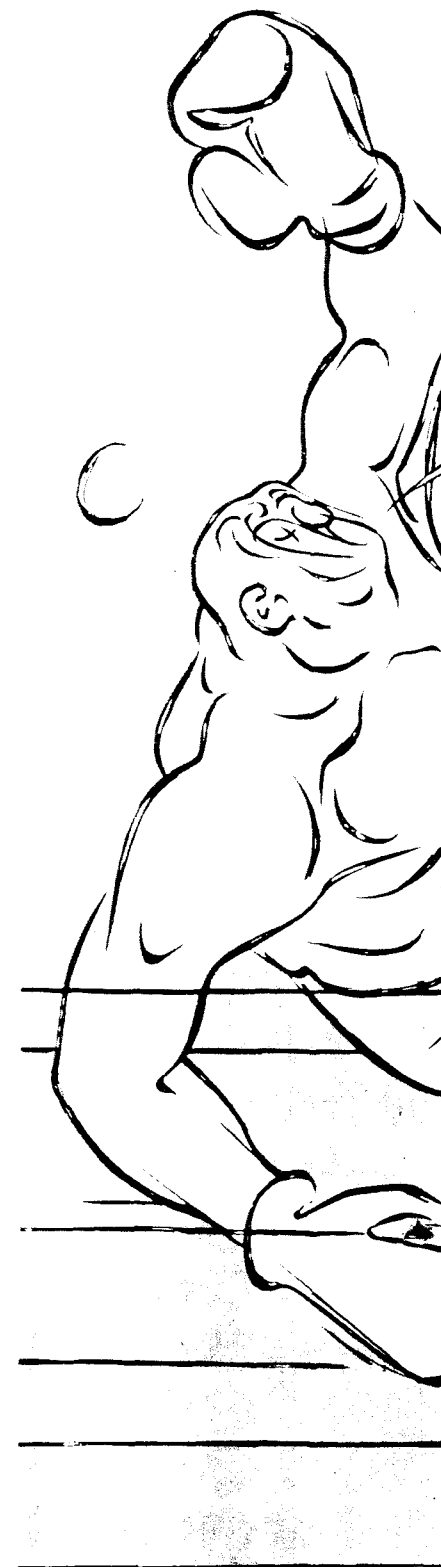
So desperate is the need for a good heavyweight contender that recently an overgrown middleweight like Billy Conn was hailed as the savior of heavyweight competition. (You will note that he

wasn't called the hope of the white race. White hopes went out with the end of Jack Johnson's reign and won't come back as long as Louis conducts himself so well in and out of the prize ring. With Joe on the throne, the dear old white race requires practically no saving by those sterling and unselfish patriots, the fight managers.)

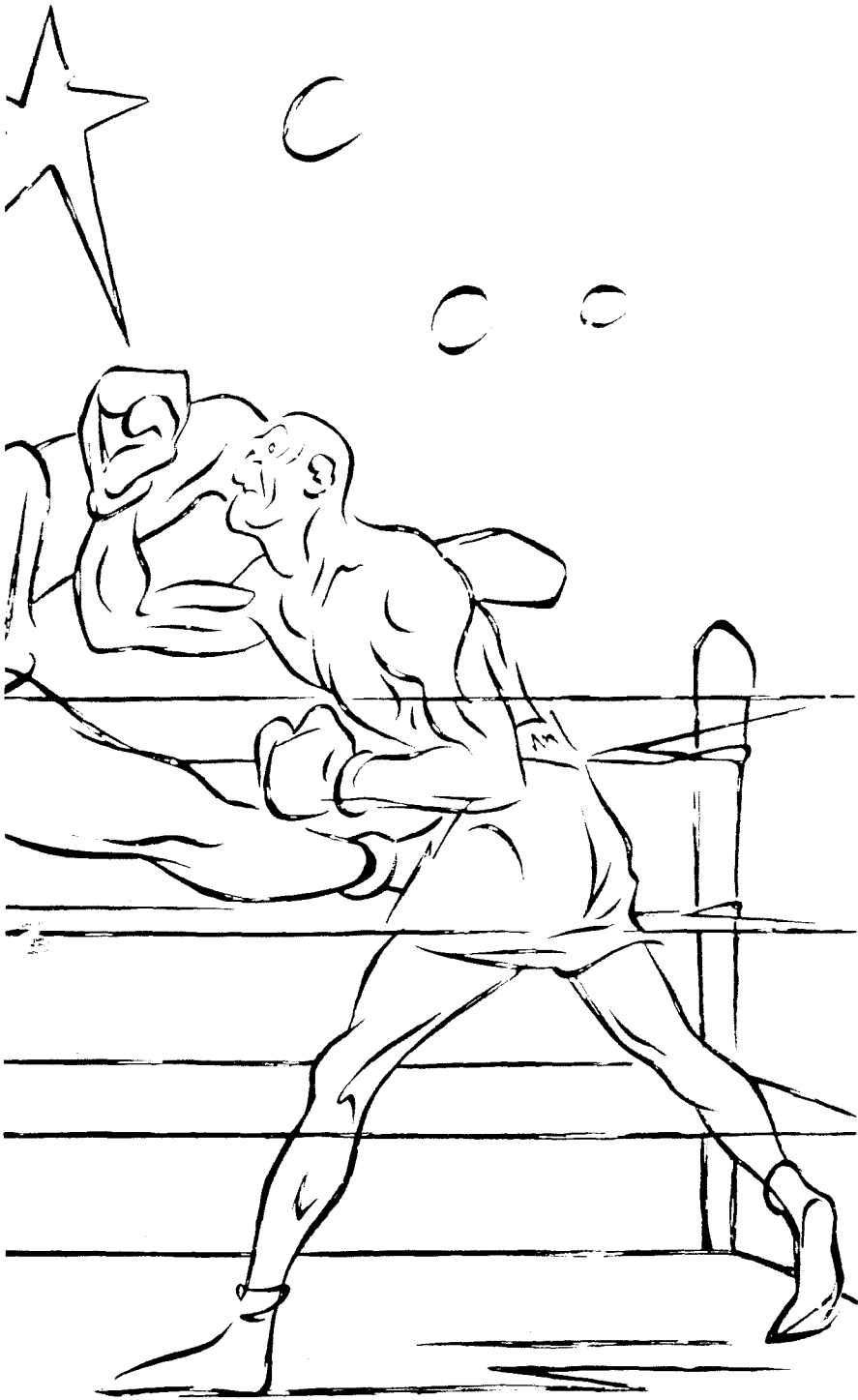
Even the unskilled Edward Patrick Comiskey, who make hothouse headlines with their crude conquests over still cruder opponents, are grasped at like a straw in a mass drowning. In such a depleted market, every prospect seen through rose-colored glasses, and false alarms will be as plentiful as on a firebug's holiday.

There is little chance, however, that even in the present bull market for cauliflower, no such pugilistic atrocity as Karl Breitbart will be perpetrated on a manager or his public.

Karl, a German strong man, was a vaudeville performer when Mushky







Jackson, the Mr. Malaprop of the fight racket, caught his act at the Palace. Standing six feet four inches and weighing 245 pounds, not an ounce of which was fat, Karl was a muscle mountain.

He was so strong, in fact, that it wasn't considered safe to leave him alone lest he do himself bodily harm. One of his favorite feats of strength was to chain himself to the backs of two automobiles and command the drivers to give 'em full speed ahead. The wheels would spin until the air reeked with burning rubber but Karl wouldn't budge an inch.

As the climax of his act, Breitbart would lie down, put a slab of granite on his chest and command a couple of husky laborers to break the rock with sledge hammers. With mighty blows that made the audience block its ears and shudder, they would convert the slab into taprock without so much as exacting an eyelash bat from the prostrate iron man.

"There's the next world's champeen or

**Managers ought to have learned by now that the muscle men and oversize heavies are push-overs**

"I'm a toikey buzzard!" raved Mushky as he caught the act from an upper box, and before Breitbart could pick even the larger chunks of granite out of his hirsute chest, Mushky was backstage, plying him with a sales talk and a contract.

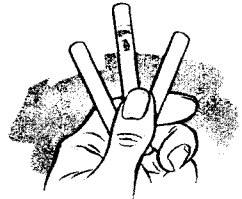
"It's a cinch," he told Breitbart. "Dempsey is on the brink of an abscess and we're the ones that's goin' to shove him over. I'll enter you in the heavy-weight illumination tourney and you'll be declared the logical pretender by the commission before the summertime comes."

Breitbart, a modest fellow at heart who was at the moment contemplating a suit for plagiarism against Hercules,

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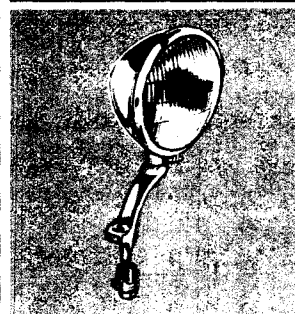
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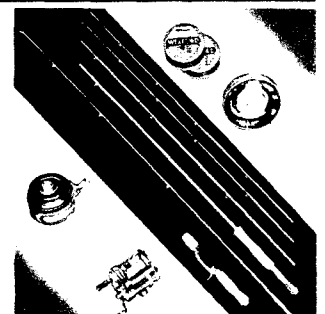
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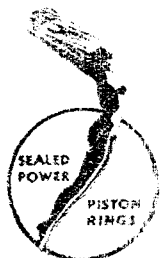
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BEST IN THE CAR BUSINESS

Paul Bunyan and several other interlopers, reprimanded Mushky for so grossly understating his chances and signed the contract.

"Who do I knock out first, boy?" he demanded.

"Foist you gotta train a little and go on the road," explained Mushky. "Come down to the gym-a-nasium tomorrow and do a little boxing."

Though Breitbart thought the thing to do would be to sign up for a fight with Jack Dempsey without further preparation, he finally agreed to go through the training ritual, to humor Manager Jackson.

"The Great Breitbart is always in condition," said he, throwing a 48-inch chest in Mushky's mush, and bending a railroad spike into a letter "W."

### Surprise for Mr. Mushky

Convinced that he had just signed himself into a lifetime of "sea-lion steak t'ree inches t'ick" with gravy enough to lubricate all his vests, Mushky went over to Jersey City to confer with a fight promoter known affectionately as Sam the Horse Thief because he had never stolen a horse in his life, having no use for the animals since he lost a fortune betting on them.

"Dig me up a guy that ain't too good," said Mushky. "A trial horse, if you know what I mean."

"No smott cracks about the hosses," said Sam the Horse Thief. "Who is this bum of yours?"

"It's Breitbart the Strong Man," said Mushky. "He has stones cracked on his chest."

"Don't tell me the bum's got gall-stones," said Sam sharply. "I don't want no bum dyin' in no ring on me, d'y'unastan'?"

Mushky explained it was a vaudeville act, not a disease, with Breitbart, and Sam promised he'd disinter a suitable opponent for him for the following Tuesday night.

"That's fine," said Breitbart when Mushky told him the news. "I lay off the first three days of the week and play the last half in Rochester. It will be a nice holiday for me. I hope I don't hurt this fellow too much. By the way, what is his name?"

"What's the difference what his name is?" said Mushky. "You know what his name will be when you pop him on the chin."

"You are right, young man," said Breitbart, picking up one of the touring cars used in his act and holding it at arm's length.

Breitbart skipped rope a little, took a few elementary lessons in boxing from sparring partners who, if they knew anything about boxing themselves, wouldn't be sparring partners, and was off to Jersey City with his manager the following Tuesday evening. He and Mushky saw a poster advertising the fight on a billboard outside the ferry station, and learned for the first time that their opponent was to be a Kid Stone.

"Stone? Humph! I smash him to pieces!" snorted Breitbart.

"You'll get him off your chest in one round," agreed Mushky.

To frighten Stone into submission before the battle started, Mushky called at his dressing room, dropped a few subtle remarks about Breitbart's strength and inquired of the victim if he carried life insurance.

"I don't need no life insurance," snarled Stone, not a bit frightened, and Mushky retreated, wondering.

It was one of the shortest fights on record. When the bell rang, Breitbart came out of his corner as if entering from stage left and ready to take a bow. What he took was a terrific overhand right that Stone brought up from the floor and planted on the Iron Man's jaw,

just where it curves up to meet the socket. Breitbart spun around twice, teetered from left to right a few times and then fell to the mat like one of his granite slabs.

The referee had to go into higher mathematics to find a count long enough to fit Herr Breitbart's case of unconsciousness. When finally revived, he gurgled: "That dummkopf missed the slab and hit me with the sledge hammer. Donnerwetter, I fire him from the act!" He returned to vaudeville the next day and Mushky, his dream of "sea-lion steaks" shattered, collected his \$20 purse and went back to his herring-and-potato diet to brood over the cruelty of fate.

Teddy Sandwina was another professional strong man with a weak chin whom a manager mistook for a second Dempsey. Son of the famous Kate Sandwina, who was billed for years in the circus and vaudeville world as the world's strongest woman, Teddy, like his discoverer, thought ability to lift weights indicated fighting talent. In the post-Tunney era, poor Teddy took many a shellacking before returning to his first love and at last accounts was a strong man for a circus, ready to fight anyone who suggested that he go back to fighting.

Hans Steinke, still wrestling under the name of the German Oak (probably because when he gets his orders from the promoters he always says "Oke!"), is another disillusioned strong man. Hans is a fierce-looking Prussian giant, ideally built for fighting. He stands six feet four, weighs about 240 and looks as if he could tear a grizzly bear apart.

### No Business for Wrestlers

It has long been contended by those who know their wrestling that Hans is one of the best of the lot and could throw at least six of the current eight world's champions with the handcuffs removed all around. But, whatever his ability as a wrestler, he proved a terrific flop as a fighter. As a build-up they picked a couple of tankers for Hans at the Ridgewood Grove club in Brooklyn's German colony and he scored one-round knockouts, as they were humorously called. But in his first shooting match on the coast, he was flattened with a single punch by a colored fighter.

Another wrestler who tried to turn fighter with disastrous results was Frank Gotch, the last convincing world's champion. Frank changed his name to Frank Kennedy during the gold-rush days and fought several tune-up bouts in the mining camps of the Klondike, back in 1901. When he met Frank Slavin with the marbles up, Gotch was laid low in three heats and returned to the rowdy rasslin' racket where the only ones who suffer are the members of the audience.

Strangler Lewis was another wrestler who fizzled as a fighter.

If the searching manager finds a fine broth of a boy acting as chauffeur of one of New York's rapidly disappearing (but slowly passing) trolley cars, he is warned to take heed, lest he be encouraging another Jim Coffey (Lord bechune us and all harm!). Coffey was the Jack Doyle of his day except that his career wasn't dedicated, as is Jack's, to Cupid. Coffey had all the Irish in New York thinking they had another Tom Sharkey to root for until he walked into Frank Moran's Mary Ann one night in the old Madison Square Garden and dropped as if hit by a Third Avenue tram.

"I declare to the Lord," said a County Roscommon man in describing the knockout afterward, "Moran had like to kill the poor boy dead when he left him have it."

The late Tom O'Rourke, despite his sixty years of experience in boxing, stretching back into the London prize-ring days, fell for an Irish giant y-clept



Pat Redmond. This pugilistic surprise, a prognathic creature with huge hands and feet characteristic of the pituitary condition known as acromegaly, weighed close to 300 pounds and was six feet six inches tall.

But, despite his ferocious aspect, he was as mild-mannered as a lambkin and had a voice as soft as the spot O'Rourke had in his heart for Irish fighters. At the time when Primo Carnera, another freak in the same physical category, was being built up for the heavyweight title he was to win later through the most notorious tanker build-up in all pugilistic history, O'Rourke brought Redmond to America and announced he had found the heir to John L. Sullivan's mantle.

#### A Big Night—for Primo

Alas, poor Pat! In one of the few authentic fights of his career, he suffered the supreme humiliation of being knocked out by Primo in one round. It was a stifling hot summer's night back in 1931 at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, and thousands of Irishmen swarmed into the park to see Pat restore the prestige of the race that wrote such brilliant chapters into pugilistic history.

The fight was over almost before it got under way. Primo, despite his other shortcomings, was game. Poor Pat wasn't. It was a question whether he would collapse of fright before Primo could club him with one of his crude roundhouses. Probably a combination of the two did for Pat before the fight was two minutes old.

O'Rourke, disillusioned, let the big fellow lie where he dropped and the Irish fans decided he was an impostor from Australia, masquerading as an

Irishman. Everyone agreed that at least he was masquerading as a fighter.

"They drugged him," said O'Rourke later.

"Yeah!" agreed Good Time Charley Friedman of Primo's staff. "They drugged him to his corner after he was counted out!"

As the knights-errant of boxing wander around in search of a dragon who can slay Joe Louis, they'll tilt their lances at many a Redmond, Breitbart, Sandwina and Steinke, but, if they want to save themselves headaches, time and money, they'll make a wide detour around:

(a) Second-edition Atlases who can lift 500-pound dumbbells but can't lick 200-pound ones.

(b) Hamdonnies with the Dempsey scowl and the Tunney stance but the Big Peterson squat.

(c) Fugitives from side-show platforms whose conception of footwork is something turned out by a custom shoe-maker on a size 18 last.

(d) Spurious Irishmen who claim they're County Down men but are down and out men when hit on their hair-trigger Wyoming jaws.

(e) Wrestling mastodons who thrive on the spurious torture of the mock mat wars but dive when caressed with an exploratory left jab.

The man who licks Louis must have heart, jawbone, sock and noodle. And when the lucky stiff who is destined to make a fortune managing him unearths this pugilistic nugget, it is quite possible that he won't look like a Dempsey or a Sullivan because world champions, Max Schmeling excepted, have a peculiar habit of looking like no one but themselves.



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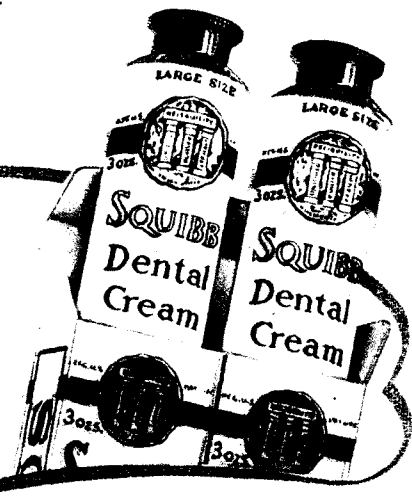


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## The Beautiful People

Continued from page 14

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tail-end hook, catch the green and then roll into the sand trap. The man playing with her sliced savagely and strode off the fairway toward the barranca. Steve smiled and waited and watched Iris walking. At the edge of the green she stopped and looked at him with astonishment.

"Steve!" she exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing here?"

He grinned and pointed at the ball in the trap. "What are you doing in there?" he asked.

They shook hands warmly. She asked him questions about himself and about Spain that he had no time to answer. He was satisfied to listen and think how beautiful she was with a deep sun tan. "I feel so grand," she was saying. "Steve, for the first time in my life I'm actually going to do something I'll get paid for, to earn some money. I'm going to star in a picture!"

"How do you know you can act?" he asked.

"Wait and see!" she said. "I don't know, but I'm going to find out."

Steve took the 5-iron out of her hand and swung it with one arm. "Honey," he said, "you're still crazy, but I still love you, maybe because I'm crazy too. But you shouldn't be an actress. They know you can't act. They're just going to cash in on your publicity. Don't be a sucker."

Her smile was gone; her tone was cool and firm. "I suppose," she said, "you want me to marry you—and go fishing the rest of my life."

She took a niblick from the caddy and slid down into the sand pit.

She swung, viciously, and missed. Steve grinned and walked back toward the clubhouse with his hands in his pockets.

The next time he saw her was in the Trocadero, but all he got for his smile was a cool nod. She was with the same man who had sliced his ball all over the golf course, a tall Latin with great white teeth, too perfect to be human, and a body born to rumba. Steve sat alone and watched them dance. A shimmering columnist shaped like a parsnip came over and asked in a hushed voice, "Is it true that you and Iris Tennant have broken your engagement over her career?"

"What do you care?" Steve said. The parsnip tittered. "There are thirty million people who do!" she exclaimed.

STEVE swallowed his Scotch. "I'll go and find out," he said, and walked away from the table.

In the Pine Knot Hamburger Nook he climbed on a stool and ordered coffee.

It was two o'clock. The waiter emptied the nickels from the cash pans of the pin-and-marble machines. Steve watched him stack the coins in piles of twenties. The door opened so quietly that neither of them heard it. When the gust of night air fanned his cheek Steve looked up. The girl stood a moment in the doorway and then advanced two indecisive steps. She was slight and dark and very pretty and in her right hand was a little nickel-plated .32.

"Just put the money in the bag and hand it over," she said in a tight voice.

The waiter started scooping the stacks of nickels into the canvas money sack. "Okay," he said.

"How much have you got there?" she asked.

"About eleven bucks."

"All I want is eight."

"Okay," he said, and left three stacks standing on the counter. Then he tossed

the sack toward her in answer to her gesture. She caught it deftly, and slowly began backing toward the door. As she backed away, she neared Steve. He was looking at the revolver. "Aren't you going to rob me?" he said. "I've got about four hundred bucks on me."

"Shut up!" she said.

"That gun," he said, "you've got the safety on. You can't shoot anybody with the safety on." As she glanced down at the gun, he reached over and took it out of her hand. Swiftly he broke the gun and then handed it back to her with a short laugh. "Bandit with an empty gun," he said. Then he caught her arm swiftly as she whirled and tried to reach the door. "You're under arrest," he said, "for impersonating a thief."

Still holding her arm, though she did not struggle, he tossed a twenty-dollar bill on the counter. "Forget it," he said to the waiter, who looked on with bleak disinterest. "Keep the change."

"Okay," the waiter said.

Steve pushed the girl in front of him through the door. "What you need is a drink," he said.

She said nothing as he drove along, but sat stiffly, staring straight through the windshield, her lips held tightly together. In an obscure booth in Dave Chasen's he ordered two brandies and when they arrived he said to the girl, "What's your name?"

"Roberta Hilton," she said in a dull voice, "and look—if you're going to turn me in to the police, go ahead and do it, and get it over. If you're not, what do you want?"

"Go ahead and run," he said, "you got your nickels."

She gave him a hard look and then her face relaxed slowly. "I'm sorry," she said, and tasted the brandy.

"That's more like it," Steve said.

handing her a cigarette. "I like lunatics. I'm crazy myself."

"I guess I am crazy," she said, and her voice, now it was low-pitched, was lovely.

"Why did you want only eight dollars?" he asked.

"To dye my hair blond."

The color was back in her face and she was prettier than in the hamburger stand. "That sounds silly," she went on. "But it's true. You see, I want the part of Frances in *Nor All Your Tears*. You know the book? Well, Joseph Hoff is making a picture out of it. Of course you know?"

"I've been away," Steve said. "I don't know anything."

"WELL," she went on, "it's a wonderful part. I'm that girl. I have to play it. If I can play anything, that's it. I'd know if I played that girl whether I'm lousy or not."

"What's that got to do with your hair?" he asked.

"She has to be blond. In this town they can't imagine anything. They've got to see it. Two and two is four here. But if I took a test for that part I know I could get it. If I didn't—well, that would be that."

Steve downed his brandy. "So to get in a movie, you took a chance on getting five years in San Quentin?"

"Yes."

Steve ordered two more brandies and thought about it. When he finished the drink he said, "Okay, Roberta, I'm on your side. You're going to get that part, if it can be had. But I know what makes a celebrity tick. You got to be somebody, and to become somebody, you've got to be seen with somebody. Do you get the idea?"

She shook her head.

"All right," he said. "I'm Steve Car-

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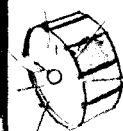
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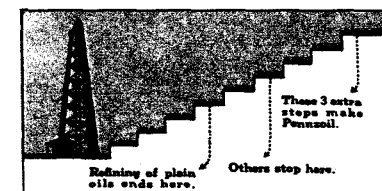
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nahan. If you're seen with me that's like being seen with forty million dollars. That'll make a celebrity out of anybody. We'll smear ourselves all over this town like greaspaint and you'll be famous enough in two weeks to get that test in two minutes. Now do you catch on?"

"Yeah," she said, "but I can't do it." Steve smiled. "Will you give it a whirl for a couple of nights?" he asked.

She looked at him and then smiled back. "Well, I'll do that," she said. "I owe you something."

They tried it. He bought her orchids and rented a mink coat. They went swimming at Palm Springs and skiing at Big Bear. They bet on the horses with the beautiful names at Santa Anita. Night after night they followed the great-circle route to the syndicated columns from the Café Lamaze to the Clover Club. And Steve was having a grand time. They were photographed and interviewed, and gradually the name Roberta Hilton became one of those symbols of shining ghosts who compose society's chosen people. And only one thing marred this adventure. Instead of orchids, Roberta wanted copies of the current Broadway plays. Instead of drinking she surreptitiously read books that she concealed in her lap. She talked of nothing but Saroyan and George Kaufman, Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell, Steinbeck and Maurice Evans.

AND it was during these lopsided conversations that Steve began again to dream about and long for Iris. Perhaps it was unconsciously this that urged him to direct action. Or maybe it was merely impatience that brought him into the office of Joseph Hoff one day with the question, "Mr. Hoff, what are you going to do about casting the part of Frances in *Nor All Your Tears*?"

"I'm stuck," said Hoff. "I buy this book. I take my New York agent's word for it. It's a best seller. I put two twenty-five-hundred-dollar writers on it. And so what have I got? I got a story about a girl which is blind and has a club foot! Can anybody with a big name play such a part?"

"Nobody with a big name," Steve said. "I'm stuck," Hoff said again.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Steve said. "It's a great book, but it's a gamble. I'll put up a quarter of a million dollars to help finance it, and all I want back is the money I put in."

"You're crazy," Hoff said. "What's that got to do with it," Steve said, "if I've got the quarter of a million?" He tossed the check on Hoff's desk.

"Okay," Hoff said, looking up from the check. "What do you want?"

"I want Roberta Hilton to play Frances."

Hoff winced. "Who is she?" he said. "How do I know she can act?"

"How do I know you can produce?" Steve said. "Take it or leave it."

"I take it, naturally," Hoff said. "Tell her to come right in."

"Thanks, pardner," Steve said. "I don't understand you," Hoff repeated, as Steve turned away.

Steve looked back and laughed. "It's simple as hell," he said, "I'm getting interested in literature." Then he went out to tell Roberta, who was standing in the reception room, too nervous to sit down. "All set," he told her. "You get the test." So for the first time she threw her arms about him and kissed him.

IT TOOK eight weeks to shoot the picture. Roberta worked hard and studied nights. Sometimes Steve sat up in her room and played solitaire while she studied. Sometimes he went out alone. After the Legion fights one night he dropped in at the Club 69. He was dreamily rolling the brandy in his glass

when Jose Amarillo, the rumba dancer, came in with Iris. She was so gorgeous that Steve's heart came to a full stop and only the brandy made it go on beating. As she neared the table he got to his feet. "Darling," he said to her, "you're the most beautiful woman since Aphrodite."

"That's a long time," she said, "but what I wanted to tell you is I think you're a rat."

"In what respect?" Steve asked. Jose looked away and petted his mustache.

"You know perfectly well," she said icily. "You deliberately bought that story. Deliberately to keep me out of the picture."

Steve smiled. "Darling," he said, "I didn't know that was going to be your picture."

"I merely want to repeat that I think you're a rat, a mean, scrawny, night-club rat!"

She walked away, while Jose shrugged and followed her.

Steve sat down and finished his brandy. He needed it. When the waiter brought the check there was a note scrawled at the bottom. It was from Iris and it said, "But don't feel too clever, because I'm playing the lead in Goldstein's new picture that I happen to own myself!"

So the days went by, as they do in Hollywood, shooting schedules and horse races and hang-overs in the sun. *Nor All Your Tears* was finally in the can and Roberta could hardly wait until the preview. But Steve waited. He waited until the night when Iris Tennant was scheduled to make her film debut, and that was the night he also selected for the previewing of his picture.

It was a night filled with stars and searchlight beams. For the first time in his life Steve felt nervous. Roberta was scared and her hand trembled in his as they sat deep in the loges in the darkness and watched the credit titles slowly dissolve into one another. From the very opening shot there was no doubt about the fact that Roberta was a wonderful actress. Even in one of the worst pictures Steve had ever witnessed, she was glorious. And from the opening shot there was no doubt about the fact that it was one of the worst pictures ever to come out of a camera. Only Roberta's performance kept the critics in their seats. After forty-five minutes more people began to arrive, and Joseph Hoff whispered enthusiastically in Steve's

ear: "The critics are coming here from Iris Tennant's picture. She must have a terrible turkey!"

"What do you think that is," Steve asked, pointing at the screen, "a blue-bird?"

"Sure, we got a stinker," Hoff chuckled, "but we got a great little actress. We've got the find of the year."

Steve leaned close to her. "You're in baby," he said, "and this is where I go out." She squeezed his hand but did not take her eyes from the screen, perhaps because she didn't want to miss a nuance of her performance, perhaps because her eyes were filled with tears.

STEVE went down to the Pine Knot and ordered a hamburger with coffee. "What became of that lady thief?" the waiter asked. Steve said dreamily, "She went out and got her hair dyed."

Over the radio came the voice of a news commentator, a voice loaded with suspense and suppressed anxiety: The Finns were falling back. Another U-boat had been sunk. Paris and London awaited bombardment. Steve listened and felt the night air wave across the back of his neck as the door behind him opened. "So Paris is blowing a fuse," he murmured. "I guess I'll have to go over and see that."

"You and me both," said Iris' voice beside him. He whirled on the stool and stared at her. She sat down silently and took a sip of his coffee. "How did you get here?" he asked.

"I followed you, of course."

"How were you?" Steve asked softly.

"Awful."

Steve took a turn at the coffee. "Don't go to Paris," she said. "We might get lost from each other in a black-out."

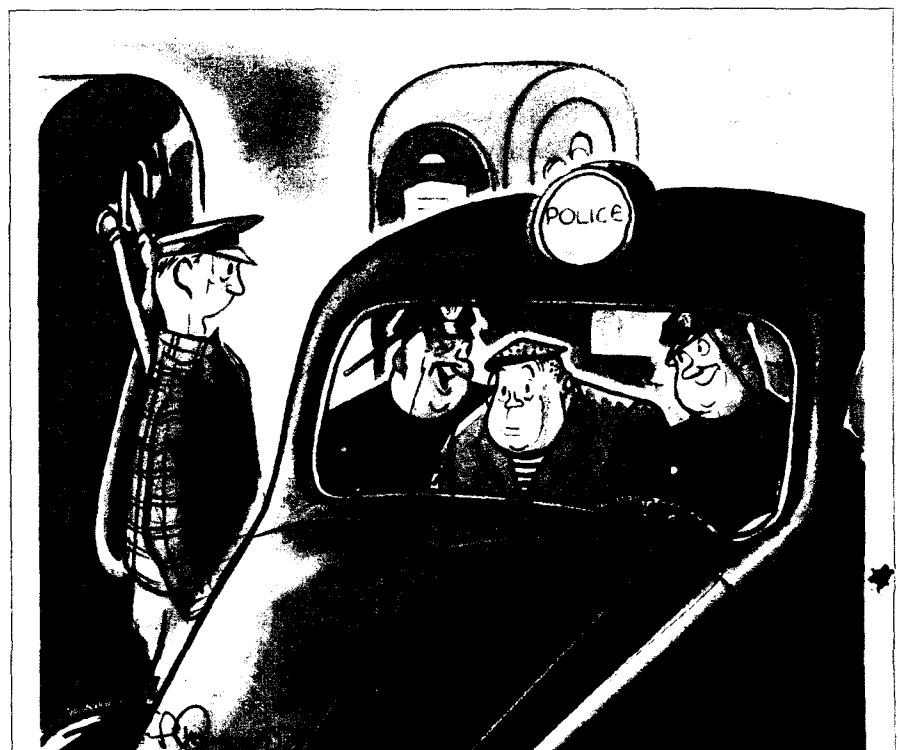
"Okay," he said. "Tahiti, a nice, beautiful place for nice, beautiful, useless people. Let's get married and have some nice, beautiful, useless children and leave them millions of dollars."

"Fine," she said. "I'll do my damndest."

He took her arm and went toward the door. "We'll go to a nice, noisy bar," he said, "and then maybe we'll wake up in Tahiti."

Outside she said, "No, we'll go straight to Tahiti."

"Just one minute," he said, and slid his arms under her fur coat and kissed her. "We got a career, darling," he said, "we got a hell of a career right under our noses."



"Hmm, I don't seem to have any change for the gas, either"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



## Change of Station

Continued from page 12

each troop swinging into a location marked off by its guidon corporal, and picket lines formed and tents sprang up in the day's stormy dusk. The supply train wheeled clumsily to its own camp site. A headquarters detail came back to set up the laundress tents.

The rear guard swept forward, having completed its day-long mission. From the corner of her eyes Gracie Hibben watched Sergeant Ben Wyatt go by, and appeared not to see him. He was an even six feet, with no spare flesh, and he wore his forage cap so far forward on his copper-red head that it touched the bridge of his nose. He was the youngest sergeant in the command, he was ambitious and he thought he was sufficiently tough to whip any man in the regiment. His glance was pointed ahead but Gracie thought: "He sees me and pretends he doesn't." It was one of those things a girl knew.

**T**HE three tents of the laundresses made a short row at the edge of camp and the sheet-iron cookstove was already hot. The guard trumpets sent watering call briskly into the wind and the fires of the troop cooks made bright, wind-raveled stains against the closing dark. Gracie went into the tent she shared with Mesdames Schmitt, Knorr and Crapsey. The regulations merely said there should be two laundresses to each troop, nothing more, but it was an unwritten rule that only sergeants' wives rated the position and therefore they were all sergeants' wives except Gracie who, by arrangement, had circumvented the rule; for Gracie was single.

She relieved Mrs. Schmitt of the baby and wrapped a blanket around it and moved into the wind again, watching Mrs. Knorr cook supper. Mrs. Knorr slowly circled the stove, vainly trying to keep away from the veering smoke, and Mrs. Knorr, who was an old campaigner, let out her vigorous language. Mess call briskly fled with the wind, the guard relief tramped past and the sky closed down and a thousand miles of empty prairie surrounded this lone core of light and comfort. The ladies ate inside the tent, beneath a lantern tied to a tent thong. Gracie held the baby in one arm while Mrs. Schmitt rested herself on a camp chair. Mrs. Schmitt said, "Schmitt's got asthma again from sleepin' with wet feet. He thinks he's still a young buck like Ben Wyatt."

The three older women considered Gracie, each interested by the same thought. They were married women watching a single girl and making their choices for her. Mrs. Schmitt murmured: "A young man. He would be hard to handle."

"Young or old," observed Crapsey's wife, "they're all hard to handle."

Mrs. Knorr spoke up: "With the regiment to choose from, Gracie, you could pick a steadier man. The way he looks at you—it is far from modest."

Gracie said: "How else should a man look at a woman if he wants her?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Knorr, "and how does he want you, Gracie? That is the thing."

Gracie dropped her head and blew softly on the baby's neck, unembarrassed and undisturbed. She was a solid, straight-backed girl whose arms were round and full and the color of cream. Her cheekbones were high and she seldom smiled; her hair, black and heavy, lay neatly to either side of a central part. When the women finished eating, Gracie put the baby on the camp table and changed him, her hand patting his bare middle. She made little sounds with her mouth for his amusement and wrapped

him and put him in Mrs. Schmitt's bed.

Mrs. Knorr said: "What are you doin' here with old women? He'll be by in a minute. He'll just come idlin' by. Go out there and stand as though you didn't care."

Gracie Hibben threw on her coat and moved into the gusty night. Mrs. Crapsey came out to clean up the supper dishes but Gracie was already over the stove with her hands in the cooling dish-water. She washed the tin implements and handed them to Mrs. Crapsey to dry, her glance meanwhile on the camp and the men idling along F Troop's street.

Mrs. Crapsey returned to the tent when that job was done. Gracie Hibben stood by the stove, warming her hands and listening to Mrs. Schmitt and Mrs. Knorr groan and settle on their cots. Mrs. Crapsey was the talkative one and now murmured on and on. Night's muffling, wool-thick darkness closed down, the edge of the wind was constant and keen. She heard a man coming up the slope but she remained by the stove, not looking at him until he was near. It was Dugald Brimmer, one of the privates of F.

Brimmer said: "A long way from home. You lonely, Gracie?"

She couldn't see his face plainly but she knew his eyes would be prying into her and that he would be wondering what she was like and how far a man might go. Some men were simple, like Ben Wyatt, and some hid themselves behind words, as Brimmer did. He talked with the language of an officer and his past was better than the past of most troopers, but it was a past that troubled him and filled him with irony. "No," she said, "I'm not lonely."

"You are," he murmured, "the image of the dark woman who mothers the race, receptive and fertile, bending men to your will because you are a woman—because you know just what men are like."

Boots scuffed rapidly out of the dark and Ben Wyatt's oncoming voice was arrogant in its use of authority: "It's tattoo in five minutes and what are you doin' out here, Brimmer? Go on back to your tent."

"I'll be there when tattoo blows."

"You'll start now."

"Those stripes," said Brimmer, "bother you too much."

"Move on."

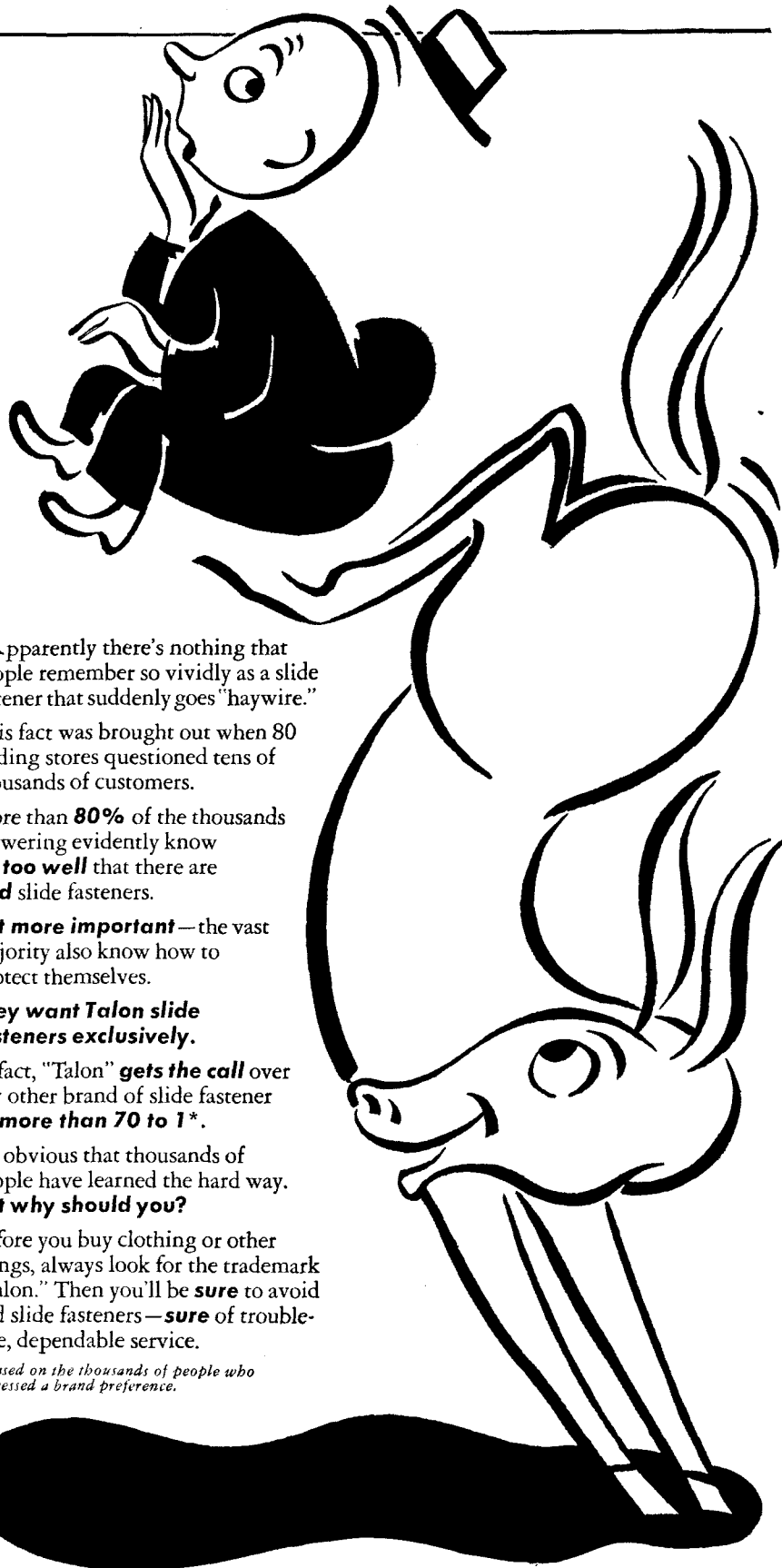
**B**RIMMER'S laughter was a goading echo in the dark as he went down the slope. Gracie Hibben tucked her hands in her coat and moved idly out past the row of laundress tents. Ben Wyatt was beside her, as she knew he would be. He said: "He knows the rule about comin' here. I'll bust that rule into his mouth."

He took her arm, he was arbitrary and certain in everything he did. Tattoo broke across the camp, each note plucked from the trumpet by the wind and thrown wide. Beyond the laundress tents a grove of cottonwoods stood pale against blackness; lights began to die one by one in the camp. Gracie stopped, waiting for him to speak. She was aware of what was in Ben Wyatt's head at this moment and she was not surprised when he pulled her around and kissed her.

The power of his wanting was in his arms and his arms hurt her. This was how a man acted toward a woman if he needed her. He turned her until her back was against a poplar and he pressed against her and then she pushed him away with the strength of her shoulders.

He stood close at hand, baffled and

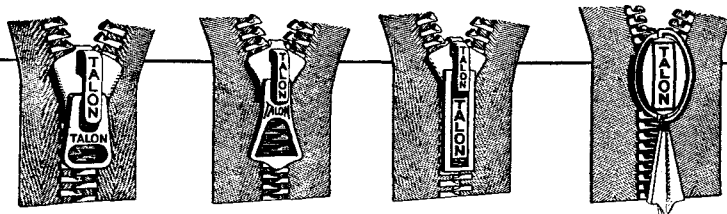
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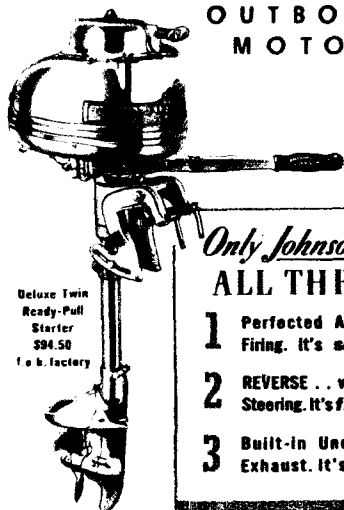
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hot-tempered. "You didn't mind the kiss," he pointed out.

"I didn't mind that," agreed Gracie Hibben. "Good night."

He made a sharp turn on his heels and went down the slope. She wasn't ashamed and she wasn't displeased, but there was a difference between a kiss and the other thing in his head; it would be hard to manage him.

Ben Wyatt came down F's street and heard voices grumbling inside a tent; he heard Brimmer laughing. He put his head through the flap. "Cut out that noise," and he listened to the obstinate silence come back to him. He continued to the sergeants' tent at the head of the street and let himself in. A candle burned on the reversed top of a tin pan and Knorr, who was Ben Wyatt's bunkie, sat inside his blankets and wearily pulled off his clothes. "Smells like snow," said Knorr.

Wyatt laid his overcoat over his side of the bed and worked out of his boots and put them in place for a pillow. He crawled beneath the blankets and drew off his pants and folded them on top of the boots; he removed his blouse and last of all his forage cap. Knorr blew out the light.

On the other side of the tent Sergeant Schmitt and Crapsey were both snoring. Wyatt spoke irritably into the dead black: "I'm going to bust hell out of Brimmer. He threw my stripes at me."

"You're all right, kid, but you got to learn not to ride men too hard."

"I'm going to lick him," said Wyatt. "There's always somebody a man can't lick. You got to learn that."

"If I can't lick him," said Ben Wyatt, "I'll turn in my stripes."

REVEILLE broke the pit-black heart of a bitter cold, windless morning. Schmitt lighted the candle and growled: "Rise and shine!" Ben Wyatt sat upright in the blankets. He put on forage cap, blouse and overcoat, he slid into his pants and his boots. Knorr said crankily: "Stop bringin' in so much fresh air." Knorr was a short man with the shoulders and barrel of an ox, black-gray of hair and with a leathery, stolid face.

The vapor of Wyatt's breathing rolled against the still air when he fell into line on the company street. Schmitt called roll in a voice drugged with sleep and reported the company to Captain Eads. Blackness gave way to a diluted gray dawn as water call blew. The smell of coffee and fire smoke was very distinct in the morning. Then Wyatt watered his horse and groomed it and worked silently and steadily with Knorr, rolling up the bed and striking the tent. At breakfast call he walked rapidly toward the cook fire, passing Brimmer and his bunkie still lagging at their tent. Wyatt said: "Get movin' there, Brimmer."

He passed on, hearing Brimmer's soft, undervoiced remark; he swung around and saw Brimmer's odd smile. Brimmer stared at his chevrons with a mockery that was beyond his reach and Wyatt teetered in his tracks and would have swung his fist at Brimmer had not Lieutenant Strong appeared in the twilight.

At laundress row Gracie held Mrs. Schmitt's baby and watched the rows of tents go down. Wagons moved along the troop street to take the tent rolls and cook supplies. There would be no sun today. A gray rack of clouds lay far forward and even with the activity of the camp a frigid silence lay strange over the earth.

Boots and saddles was a steady and quick calling all through camp and troopers swung up and the wagon column moved into line.

At ten the guide said: "Those low hills on the right—used to be a village there."

"Smith," said the colonel to the adjutant, "send Captain Wilkes and his company over there on scout," and watched

the low hills with a professional care. Wilkes' troop passed him at a steady canter and grew small in the distance. At noon the regiment threw off for cold bacon and hardtack, and pressed on. The colonel eased his substantial bulk in the saddle. "Smith," he said, "tell the band to play Pop Goes the Weasel."

Momentarily the Missouri revealed itself a mile to the left, winding between its low and crumbling banks. Kilpatrick took half a dozen experimental breaths and murmured, "Mighty thin," and watched a gray fog drop as a curtain between sky and land.

At three the sergeant of the advance guard trotted back, bearing another warning willow stick. "A little different, sir," he said, and pointed to the long bank of blond human hair on the tip.

"All right," said the colonel, and showed his distaste for the trophy by handing it to his adjutant. Captain Wilkes swept in from the eastern hills with his detail. "Fairly fresh camp there. I should say they moved out of it yesterday."

"Very good," said the colonel, and sighed and brushed back the edges of his mustache. He spoke to the guide: "How many Sioux around here, in toto?"

"Fifty or five hundred. Who knows?"

The colonel sniffed the air again and folded his hands on the saddle and studied the northern sky for an attentive five minutes. On the horizon's line a steady blackness increased. Above the blackness gray funnels of wind seemed to whirl. This was faraway but the colonel made certain quick calculations in his mind and looked behind him. "Smith, ride back and pull the column together. It looks like an Irishman's funeral parade." Ahead of him, at the base of the low hills, a streak of cottonwoods marked a creek; and these cottonwoods formed a lee shelter to what was evidently an April blizzard on the make. Small and intermittent gusts of wind struck the column fitfully. The colonel spoke to the bugler: "Tell the guidon corporals to break for those trees. We camp."

The band broke into The Girl I Left Behind Me. When the guidon corporals streamed past the column's head Kilpatrick listened thoughtfully to the sharp snap of the pennants in the steadier and fuller wind. The face of the oncoming storm was a solid gray-black wall, enveloping everything behind it. The colonel lifted his arm overhead: "Gallop!"

The column pulled away from the slow-moving supply train and came rapidly upon the creek to pitch camp. Kilpatrick sat on his horse with his collar turned against the weather and his forage cap pulled well down. Picket lines sprang up in each troop street, the tent wagons came forward from the supply train at a steady run and moved into camp; presently canvas began to rise.

A LOOSE bucket, erratically driven by the fore edge of the storm, rolled by Kilpatrick. He said to his adjutant: "This will blow the tail feathers off a grindstone. Put a line of guards on the far side of those trees. Keep all horses saddled." He looked around him with a mixture of satisfaction and worry and surrendered his horse to an orderly. The last thing he saw as he turned into his tent was G Troop's cook chasing a section of stovepipe through camp.

Ben Wyatt beat the last of the pegs of the sergeants' tent slantwise into the sandy soil. Knorr lifted the ridgepole. Wind caught the tent and Knorr in one demolishing sweep, carrying everything down. Wyatt crawled underneath the canvas, warmed by Knorr's hot language; the two of them lashed the ridgepole in place. Knorr said: "You're so good on makin' your stripes stick—just tell the wind to quit blowin'."

Mess call slid faintly by on the furious edge of the wind. As soon as he left the tent Wyatt noticed a horse, free of its picket, trot toward the cottonwoods, and the creek close by. Wyatt broke into a run, wind kicking him solidly in the ribs, and caught the horse and had turned back with it when he saw Brimmer come from the trees with an armload of wood. Wyatt said: "Take this



"Now, dear, don't fuss at them. They've been awfully sweet about making changes"

JOE EASLEY



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horse back to the line!" He had to yell at Brimmer to make himself heard.

Brimmer shook his head. He yelled back, "On wood detail!" He grinned, once more revealing the malice that was just beyond the proper reach of Wyatt's stripes. Wyatt shouted: "Take this horse!"

Brimmer's grin turned into a deliberate invitation. He dropped the wood and stood with his feet spread apart. Wind built up a minor scream in the treetops, a broken limb dropped between the two men and darkness rushed in with the wall of the storm. Of none of this was Ben Wyatt aware; he had something here he could do with his hands and now he moved forward to do it. Brimmer hit him in the mouth, laughing aloud. Brimmer hit him again. Wyatt felt his teeth cut into the flesh of his lips. He took the next punch on his head and caught the pit of Brimmer's belly with a left-handed punch. He knocked Brimmer's face upward and he slashed him full-knuckled across the eyes and watched him drop.

Brimmer squirmed on the ground, his eyes were dead, but the grin was a willful and unreasonable fixture on his lips, raking up Ben Wyatt's wild wonder. Wyatt yelled: "Get up! I'm going to lick you!"

Brimmer rolled over and propped himself on his elbows. He said: "You've done that already! But to hell with you, you fresh Irish punk!"

Distant, like a disease in Wyatt's head, was the impulse to kick in Brimmer's ribs. He wanted to kill Brimmer and erase that senseless, permanent smile. And yet Ben Wyatt, who was no fool, realized the smile would remain. It was something you couldn't reach with your fists, couldn't break with your strength.

He had broken out one of Brimmer's teeth and he was ashamed of himself and didn't know why; it produced a deeper humiliation than an officer's rebuke in front of the company. He caught Brimmer's arm and hauled him up. "To hell with it!" The horse had disappeared; his mouth began to hurt.

Men straggled down the street toward a mess line, spraddle-legged to resist the wind's pressure, and every movable thing banged and slatted and groaned in a false twilight.

KNORR came along, shoving his heavy shoulders against the wind and stopped when he saw these two men in the twilight with the story of the fight written on them. Knorr was forty, an old man in the service, and the day had gotten under his skin. He said:

"Can't keep your damned hands where they belong, can you, kid? You got a lickin' due—but it may be a long time comin'." He was a short, heavy lump of a man, red-eyed from the needle jab of the wind. His great ham fist came out of nowhere and walloped Ben Wyatt on the mouth like the flat of an ax swatting against a chopping block. Ben Wyatt dropped with light bursting in bright streaks of separate flame all through his brain and he heard Knorr say: "That'll save you some trouble. You got to learn it sometime."

Wyatt got up, feeling drunk. He pushed his legs against the ground and swayed with the wind. He opened his eyes and saw something that startled him. Blackness moved out of the north as a solid wall. In front of it day still remained but behind it there seemed only a smothering dark.

He yelled, "Look out!" and turned his head toward the wagon train. He marked the location of the laundress tents in his mind and he started toward them, bent low and running.

The black wall was at his heels, a solid object about to fall on him. In the treetops the scream of the wind was higher and thinner and all around him

men were racing for the picket lines to hold the restless horses. A single flake spatted against a tent near Wyatt and hard upon it came a tremendous wind and the full beat of snow. He heard a long cry from the head of the street and a blast of wind knocked him off balance. Flat on his stomach, he heard the storm strike the tents, he heard the snap of rope and ridgepoles and the jangle of loose things rolling. Darkness came within the space of a long breath and when he hoisted himself upright the laundress tents were lost from sight.

He was thinking of Gracie Hibben as he ran, but the shout of Schmitt's voice was the sound of authority that turned him obediently about. He bumped into Schmitt, who put his face close to Wyatt and yelled: "Get some men up to the colonel's tent!"

Ben Wyatt ran down the street and reached figures laboring in the darkness. "Never mind—never mind. Follow me!" The snow was a dense, driving screen. Great flakes struck his clothes and hung on and built up little drifts in the creases of his overcoat. He collected his detail and moved between the vague shapes of capsized tents to the head of the street, hearing the colonel curse in a way that was unexcited and untroubled; the very sound of it encouraged Ben Wyatt as he spread his men around the tent. He heard the colonel say: "Schmitt, bring the guard line in closer to camp, as I want nobody lost in this."

Knorr bumped into Wyatt. Knorr said: "What you think of the Army, kid?"

Ben Wyatt got the colonel's tent upright and weighted its floor with sacked oats transported from a near-by wagon. He said, "All right," and watched his detail vanish. Some light had returned but the thickness of the blizzard smothered everything. Ben Wyatt paused on officers' row to orient himself. The street line ran north and south. Gracie Hibben's tent was south and the

wind was out of the north. He got the wind in the middle of his back and walked close beside the collapsed line of F's tents, seeing men struggle with that canvas, hearing them curse at it.

A horse appeared from the driving mists. Wyatt made a grab for the trailing picket rope, but the wind boosted him too far forward and the horse ran on. For a moment Wyatt had the picket rope in his hand and as it slid through his fingers he saw that it had been cut. He turned the edge of his shoulder into the wind so that the pressure left his back. How did that picket rope get cut?

A second horse trotted by him. Somewhere a man shouted—and close behind that cry came the wind-driven reports of firing. He raced to the edge of F Troop's street, reached the sergeants' tent and seized his carbine. Schmitt bellowed into the yeasty air and men were all along the street, caught in the jam of loosened horses.

OUT of the blind scurry arrived a low-crouched shape. The first definite thing Ben Wyatt saw was an Indian's eyes emerging from the snow screen, bright and beady and startling. The Indian's mouth opened, round and wide, and he poured sound at Ben Wyatt and sprang at him, a club circling overhead.

Wyatt grunted and slid aside. He poked the carbine's snout into the Indian's stomach and fired and watched the Indian's lips pull back from long teeth in a doglike grimace. The Indian was down, howling out his own death, and Ben Wyatt was caught in the steady stream of horses now coming up F's street. Under cloak of storm Sioux had crept into camp and had cut the picket ropes; and somewhere a body of them pushed the horses through camp.

Wyatt caught the bridle of a horse and turned it sideways into the stream of drifting animals. A gun beat against his ears and the horse came up on its



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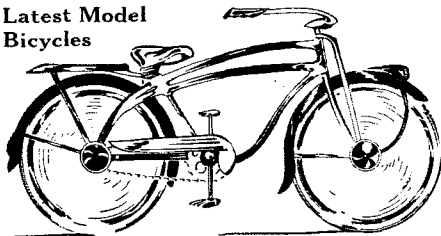
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rear quarters and struck out with its front feet. Wyatt jumped away. He heard his captain's voice quite near: "F Troop—come here!"

There was, Wyatt thought with a young sergeant's insistence on proper military style, no such command in the drill regulations but he was grateful for the sound of the captain's voice, and tried to work his way out of the horses. When he heard the captain's second yell it was behind him and gunfire cracked like cottonwood branches all through camp. He turned back, heaving the horses aside with his shoulders. Somewhere he heard Schmitt's solid-lunged command. Crapsey's horse—identified by a blaze on its sorrel forehead—went by. Behind the sorrel the agate eyes of a runty calico pony broke through the snow and came dead against him.

Ben Wyatt tossed up the muzzle of his carbine in time to deflect the barrel of a down-bearing gun. A tremendous explosion erupted against his right ear and an Indian swiftly slid to the far side of the calico to avoid Wyatt's return shot. Wyatt's bullet went wild in the storm; he clubbed the carbine across the calico's head and knocked it down. The Indian leaped clear and at this moment all the Sioux in Dakota came out of the smother of snow at Wyatt. Wyatt yelled: "F Troop—come here!"

Horses' shoulders kept grazing Ben Wyatt as he turned and bucked the pressure of their flight and tried to keep his head lifted at the successive flicker of Indian bodies moving above him and around him. The dead calico pony blocked this onward flow of traffic. Ben Wyatt, shooting from the shoulder, brought another Sioux to earth; he fired steadily until his gun was empty and then swung the gun above his head. A stunning blow from a Sioux's carbine knocked it out of his hand. Deeper and deeper in this melee, he seized that Indian's leg and dragged him down. "F Troop—come here!"

They were both under the milling horses. He heard firing close by; the jam here got greater. He felt the Indian's hot breathing on his face and he kicked up with his knee and smashed the Indian. He got the Indian's gun and hit him twice with it, bringing the butt up against the Indian's chin and hearing bone break. Then something landed on his head with a huge roar and his body stretched forty feet long; and he was dead to the world. . . .

Somebody said: "Hey, Sarge!"

BEN WYATT struggled through an enormous, crushing pressure, his lungs burning and his mouth rank with the taste of sulphur. A hand grabbed him and pulled him around. He was on his feet and he had his eyes open and then his vision cleared and he looked straight into Brimmer's face. Brimmer said: "You hit?"

"Nah," groaned Ben Wyatt. He braced his legs, which were shaking. He spit blood from his mouth. For a minute it was Brimmer's arm that kept him from falling; and the thought of the other man's strength was like gall to him.

The horses and the Sioux were gone. Gunshot echoes bucked into the wind. All the fighting was on the south side of the camp, over by the laundress tents. He pushed Brimmer's arm away and turned toward the south but his head was still dizzy and he would have fallen again if Brimmer hadn't caught him. Brimmer laughed at him.

"Now you know how it feels, you thickheaded Irish punk! I ought to clout you!"

Brimmer's strength held him up and Ben Wyatt, completely puzzled, thought this man liked him, which was strange. Why was it you couldn't make a man like you by licking him? Why was it something that had to come a different

way? His legs quit shaking, he was thinking of Gracie Hibben. He moved away from Brimmer, with the wind in his back. Brimmer said, "Where you goin'?" and followed. The sound of firing diminished as he crossed the head of G Troop's street, which was the last street on that side of camp. A head-quarters corporal passed him, leading four horses. Vague in the storm were other returning shadows.

The laundress tents were just beyond G's street. He licked his lips which were dry and sore. His head pulsed along a wide diagonal track from left eye to right ear and the push was out of him, making it hard to overcome the wind. He counted off thirty paces and turned to the left. Brimmer had faded, answering Schmitt's huge yell from the farther heart of the storm. Wyatt tripped over the edge of a collapsed tent and got down on his hands and crawled across it, feeling nothing alive beneath the canvas. He moved until he counted three tents—these were the laundress tents—and got up and listened into the drive of the wind. The firing had stopped and the day was lighter than it had been, although snow still smothered the world.

HE TURNED to the south. He was breathing hard and he couldn't depend on his leg muscles; he had never been sick in his life, never afraid of anything, never lacking in strength, but when he left the tents to move through a completely blank world he had a fear that took all the arrogance out of him; and he understood something he hadn't understood before—which was the dead beat look in the eyes of the older troopers at the end of a long march. You couldn't depend on strength forever; and this was the hardest, most jarring thought of his life. He counted fifteen paces and halted. The wagons should be nearer than that. He turned to his right and saw a shadow and walked against the shadow, to seize the end of a wagon. He said: "Gracie!"

"Who's that?"

He pulled himself painfully over the tail gate and stopped on his hands and knees. His muscles loosened, no longer needing to resist the wind. Her voice came from the front end of the wagon bed: "You're hurt, Ben."

"Nah," he said. He crawled forward until he saw her and the baby lying beside her, covered with gunny sacks.

Gracie said: "What did you come here for?"

"You all right?"

"Is that why you came?"

He said, "It's cold in here," and rose to his knees and pulled off his overcoat. He spread it over Gracie and saw the white roundness of her face. "Well," he said, "I'll get back. The camp's all busted to pieces."

Her arms reached out and pulled at him. He felt the soft, receiving warmth of her body, close beside him. He lay still, wondering why this was. He didn't ask for anything and he didn't try to take anything—and now she held him. It reminded him of Brimmer. Some things you couldn't get by taking; they came without that. The inbearing pressure of her arms was a comfort; it was something that made him feel better. He lifted his head a little and saw her eyes and he bent down and kissed her, it was the gentleness of his kiss that made Gracie say:

"That's the way I wanted you to say it, Ben."

He said: "What way?"

"Come back when you can, Ben," she said, and watched him slide out of the wagon box. She put a hand across the baby and drew the covering blanket higher around it. She sat against the wagon bed with her arms around her knees, smiling at what she now knew.

## FALSE TEETH WEARERS

*often worst breath offenders*



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and stains shout "False Teeth"**

**DENTISTS SAY • USE POLIDENT**

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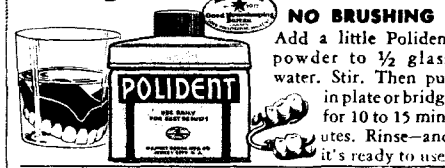
Almost always it results in "denture breath", a most offensive breath odor. *You won't notice it—but others will.*

Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth *without brushing*, acid or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all film, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes breath sweeter—and plates or removable bridges look better and feel better.

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## Top Cellist

Continued from page 15

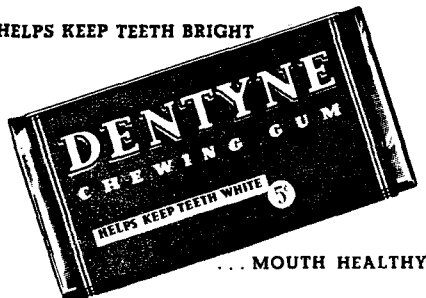


It's fun to talk to my dentist, Dad. He tells me stories — true stories.

Yesterday he told me about savages that have extra strong, white teeth — kept polished and healthy by chewing on rough, tough foods. He said the soft, civilized foods we eat don't make us chew enough — we need Dentyne! Dentyne's special chewiness, he explained, gives your teeth the tough workout they need. Peps up lazy mouths — tones up your gums. Starts more saliva flowing too — helps clean and polish your teeth.

I started chewing Dentyne right away. It's great! Grandest flavor — spicy as Grandma's cinnamon cookies. I like the flat package, too. Slips into your pocket, neat and handy as you please. Dad and Mom have started the Dentyne habit, too. Try it yourself — get a package today!

HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT



# DENTYNE

first lessons. His mother was a simple woman, untutored but intuitive. He responds to new experiences, as she must have, with a freshness that is mistaken for naïveté. For example, he adores sports, especially tennis, and has seen the best players of two generations. A couple of years ago a friend offered to introduce him to Don Budge. "Would you really?" Casals asked, as excited as the amateur cellist in Des Moines.

Musicians are traditionally temperamental. Not Casals. His American manager, who has been to the wars with hundreds of musicians, says Casals is the calmest of all. In life and on the stage he is as serene as his playing of a Bach saraband. One evening his train was delayed by a snowstorm and he arrived in a town fifteen minutes after his concert was to begin. When he got to the hall, the audience was restless and the local impresario had got past the nail-chewing stage and was nibbling at his knuckles. "Do something!" he screamed between nibbles. "Do something, somebody!" Casals took out his trusted pipe, filled it, lit it, puffed contentedly, as he prepared the cello for action.

Another time Casals put up for the night at a swank town house, and let the butler carry off his cello. He did not learn until concert time that the well-meaning flunky had deposited the priceless instrument, of all places, on top of a hot radiator. When Casals began to play, he found that the varnish was sticky instead of glossy and the tone was raspy instead of mellow. That concert was like pulling an ornery mule up a mountain-side, but there was never a peep out of Casals.

### Jack of All Musical Talents

He has the instinctive grace and tact of the gentleman. He was preparing a seraphic Beethoven adagio, and his pianist was missing the heart of it. Casals would not dream of telling the pianist that his playing was off base. He proposed a rest, then asked a pupil, another cellist, to play the adagio with him while he sat down at the piano. Casals is a jack of all musical talents; he can play the piano, conduct, compose. His treatment of the piano part was an ear-opener. At the end the pianist whispered that he understood.

Casals will study a new composition for a year or more before trying it on an audience. One summer in Paris he spent days driving himself relentlessly to find the choice way of playing a simple melody that another cellist might toss off at one glance. He worked himself into a nervous state, rare for him, until a friend insisted that he forget the cello and come out to the Stade Roland Garros. Through the first two sets of a tingling tennis match, Casals did not seem to notice the game. Usually he applauds, shouts "Bravo!" and hops out of his seat with delight at a passing shot. This time he was indifferent. Suddenly he slapped his knee and shouted, "I have it!"

His companion was puzzled. "Have what?"

"The passage worked out! Look!" He grabbed his friend's arm, ran his left hand over it as if it were the fingerboard of a cello and sang the tune loudly, blissfully ignoring his gaping neighbors.

The tragedies of Europe and of Spain weigh heavily on Casals.

He has distributed his money as if he were an Andrew Carnegie. When he ran out of cash, he made another tour. When that did not raise enough funds, he

called on friends all over the world, people like the Duchess of Atholl, to help. A letter from a Spaniard begging for aid was enough. He sent married men 400 francs; a couple with a child, 500; single men, 200. No questions were asked; Casals knew they needed money. This is the man who in other years would question his manager's accounting of a season's balance sheet over an error of a nickel.

Some people have tried to build Casals up as a new Don Quixote turned practical, but he denies that he is a hero. His only philosophy is that he cannot stand by and watch human beings suffer, and he hates violence, whatever the land or purpose of its practice. He has consistently declined to play in the totalitarian countries. When Austria and Czechoslovakia came under the swastika, he canceled dates there immediately. When France went to war, he offered his services at once in any capacity. He speaks of the United States with affection. He loves our democratic way of life, the open-mindedness of our people. But, at root, he is a Spaniard. So passionate is his love for his country that he will not give up his Spanish citizenship and passport, although he lives in exile.

But Casals is not all intensity and seriousness. If laughter comes less often now, it can still be hearty and full-throated. In the old days he used to be involved in endless jests and scrapes. For years he toured with two famous and playful French musicians—Jacques Thibaud, the fiddler, and Alfred Cortot, the pianist.

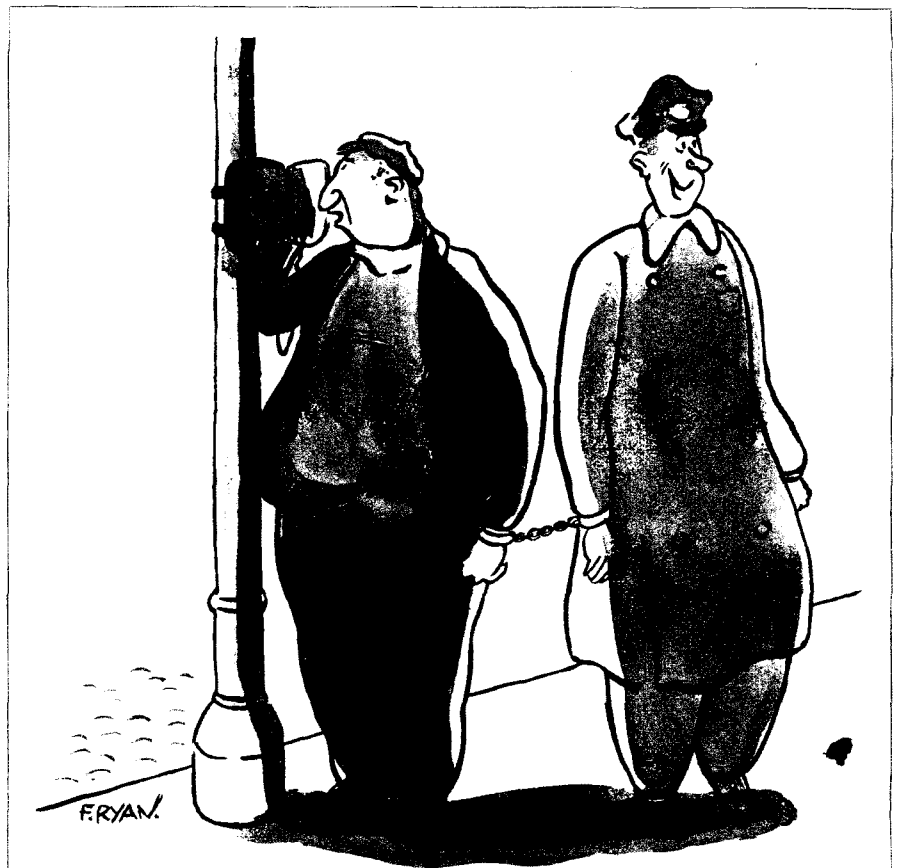
Casals is an expert linguist. Besides his native tongue, he speaks English, French, German, Italian and Portuguese. One day he was strolling with Thibaud and Cortot along the pier of an English town. An old fellow sat on the edge, fishing. The musicians decided that it would be amusing to chat with a local character. Thibaud and Cortot

tried speaking to him, but he seemed not to understand their English, which went like this, "Ees eet feeshing, you are?" Casals spoke in perfect English, "Are you fishing?" The old man looked at the three contemptuously, turning with special venom on Casals, whom he had understood, "No, mister, H'im 'untin' lions!" Thibaud and Cortot ribbed Casals as they walked away. That night, as they sat on the stage playing a trio, Casals flipped the page of his score, and across the final page was scrawled in red pencil, "Are you fishing?" Casals grinned, the other two chuckled and they barely got through to the end.

### The Biggest Thing in Europe

Casals is not as well known to the general public as other musicians of his rank. He is too modest. He has written a great deal of music but refuses to have it played or published until after his death. At a tennis dinner in New York in 1938, Casals inadvertently emerged as the hero. An American team was being honored for its triumph overseas, and each returned traveler recounted the outstanding impression of his jaunt. Budge spoke of his Wimbledon championship. Tennis players and officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association gave their reactions. The chairman of the meeting called on Russell B. Kingman, treasurer of the U.S.L.T.A. In introducing him, the master of ceremonies said, "No use calling on Kingman. We all know his biggest thrill. During the finals at Wimbledon he sat with Her Majesty, the Queen of England."

Mr. Kingman insisted on having his say: "With all due respect for Her Majesty, that was not the biggest thing in Europe for me. My most treasured experience was my visit with one of the greatest men in the world today. He isn't a tennis player. He happens to be a musician. I mean Pablo Casals."



"Officer Flynn has just made his first arrest and he's too excited to talk. Will ya send the wagon over?"

FRANK M. RYAN



# Because this man was stubborn ...

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tells you why he pioneered new  
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and how grateful drivers  
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in the world!

FOLKS were skeptical, a quarter of a century ago, when I complained about the cost of automobile insurance.

I believed that insurance rates could be lowered—and in so doing I knew that more and more American families could enjoy the protection and peace of mind that adequate automobile insurance makes possible. The experts said to me, "It can't be done".

But the more I studied the whole matter, the more I became convinced that I was right ... and I stuck to my conviction that it can be done.

## **We Pioneer a New Company**

Finally, in 1922, a group of us founded The State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company—a mutual company operated entirely for our policyholders.

By tossing overboard certain costly practices, we have, over a period of time, been able to offer car drivers greater protection at very substantial savings.

## **We Inaugurate New Procedures**

Here are just a few of many new practices pioneered by State Farm ...

1. Rates are based on actual cost experience including adequate reserves and surplus. The very lowest figure that is compatible with sound operation.
2. Six-month policies were introduced so actual cost figures could be adjusted at frequent intervals. This also makes



policies *easier* to buy. Car owners need not pay a full year's premium in advance.

3. A system was inaugurated whereby acquisition cost is paid only once. Consequently, the premiums charged in subsequent years are lower than required by most companies.

4. We reduced the agents' cost effecting further economy for the policyholder by ... concentrating all routine matters at our home office in Bloomington.

## **Policyholders Saved Millions**

The remarkable success of our method of offering complete protection at actual cost has given State Farm a tremendous reserve



"The Big Thing about automobile insurance", says George J. Mecherle (above), "is not protection for your car. So much more important is protection for you and your family—a safeguard for your security in the years to come—should an accident occur."

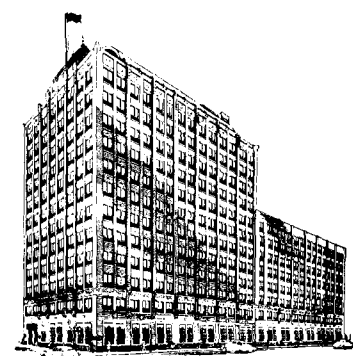
for meeting any reasonable emergency. And because of this reserve financial strength, car owners can derive the full benefits of a mutual company and still own a policy which is absolutely *nonassessable*.

Last year—1939—we paid a claim for a State Farm policyholder every 3.4 minutes!

Altogether we settled agreeably over 150,000 claims! Over the years, we have paid out over \$50,000,000 in the protection of our policyholders. We do business now in 39 states, the District of Columbia, and in Canada. We figure we have saved policyholders \$10,000,000 in 18 years, in the cost of insurance.

## **Our Plan is Easily Explained**

The coupon below is for your convenience in requesting a new booklet which tells you all the detailed workings of our actual cost plan."



**Home Office** Building owned and occupied exclusively by State Farm Insurance Companies.

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## Their Hero Arrives on the Next Bus

Thinks of himself as Daddy — just a fellow like millions of others making the most of every day...working with a purpose and then relaxing to live with his family and friends. His age? He feels so young that the years don't matter. He's the best playmate his wife and youngsters ever had. And why not? No setting sun sees him bringing home the cares

of the day. No rising sun fails to find him refreshed and eager to greet the new day. \* \* \*

*Advice to Wives:* One of Home's greatest charms for Daddy is the icebox — especially when well stocked with Budweiser and other good things. It gives the busy man-about-town the urge to be a gracious man-about-home.

*Live Life...Every Golden Minute of it...Enjoy Budweiser...Every Golden Drop of it*

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DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE  
SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU  
WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



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## Fly by Night

Continued from page 23

circumstances to change his mind. His loyalty is seen in the fact that he covered me completely by intimating to the press that he had opposed night baseball.

The nocturnal game is crammed with a variety of discomforts that soured me on it long ago. Perhaps the possibility of a switch after twenty years of afternoon games prejudiced me. But I do know that I sat behind the dugout for a Brooklyn game and came away with a headache from staring into the glaring lights. At least, I blamed it on the lights. It could have been caused by one of the ball clubs, to put it impartially. But I did have a headache, and I wondered how many players or fans suffered the same way.

### Attacked by a Gnat

But the biggest danger is the bean ball. Dusting off a batter who stands too close is common in the afternoon games today, and is an effective form of pitching strategy. At night, however, the weapon is lethal, and I wonder whether grown men in a pitching spot will keep their heads and, if they don't, whether the batter can.

We had a sample of it in our league at Cincinnati last summer. Bucky Walters' fast ball got away from him and sailed at the head of Moe Arnovich, star of the Phillies, and a .400 batter at the time. It was a harmless accident, because Bucky said so, and he's the type of fellow you believe.

But the Phillies believed otherwise. It was more than a coincidence, they felt, for the best hitter in the league to be hitting the dust. Mulcahy, the Philadelphia pitcher, was Arnovich's roommate and, though Moe had merely been

knocked down, the situation called for immediate reprisal. Foolishly Mulcahy heaved a fast ball at Harry Craft and the result was terrific. Craft's cap sailed in one direction, his bat in another and he seemed to fly in all directions, like a man trying to escape a discharge of buckshot.

Fortunately the ball had hit only the button of Craft's cap, but that close call produced stern lectures from all managers and now there may be a spirit of *finis la guerre*, as we say in Memphis, during night baseball games. Dusting off is still a respectable form of strategy in the afternoon, but pitchers have promised not to use the bean ball at night. Still, I wonder.

If all this doesn't indicate a difference between night and day baseball, take a bat and go to the plate yourself. You will find a woeful lack of customary and necessary indirect lighting. The ground and grandstands absorb it. Thus, you see only two thirds of the ball's circumference. It's like a waning full moon; a piece is chopped away.

Another bothersome hazard is the fall of dew, which is very heavy at times. Ball parks near water are especially subject to a heavy fall of dew. It comes at the Polo Grounds in a slight haze and settles like a pudding. Then it sinks to the grass, making the ball damp and a bit hard to handle. And it often soaks the feet.

This soaking of the feet has an economic angle. A ballplayer doesn't have to buy much of his uniform, but he buys his shoes and they must be the best. He pays between \$16 and \$18 for a pair and they last for six or seven weeks in good weather. The dew encountered in night baseball soaks them and often cuts their life in half. A high-salaried player



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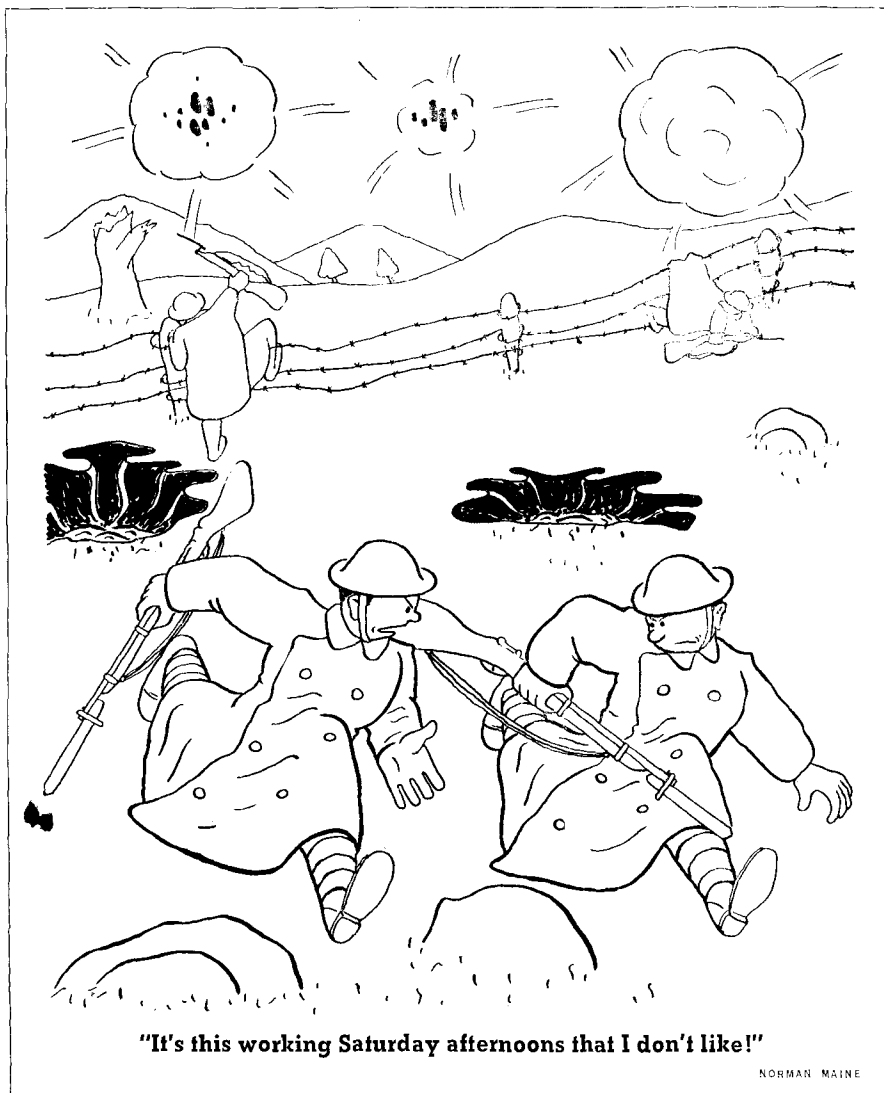
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Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



"It's this working Saturday afternoons that I don't like!"

NORMAN MAINE



# Uncle Ira is a screwball !

## Remember Uncle Ira?

Everybody used to say he was a genius. He had a head for figures—"The Lightning Calculator," he used to be called.

When we were kids, we'd say, "Uncle Ira, how much is seven hundred and thirty-one times twenty-six?"

"Nineteen thousand and six point zero!" Uncle Ira would say, right off.

And then we would figure it out on paper, and sure enough, the answer was 19,006.

Today, everybody says Uncle Ira is just a harmless old screwball. He's bitter and cantankerous, and he doesn't mind telling you why.

"Look at me!" says Uncle Ira sadly. "A genius! A man the Almighty blessed with a great gift! But what good is it, in this all-fired crazy world?"

"Why, any young snip of a girl can set down to one of them new-fangled\* Comptometers, and calculate faster than I can! With a machine, mind you! Add, subtract, multiply and divide by finaglin' with buttons! It ain't human!"

"Why, those consarned contraptions even got a jigger\*\* that eliminates errors! I tell you, the folks\*\*\* that make them Comptometers had ought to pay me damages!"

\* Anything younger than himself is new-fangled to Uncle Ira. Comptometers have been serving Business and Industry for 54 years.

\*\* The Controlled-Key, which positively checks all imperfect key-strokes, and helps to make possible the Comptometer's remarkable first-time accuracy.

\*\*\* Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

can laugh off this item, though few do, but the kids with the lower incomes regard it as quite a jolt.

Another hazard of night baseball that may sound humorous is contributed by gnats. But it's not so funny when gnats, beetles and miller moths, attracted by the lights, swarm about your face as you try to hit or catch a ball. At night they are seldom visible, and not until they are close and ready to get into your eyes, mouth or nostrils do you see them.

We were playing our first night baseball game at San Antonio in 1931 when one of the rookie players was "attacked by a gnat." It zoomed down his throat as he was chasing a fly ball. The result was a heavy coughing spell that threatened to be permanent. When it stopped, Mr. McGraw explained what had happened: "You must keep your mouth shut when you play these night games."

He might have added that you must keep your tongue in your cheek, because he did. He didn't like night baseball, chiefly because of the damp air and drop in temperature. But I know that he would have put his personal comfort and opinions aside and followed the trend of the times, even if his tongue was in his cheek.

Another night baseball injury wasn't quite as funny, because it happened to Hughie Critz in Houston a few days later. The day had been hot and dry, but a wind came up the sea canal from the Gulf, bringing with it plenty of moisture. The temperature dropped sharply during the ball game and a heavy dew settled. Hughie changed his sweat-soaked undershirt, but not before he had been thoroughly chilled. The muscles of his body tightened in the lower temperature and he injured his arm every time he threw a ball during the last four innings. The arm never got better and he played the rest of his career with a lame arm.

## A Business Proposition

Though I am managing a team in the dark, I do not intend to sell the night game as a nocturnal edition of the matinee performance. That would be a misrepresentation. They are different games. The public should regard them as different, because the players do. It is a different world to ballplayers. Their eating schedule is upset, because they cannot go to a ball field with a nine-course dinner behind their belt buckles. Some have tried it and have wound up in the minor leagues. Instead of dinner, they eat a "lunch" at six o'clock. With the game over at eleven or eleven-thirty, they may eat a heavy meal at midnight,

because most of them will be ravenously hungry. Eating heavily means that they can't go to sleep immediately. Of course, there is never a game the afternoon following a night contest, which makes retiring time unimportant.

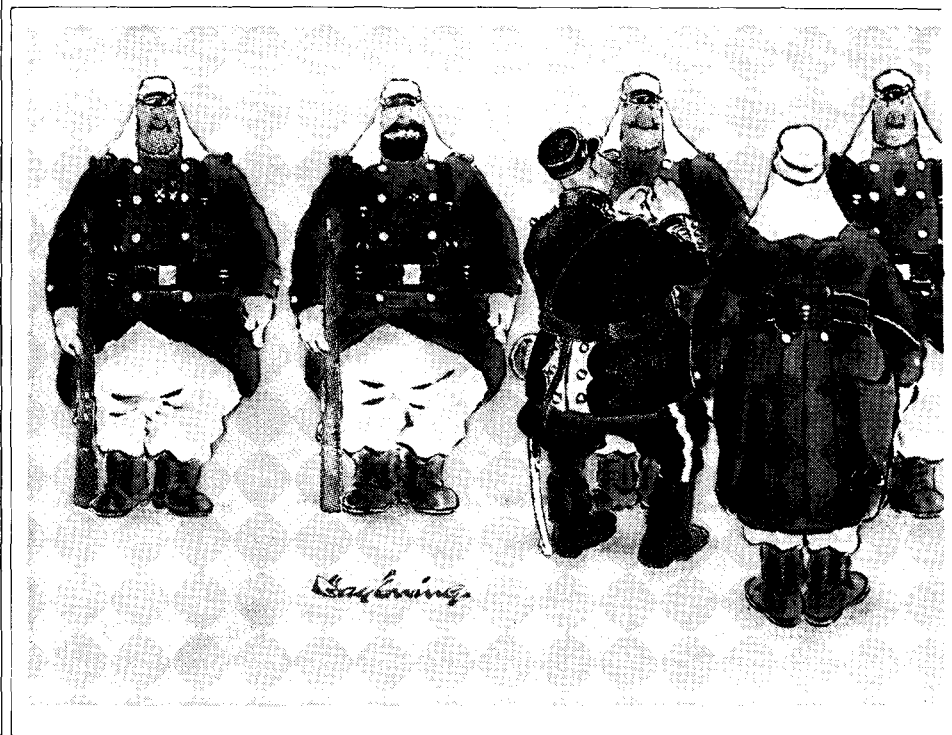
Yet, we have a curfew law on our club that everybody obeys. Consistent retiring before midnight is certain to get you up after eight hours of slumber. Go to bed once at two A.M. or even later, and the habitual early riser will still awaken at seven-thirty or eight A.M. Thus, the player's system is short-rationed on sleep. This is not important in the minor leagues where night baseball is the rule rather than the exception. There the system is geared to the hours. In the big leagues the player looks forward to one day of loginess after each night game.

My attitude toward baseball at night has been the same from the beginning: We don't have to play it and so we won't. Against it as a policy, I felt that we shouldn't place our team at the beck and call of any club owner who managed to think up a new scheme for drawing crowds. Besides, the lion's share of the increased gate goes to the home team and we would be nothing more than handy accessories. Thus, our refusal to play night ball in Cincinnati did not mean that we would never play it. My opinion from the start was that we shouldn't play it until we could realize on the novelty in our own ball park.

Lest you forget, the New York Giants are a business proposition. The team has always been an attraction, and still is. It will be more of an attraction this year, because I am going out on the base lines as a coach. Thousands will make a special trip to the park for the purpose of shrieking their antipathy, which is all part of the attraction. My reason for working at third base this year lies in the fact that I am starting with one of the youngest teams we ever had. Three kids who never played big-league ball before will be in my infield. Another, possibly two, will be in the outfield. I think it will give them a bit more confidence to see me there. I may not do as good a job as Frank Snyder, but Frank will be at first to help me out.

And there's no doubt about the starting line-up. The numbers are already on the uniforms, which, by the way, are of new design incorporating red, white and blue. The stockings and caps will be different. Only an unpredictable accident can change the starting line-up.

But whether worn by young or old players, that New York Giants uniform is still an attraction, thanks to the pio-





neer work done by John J. McGraw in New York for thirty years. The rest of the league would rather beat the Giants than anyone else. Our road attendance bears out that fact. And so I advocated holding off placing ourselves at the beck and call of a few teams until we were ready to adopt a night baseball policy at the Polo Grounds.

Mr. Horace Stoneham made the decision independently last summer, but the news was not disturbing. The seven games will add about 40,000 paid admissions, perhaps 50,000. That won't pay for even half the cost of the lighting system and upkeep, so it's not being done to rake in a huge profit. The Giants are simply following a trend. If it happens to produce a freak bonanza, you will see every major-league team scheduling night baseball games to the hilt.

#### After Night Games—What?

But I do not regard the after-hours game as a solution to financial difficulties that are the result of higher salaries, increased traveling costs and capital outlay for the purchase and development of new material, coupled with the counterattractions in the field of amusement and relaxation. A baseball fan spends as much as possible on his favorite team and no more. Suppose he attends on Saturday and Sunday, spending \$1.10 each time. Does it follow that he will get up another \$1.10 on Wednesday simply because the opportunity is there? No, it doesn't, and he won't. If he attends on Wednesday night, he will get out his car or go to the beach on Sunday.

However, it is fairly certain that the night games will draw about forty per cent more than the average week-day game at the Polo Grounds. That is not as startling as it sounds but merely a percentage. The increase will be just enough to make it look like a sound investment. The next move figures to be in the direction of fourteen night games per club instead of seven—probably in 1941. After that will come twenty-one games (about 1943), and then the novelty will have worn off. Owners with expensive lighting equipment will have to hunt up nocturnal attractions to meet depreciation costs and obsolescence. Enter then into the ball parks heaven knows what.

Today there are about 200 minor-league cities and towns with night baseball. They range from Jersey City, which has the top wattage of 750,000, down to Muskogee, Oklahoma, which used only 60,000 watts up to a recent

increase. Jackson, Tennessee, has a little park that seats only 2,500 but the lights total 145,000 watts.

Memphis has the best-lighted park in Class A-1 baseball, 475,000 watts, but power is not the best gauge of visibility. A plant like the Polo Grounds is easier to light than, for instance, the Yankee Stadium or Ebbets Field, due to the difference in structure. The Polo Grounds is horseshoe shaped and compact, and holds the light. Parks that sprawl require more watts and a greater spread of lamps.

Nevertheless, the Polo Grounds will have the tops in wattage, 1,300,000. Ebbets Field is second with 1,210,000, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, third with 1,196,000. Shibe Park has 780 lamps of 1,500 watts each to total 1,170,000. Cleveland's 712 lights of 1,500 watts each total 1,068,000. But the whole proposition is a matter for electrical engineers.

In my opinion, they are pitting their skill against the sunshine, for which there is no meter, no monthly bill. And I just hate to see money paid for something you can get for nothing by waiting a few hours. The sun never fails to rise; never blows out a fuse; never depreciates, except temporarily during thunderstorms; and calls for no capital outlay.

The sun would bring a new day to baseball, if we could return to the old-fashioned, insatiable player who would walk half the day to play a ball game. Instead, we catch them strolling on a college campus, dump a few thousand dollars in their laps, place them on a Pullman, transport them south. There they are tested. Under lights? No. Under the sunshine!

It is my sincere belief that we are catering to a fickle attendance in staging an unnatural attraction. And it is unnatural because baseball at night adds nothing to the player's ability. The batting averages prove that. When we subscribe to a minor-league average service, we get two sets, one for day games, one for nights. You'll get it this year in your newspapers, since the entire National League is participating. You will read averages for night games and averages for the matinees. And you will see fewer .300 hitters at night, more strike-outs and perhaps more stolen bases than in the day games. And you will certainly read about more sore arms.

However, the customer is right. If he or she wants night baseball, we will play it as well as we possibly can. I know we'll have a fast team and the lights will make us look even faster. But I do wish we didn't have to play it.

# When close friends

"How are  
all the folks?"



"Bill and Marge  
got married"



# live

# far

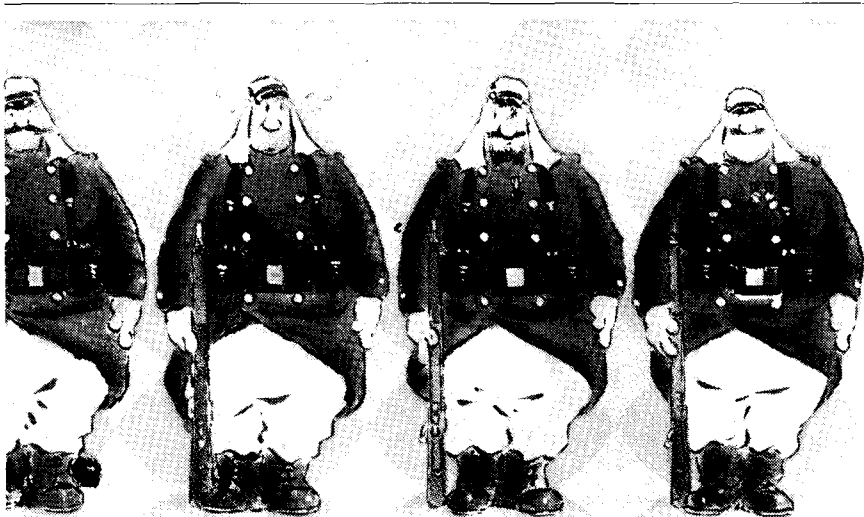
# apart

"Coming your  
way Sunday"



# TELEPHONE!

Why let friendship fade when it is so easily kept alive by Long Distance? Regular chats across the miles . . . the sound of familiar voices . . . homely, human bits of news . . . all these mean so much and cost so little—especially after 7 every evening and all day every Sunday.



"If he kisses me, I'll scream!"

JAY IRVING



## OUR SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

YOUNG Americans are slipping into Canada in considerable numbers at this writing to join up for war service of various kinds . . . and we can't rev ourselves up to shudder about it the way some people can.

War is hell, true. We'd hate to see the United States get into this one. Nevertheless, the soldier of fortune is as old an institution as war itself and we're for him, and we hereby wish all our American soldiers in this war all the luck in the world.

Not all of them will have luck, of course. Some of them will get themselves killed, others will be wounded, still others will land in posts that will make the whole show the Second Bore War for them.

But they know in advance that they are taking chances on all these misfortunes. Still, they go, just as they've gone to all the wars.

There was Lafayette, fighting for human liberty as he saw it in our Revolution. There were Steuben and DeKalb doing the same thing. Our Continental troops, indeed, were soldiers of fortune in that war when it looked as if they couldn't win.

We had a large contingent of American adventurers on the Western Front in the World War before the United States jumped in—the Lafayette Escadrille being the best-known unit.

To us, the flow of American volunteers across the border up Canada way is mainly a sign that Americans by and large are still a pretty good breed—which wouldn't seem to be anything to worry about.

So let's drop the shudder-shudder stuff on this topic. Let's keep it as easy for the boys to scam out and enlist as it is now; let's even make it easier for them by removing all doubts about recovery of United States citizenship when they come back, if they do come back. And let's keep it as clearly understood as it is now that our government is in no way responsible for anything that may happen to them under other flags.



## UNSCRAMBLE THE TAXES

IT IS too much to expect Congress in a presidential year to do anything nonpolitical and forward-looking and really constructive about taxes.

The best we can reasonably hope for is that the boys will avoid raising the national debt limit above 45 billion dollars and will postpone the seemingly inevitable boosts in middle- and lower-bracket income taxes. After this Congress the deluge, more than likely; but this year they're keeping the November voters in mind.

Couldn't a start be made in this Congress, though, toward some real tax reform next year or the year after?

We've got to overhaul our entire tax system—federal, state and local community—sooner or later, or the whole shebang will blow up.

Uncle Sam taxes incomes, of course. But so do a lot of states; and in the last few months one city—Philadelphia—has ventured into the income-tax field with a 1½% levy on all wages and salaries earned there.

This means a worse strain on individual buying power every time an income-tax rate is hoisted or another set of politicians plunge their hooks into their subjects' earnings. And it is individual buying power, in the mass, that keeps our industries rolling—and will be more and more our industries' mainstay as the European war plugs up outlets for our foreign trade.

Most of the states add fantastic gasoline taxes of their own to the federal gasoline tax of 1¢ per gallon. This inevitably cuts down the circulation of automobiles, and must cut into the pur-

chase of them to some unknown extent—and the prosperity of a whole cluster of industries goes up and down with the prosperity of the automobile industry.

These are only a couple of the high lights in a wide and ugly picture of catch-as-catch-can taxation—of federal government and states raiding one another's tax fields—of cities and states trying to grab one another's revenues—of politicians scrambling and scrabbling for any and all tax money they can scent or sense anywhere.

Would it really be asking too much of this Congress to appoint a commission of tax experts to go into this whole subject of scrambled taxes, and to make recommendations for fundamental tax reform to the next Congress? A commission, we mean, made up of experts of all political and economic faiths, so as to give us some assurance that it would be impartial and produce an objective report.

Such a commission could commit this Congress to nothing, because this Congress goes out with this year and a new one comes in. It couldn't alienate any congressman's or senator's precious November votes. It ought, indeed, to make a hit with most voters.

We can't see what objection there can be to the naming of such a tax commission before this Congress adjourns for the conventions and the campaign—unless, indeed, as is sometimes charged, very few of our elected lawmakers in Washington or anywhere else really want to see the tax tangle ever untangled.



## NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE FAWN



LEFT: Were it not for Protective Blending, the fawn, gentlest of creatures, would have a hard time escaping its many enemies.

BELOW: But so perfectly does its coat blend with the forest background that it takes a very keen eye to see the young deer even at close range.



## CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

protects the  
character and quality  
of Calvert Whiskey

MOTHER NATURE shields her wild life by Protective Blending. Calvert uses Protective Blending to insure the rich flavor and mellow smoothness of its whiskey.

Your first taste of this popular whiskey will convince you of its quality. Try Calvert next time and see what Protective Blending does...to add to your drinking enjoyment.



Milder • Smoother • Finer Flavor •  
due to PROTECTIVE BLENDING

**CLEAR HEADS [CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS]  
CALL FOR**  
**Calvert**

BLENDING WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.





*Actual color photograph*—The girls help tie the leaves in bundles. The tobacco is part of better-than-ever crops grown by U. S. Government methods.

# "Working with *Uncle Sam's* farmers have grown the finest tobacco in 300 years!

**...and Luckies always buy the  
A-1 grades," says Tom Smothers,  
20 years a tobacco auctioneer**

THREE SIMPLE FACTS tell *why* we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

*Fact No. 1.* In recent years, tobacco farmers have used Uncle Sam's scientific growing methods. Result: The finest tobacco in history.

*Fact No. 2.* Tom Smothers, 15 years a Lucky Strike smoker, is typical of the *independent* experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—who prefer Luckies, 2 to 1. They *know* Luckies buy the choice grades of these improved tobaccos. Result: Luckies are better than ever!

*Fact No. 3.* After 2 to 4 years of aging, these fine tobaccos go through the "Toasting" process which takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco. Result: A better-than-ever smoke *plus* throat protection.

Try Luckies for a week. Check each fact. You'll see why... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1.**

*Have you  
tried a Lucky  
lately?*



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